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THE BOOK OF SNOBS
AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH



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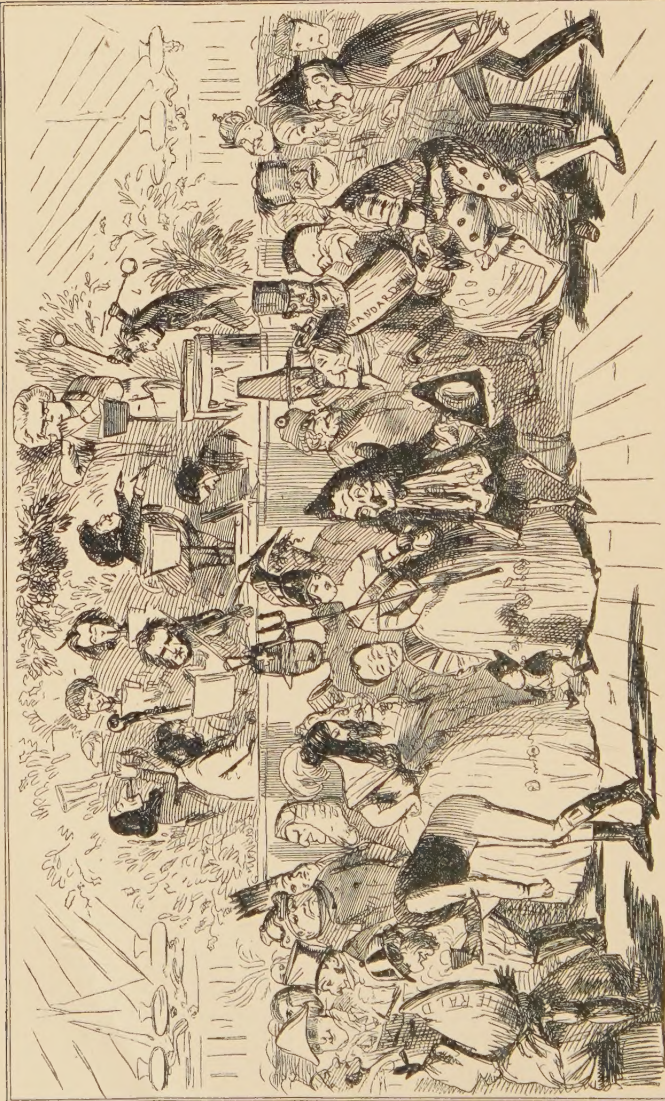
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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TORONTO

W. Newman. R. Doyle. John Leech. Thackeray.
 Horace Mayhew. Mark Lemon.
 Percival Leigh. Gilbert & Beckett. Tom Taylor. Douglas Jerrold.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL.

A double-page Cartoon drawn by John Leech, showing the staff of *Punch* in the orchestra and many prominent personages of the day among the dancers. (*Punch*, January 9, 1847.)

THE BOOK OF SNOBS
AND OTHER
CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Illustrations by the Author and John Leech

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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NOTE.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN brought to light much interesting matter about Thackeray's connection with the paper in *The History of Punch*; but he rendered still greater service to all students of Thackeray's works when he published the well-known volume, *The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to 'Punch,'* in which he dealt with no fewer than one hundred and fifty new items. 'My information is absolute,' he stated in the *Preface*, 'for the items are all entered against the author's name in a long-forgotten editorial day-book, and for these items he was duly paid.' Mr. Spielmann may claim to have made a genuine literary discovery; and, indeed, its importance cannot be denied. His book is of the greatest interest to all lovers of Thackeray's writings, while to the bibliographer it is indispensable. This tribute is Mr. Spielmann's due, and it is willingly and gratefully conceded. It is only owing to his labour of love that it has been found possible, FOR THE FIRST TIME, to include in a collection of Thackeray's writings ALL his contributions to *Punch*.

In addition to the items enumerated in Mr. Spielmann's Bibliography, there are reprinted in these volumes a set of verses, *Abd-el-Kader, or, The Caged Hawk* (January 15, 1848), and an article treating of female emigrants entitled *Waiting at the Station*, which have been included in most editions of Thackeray's Works. The ballad, *The Flying Duke* (November 11, 1843); the paper, *A Plea for Punch* (July 11, 1846), also included in other editions of Thackeray's Works, are not reprinted here. *A Plea for Punch* is from the pen of Matthew James Higgins ('Jacob Omnium'); and *The Flying Duke* was written by Percival Leigh, though the illustrations were by Thackeray.

It has been no easy task to collect the minor contributions of Thackeray to *Punch*, and the principal stumbling-block is that drawings accompanying articles in the periodical often have no bearing whatsoever upon the subject of the letterpress. It seems to have been a practice of some editors of *Punch* to commission

initial letters and thumb-nail sketches by the dozen, and use them as occasion served. Thus, it does not follow that, because an article was written by Thackeray, the illustrations were also by him ; and, *vice versâ*, it is no guarantee that he wrote an article because it contains a sketch marked with the famous spectacles. He often illustrated his own contributions, and almost invariably contributed the drawings to the more important works, such as *The Snobs of England*, *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town*, etc. ; but not infrequently the sketches were by other artists, including John Leech and Richard Doyle. With one or two exceptions, only the illustrations by the author have been reprinted with his contributions to *Punch*. Thackeray, especially in the first years of his connection with the periodical, sometimes contributed initial letters and drawings to the articles by Albert Smith, Gilbert A Beckett, Percival Leigh, and other writers ; and now, for the first time, these sketches are reprinted.

In this edition everything that Thackeray wrote or drew for *Punch* will be found. Everything has been copied direct from the pages of the periodical, and numerous passages that have been deleted or altered have been restored, and all the illustrations inserted. *Novels by Eminent Hands* (*Punch's Prize Novelists*) are printed in vol. ix. of this edition : *Burlesques*, etc. ; *The Letters and Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche* in vol. xi. : *The Yellowplush Correspondence*, *The Letters and Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche*, etc. ; all else in this volume, and the volumes entitled *Travels and Sketches in London*, etc., and *Ballads and Verses*, etc.

The first number of *Punch* appeared on July 17, 1841. It was not long after that, to quote Shirley Brooks, 'on a good day for himself, the journal, and the world, Thackeray found *Punch*.' When Edward FitzGerald heard that his friend was about to associate himself with the new venture, he wrote on May 22, 1842, to a mutual acquaintance, 'Tell Thackeray not to go into *Punch* yet.' Thackeray disregarded this injunction—as it happened, with the most fortunate results. The advice was sound, however, for at the start the paper was so ridiculously under-capitalised that, in order to meet their liabilities, the founders were compelled to sell it to the present proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who, by means of their capital and business experience, soon put it on a more reputable footing.

Within a few weeks of FitzGerald's warning appeared Thackeray's first contribution : *The Legend of Jawbrahim-Heraudee* (June 18, 1842). A fortnight later, at the commence-

ment of the third volume, the first chapter of *Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History* was printed. The *Lectures*, which no doubt suggested to À Beckett and Leech the idea of *The Comic History of England* and *The Comic History of Rome*, were not considered a success, and were brought to an abrupt conclusion after the eleventh week. 'I am sorry to learn that you were dissatisfied with my contribution to *Punch*,' Thackeray wrote on September 27 to the proprietors. 'I wish my writing had the good fortune to please every one. . . . I shall pass the winter either in Paris or in London, where, very probably, I may find some other matter more suitable to the paper, in which case I shall make another attempt upon *Punch*.' He soon caught the tone of the paper, however, and was able to suit his writings to its requirements. It was not long before he was allowed a free hand, and then he was able to employ all his talents. He contributed, with a fine indifference, duologues, sketches, love-letters, thumb-nail drawings, criticisms, political skits, social satires, verses, parodies, caricatures, even illustrations to other writers' works; and soon he became the principal literary supporter of the journal. Indeed, for ten years he well and truly served *Punch* with pen and pencil; pouring into it all his best work with the exception of his novels.

During 1843 he contributed *The Sick Child* (January 14), *Mr. Spec's Remonstrance* (February 11), *A Turkish Letter concerning the Divertissement 'Les Houris'* (May 13), the drawing accompanying *Assumption of Aristocracy* (May 20), *Second Turkish Letter concerning the Divertissement 'Les Houris'* (May 20), and to the one hundred and twenty-seventh issue (December 16), famous as having contained *The Song of the Shirt*, *Singular Letter from the Regent of Spain*, and the three cuts—'*Sherry, perhaps*'—'*Rum, I hope*'—'*TRACTS, BY JOVE!*' After the publication of this number he took his place at the weekly dinner in the place of Albert Smith.

Mr. Spielmann in *The History of Punch* gives the following interesting plans of the *Punch* dinner-table.

1855

WILLIAM BRADBURY

DOUGLAS JERROLD
TOM TAYLOR
GILBERT À BECKETT
HORACE MAYHEW
PERCIVAL LEIGH

JOHN LEECH
W. M. THACKERAY
SHIRLEY BROOKS
MARK LEMON
JOHN TENNIEL

F. M. EVANS

1860

WILLIAM BRADBURY

W. M. THACKERAY

JOHN LEECH

(when he comes)

TOM TAYLOR

HENRY SILVER

HORACE MAYHEW

CHARLES KEENE

SHIRLEY BROOKS

JOHN TENNIEL

PERCIVAL LEIGH

MARK LEMON

F. M. EVANS

Thackeray wrote a great deal for *Punch* during the first seven months of 1844: at the end of August he left England, *en route* Cornhill to Grand Cairo. His principal contributions were the *History of the next French Revolution* and *Travelling Notes by Our Fat Contributor*. During the next year he was even more active: his best-known work was *Punch in the East* and *Jeames's Diary*. The Diary was brought to a close early in 1846, and then began *The Snobs of England*, which appeared, week by week, from February 28 until the following February 27—fifty-three chapters in all. During 1847 there appeared *An Eastern Adventure of the Fat Contributor*, *The Mahogany Tree*, *The Love Songs by the Fat Contributor* (including the delightful verses, *The Cane-Bottomed Chair*), and *Punch's Prize Novelists* (*Novels by Eminent Hands*), seven in number, parodies of the styles of popular authors of the day. Thackeray had intended to write parodies of Dickens and himself, but *Punch* refused to insert that on Dickens, and so both remained unwritten. Two of these burlesques in particular were excellent. Lever, after reading *Phil Fogarty*, declared he might as well shut up shop altogether, and actually altered the character of his novels; and Disraeli never forgave *Codlingsby*, but in *Endymion* lampooned *St. Barbe* (Thackeray), sneered at *Topsy Turvy* (*Vanity Fair*), and said bitter things of Scaramouch (*Punch*). Thackeray had before this written unkindly about Disraeli in *The Snobs of England*: but he made amends in 1852 when he spoke at the Royal Literary Fund dinner. 'We might have a literary hero who, at twenty years of age, astonished the world with his brilliant story of *Vivian Grey*; who, in a little time afterwards, and still in the youthful period of his life, amazed and delighted the public with *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*; who, presently following up the course of his career and the development of his philosophical culture, explained to a breathless and listening world the great Caucasian mystery; who, quitting literature, then went into politics; met, faced, fought, and conquered, the great political

giant and great orator of those days; who subsequently led thanes and earls to battle, and caused reluctant squires to carry his lance; and who, but the other day, went in a gold coat to kiss the hand of his Sovereign as Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer. What a hero that will be for some future novelist, and what a magnificent climax for the third volume of his story!

Sketches and Travels in London began to appear towards the end of 1847, and were continued through the earlier months of the following year. Other well-known contributions in 1848 were *A Little Dinner at Timmins's* and *Bow Street Ballads* (*Ballads of Pleaceman X.*).

During this year Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and His Friends*, a great admirer of the humorist's writings, saw a silver statuette of *Punch* in an Edinburgh jeweller's window, and suggested to his friends that it should be bought and sent to Thackeray. The price was ten pounds, and it was arranged—to make the little testimonial more valuable—that eighty persons should subscribe for it. The subscribers included Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton; the inkstand was purchased, engraved with a suitable inscription, and forwarded with an explanatory note. Thackeray, delighted with the unexpected tribute, hastened to thank the donors through their spokesman, Dr. Brown. 'I assure you these tokens of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity—make me humble as well as grateful—and make me feel an awful sense of responsibility which falls upon a man in such a station,' he wrote in the course of a long letter. 'Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind and to laugh at many of the things which men reverence? I hope I shall be able to tell the truth always, etc., to see it straight, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me, and if, in the exercise of my calling, I get friends and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am grateful for this support. Indeed, I can't reply lightly upon this subject, or feel otherwise than grave when men praise me as you do.'

Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town appeared in 1849; and were followed by *The Proser; Essays and Discourses of Dr. Solomon Pacifico*. Shortly after, there appeared in the columns of *Punch* the following unexpected announcement written by Thackeray: 'Another member¹ of Mr. *Punch's* cabinet, the biographer of *Jeames*, the author of the *Snob Papers*, resigned his

¹ Richard Doyle had recently left Bouverie Street on account of the attacks on the Catholics.

functions on account of Mr. *Punch's* assault upon the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger *Jeames* thought it unpatriotic 'to arouse.' Just before this he had written to Mr. Brookfield: 'I have sent in my resignation to *Punch*. There appears in the next *Punch* an article so wicked, I think, by poor —, that upon my word I don't think I ought to pull any longer in the same boat with such a savage young Robespierre. The appearance of this incendiary article has put me in such a rage that I could only cool myself by a ride in the Park.'

It seems that at the time there was some misunderstanding as to the cause of his resignation. Thackeray settled the matter, once for all, in a letter dated March 20, 1855, addressed to F. M. Evans (*The History of Punch*, pp. 323-324). 'I had had some difference with the conduct of *Punch* about the abuse of Prince Albert and the Crystal Palace, at which I very nearly resigned, about abuse of Lord Palmerston, about abuse finally of L. Napoleon—in all of which *Punch* followed *The Times*, which I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time, and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the country. Coming from Edinburgh I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a Beggar on Horseback, in which the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could after my return (a day or two after) I went to Bouverie Street, saw you and gave in my resignation.'

But even after his formal resignation he continued to write for the journal. There are twenty-three items to his credit in 1851. It is known, too, that late in April of that year he sent in his *May-Day Ode*. For insertion in the next issue this should have been received not later than Saturday morning, but it was not delivered until the evening, when Mark Lemon, the editor, either could not or would not insert it until the following week. Thackeray was annoyed and himself carried the manuscript to Printing House Square: the *Ode* appeared in *The Times* on the following Monday morning (April 30). He sent nothing to *Punch* in 1852, and in 1853 only *The Organ Boy's Appeal* (October). The next year he contributed *Letters from the East by Our Own Bashî-Bazouk* (June, July, August), and two letters from *Mr. Punch to an Eminent Person* (September 16, September 23). 'Wishing you all heartily well,' he wrote in the letter just mentioned, 'I wrote a few occasional papers last year—and not liking the rate of remuneration, which was less than that to which I had been accustomed in my time, I wrote no more. And you can say for me, as a reason why I should feel hurt at your changing the old rates of payment made to me—that I am

not a man who quarrels about a guinea or two except as a point of honour; *and* that when I could have had a much larger sum than that which you gave me for my last novel [*The Newcomes*]—I preferred to remain with old friends, who had acted honourably and kindly by me. . . . And I think it now about time my old friends and publishers should set me right.’

While there is no doubt that he had rendered signal service to *Punch*, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the journal had been of much assistance to him. ‘Ah, Swain!’ he said one day, ‘if it had not been for *Punch*, I wonder where I should be!’ And when in later years his help was asked on behalf of the widow of one of his old comrades of the *Punch* staff, he volunteered with eagerness to do all in his power, for, he wrote, ‘it is through my connection with *Punch* that I owe the good chances that have lately befallen me, and have had so many kind offers of help in my own days of trouble, that I would thankfully aid a friend whom death has called away.’

To the last he would, from time to time, attend the weekly dinner table, where a place was always kept for him; and when he died, the journal expressed the most sincere regret at the great loss suffered, not by the death of the great author, but by the death of the comrade and friend. On the sad Christmas Eve ‘Ponny’ Mayhew brought the fatal news to the jovial *Punch* party. ‘I’ll tell you what we’ll do,’ he said; ‘we’ll sing the dear old boy’s *Mahogany Tree*; he’d like it.’ Accordingly they all stood up, and with such memory of the words as each possessed, and a catching of the breath here and there by about all of them, the song was sung.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND

The first instalment, *Prefatory Remarks*, appeared in the issue of *Punch* dated February 28, 1846; the final instalment, *Chapter Last*, in that dated February 27, 1847.

These *Papers* at once attracted attention and exercised a most beneficial influence upon the circulation of *Punch*. At first it was thought by some that Douglas Jerrold was the Snobographer, but soon the name of the author became widely known. Thackeray never had any great affection for *The Snobs of England*, and, indeed, in later years, when conversing with Motley, declared that he hated the book and could not read a word of it; but he was interested in the series whilst writing them. He took a good deal of trouble to be accurate as to the local colour imparted to the chapters on the Club Snobs. He inspected the complaint-books

of the Reform and other clubs, and from them he gained most valuable hints concerning the failings of the snobbish clubman. The late 'Edmund Yates thought he went further than this ; declared that he caricatured fellow-clubmen in the pages of *Punch* ; and insisted that Captain Shindy stood for Mr. Stephen Price, and that among the Sporting Snobs was a wood-block, the figure upon which bore a marked resemblance to Mr. Wyndham Smith.

The *Snob Papers* were issued in book form, with a green pictorial wrapper, facsimiled in the American edition of *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, by Lewis Melville, and now reprinted for the first time in England. This volume contained an 'Author's note' which explained the omission of chapters xvii.-xxiii. : 'On reperusing these papers, I have found them so stupid, so personal, so snobbish in a word, that I have withdrawn them from this collection.' This necessitated the renumbering of the later chapters ; and chapter xxiv. in *Punch* is chapter xvii. of the volume, and so on. The original title-page ran :—

The | Book of Snobs. | By | W. M. Thackeray, | Author of "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo" : | of "Jeames's Diary" in *Punch* : "Our Street" : etc., etc. | London : | *Punch* Office, 85 Fleet Street.
| MDCCCLXIII.

The next issue, with letterpress complete, but without the illustrations, was brought out as one of the volumes of *Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors*, with the following title-page :—

The | Book of Snobs. | By | W. M. Thackeray. | New York : | D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. | MDCCCLIII.

The Book of Snobs was reprinted, without the illustrations, in *Miscellanies* (vol. i., 1855) ; and, with the illustrations, in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xv., 1869). In each case, the seven chapters to which reference has been made were omitted. These were first reprinted in England in a supplementary volume of the Library edition (vol. ii., 1886). The fifty-three chapters were first reprinted in the original order in the Pocket edition, where, however, many of the illustrations are omitted, and drawings from other works are inserted.

In the various English reprints, chapter i., *The Snob Socially Considered*, is renamed *The Snob Playfully Dealt With* ; and *Chapter Last* is headed *Concluding Observations on Snobs*.

This volume contains the first reprint direct from *Punch*, with all the illustrations. Two paragraphs, omitted in other English editions, are now restored ; viz. :—the lines from 'And here I cannot help observing, etc.' to the end of the first paragraph of *Prefactory Notes* ; and the lines '—any more than we

believe it is for the interests of science,' etc. in the fourteenth to the end of the fifteenth paragraph in *Chapter Last*.

NOTES

- Page 13. The 'Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world,' refers to the Pavilion at Brighton.
- „ 17. The 'Dr. L——,' who gave a dinner in honour of Lord Londonderry, was Charles Lever, then practising as a doctor at Brussels.
- „ 51. The 'DUKE of COEURDELION' stands for the Duke of Buckingham, who at the eleventh hour forcibly prevented the marriage of his daughter.
- „ 72. 'Theodore Crook' stands for Theodore Hook, 'Mrs. Cruor' for Mrs. Gore, 'Mrs. Wollop' for Mrs. Trollope, and 'Tom Macau' for Thomas Babington Macaulay.
- „ 73. 'Ben de Minories' stands for Benjamin Disraeli.
- „ 77. 'Lord George Bentinck,' the nominal leader of the Young England party.
- „ 80. The extract from *The Times* to which Thackeray refers is to be found under the heading 'Ministerial Movements,' and runs as follows: 'Yesterday morning Lord John Russell forwarded a communication to the Duke of Norfolk.' It is now said that the Duke will be Master of the Horse, the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Devonshire having declined to accept any office in the Royal Household, although they give the Government their undivided support.
- „ 84. The 'Member for Pontefract' was Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards first Baron Houghton.
- „ 88. 'THOMAS of Finsbury' was Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P., for Finsbury.
- „ 91. 'Floggings at Hounslow.' All civilian England had recently been shocked by the news that a private of the 7th Hussars had died, in consequence of a severe flogging, administered for striking a non-commissioned officer.
- „ 221. The 'celebrated author . . . who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces' is a playful allusion to Bulwer Lytton.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY

appeared in the issues of *Punch* dated July 2, 9, 16; August 6, 13, 20, 27; September 10, 17, 24; October 1; 1842; when they were brought to an abrupt conclusion. (See page ix.)

The *Lectures* were reprinted in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv. : *Contributions to Punch* ; 1886). The verses, *The Song of King Canute*, were introduced into *Rebecca and Rowena* (1850), and were reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xviii. : *Ballads, etc.* ; 1869).

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION

appeared in the issues of *Punch* dated February 24 ; March 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 ; April 6, 13, 20 ; 1844 ; and was reprinted in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xvi. ; *Burlesques. . . . The History of The Next French Revolution* ; 1869).

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Travelling Notes. By *Our Fat Contributor* appeared in the issues of *Punch* dated August 3, 10, 17, November 30, December 7, 14 ; 1844. The first instalment in *Punch* was headed *Wanderings of Our Fat Contributor* : it is now reprinted as Chapter I. of *Travelling Notes*. The interval between the appearance of the first three and the last three chapters was due to the fact that Thackeray had sailed Eastward Ho ! in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship, *Lady Mary Wood*. He published an account of his travels in a volume entitled *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo* (see vol. ix. of this edition : 'Burlesques : From Cornhill to Cairo ; etc.') Chapters IV., V., and VI., without the Illustrations, were reprinted in *Punch's Prize Novelists, The Fat Contributor, etc.* (New York, 1853) ; and Chapters I.-VI., with the Illustrations, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv., *Contributions to Punch*, 1886).

Punch in the East. From *Our Fat Contributor* appeared in the issues of *Punch* dated January 11, 18, 25, February 1, 8 ; 1845 ; and was reprinted in *Punch's Prize Novelists, The Fat Contributor, etc.* (New York, 1853) ; and in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv., *Contributions to Punch*, 1886).

An Eastern Adventure of the Fat Contributor appeared in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1847 (pp. 148-156) ; and was reprinted in *Loose Sketches : An Eastern Adventure of the Fat Contributor, etc.* (1894) ; and in the Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. vi., *Contributions to Punch*, 1898).

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO *PUNCH* (1842-1844)

Under this heading are reprinted Thackeray's minor contributions to *Punch* during these three years ; with the exception of the Ballads, and of some sketches and initial letters which will be collected in a later volume (*Ballads and Verses, etc.*).

Of the thirty-nine items, two only have been printed in an edition of Thackeray's Works, and ten in *The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to 'Punch'* (1899). That is to say, twenty-seven items are now reprinted for the first time ; and thirty-seven items are now included for the first time in an edition of Thackeray's Works.

L. M.

The writer of this 'Note' is responsible for the footnotes printed in square brackets.

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THE
BOOK OF SNOBS.



By
Wm. Thackeray.

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[PRICE 2s. 6d.]

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND

By One of Themselves

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND

PREFATORY REMARKS

[*THE necessity of a work on Snobs, demonstrated from History and proved by felicitous illustrations:—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the WORK and the MAN—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B). They pervade all classes—affecting instance of Colonel Snobley.*]



WE have all read a statement (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations, I should like to know, is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark, that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus, at the French Revolution (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early), when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, ROBESPIERRE was found a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage: thus, when it becomes necessary to kick John Bull out of America, MR. WASHINGTON stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus when the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH was unwell, PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY appeared with his pills, and cured his Lordship, as per advertisement, etc. etc. Numberless instances

might be adduced to show, that when a nation is in great want the relief is at hand, just as in the Pantomime (that microcosm), where, when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle, a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out from behind the side-scenes with the very article in question. And here I cannot help observing how very queer and peculiar the condition of our own beloved England and Ireland must be. One can fancy a great people led by MOSES or liberated by WASHINGTON, or saved by LEONIDAS or ALFRED the GREAT; whereas the heroes destined to relieve *us* at present, are a couple of notorious quacks, as SIR ROBERT and MR. O'CONNELL will bear me out in asserting. This I throw out as a mere parenthetical observation, and revert to the former argument, which anybody may admit or deny.

At any rate, men about to commence an undertaking don't deny it. Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that 'A more intimate connection between Bathershins and Derrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people.' Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that 'At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing THE BEADLE newspaper,' etc. etc. But one or other of these points at least is incontrovertible. The public wants a thing—therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing—therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction in my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W; a Purpose to fulfil; a chasm to leap into, like CURTIUS, horse and foot; a Great Social Evil to Discover and Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street; Seated Itself By Me in the Lonely Study; Joggled my Elbow as it Lifted The Wine Cup at the Festive Board; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row; Followed me in Far Lands, on Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand. The Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea, it Nestles in my Nightcap, And it Whispers 'Wake, Slumberer, thy Work is Not Yet Done.' Last Year, by Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came to Me and Said, 'SMITH, or JONES'

(the Writer's Name is Neither Here Nor There)—‘SMITH, or JONES, my fine fellow, this is all very well; but you ought to be at home, writing your great work ON SNOBS.’

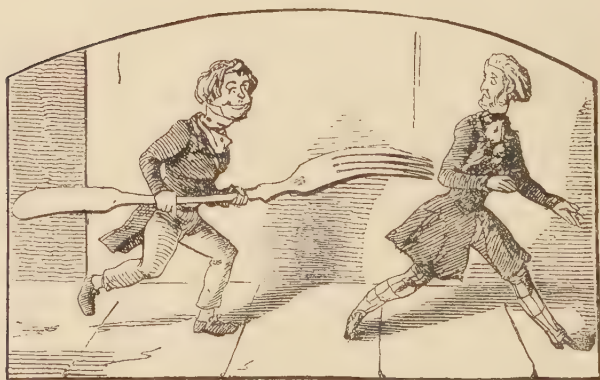
When a man has this sort of vocation, it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He *must* speak out to the nations; he must *unbusm* himself, as JEAMES would say, or choke and die. ‘Mark to yourself,’ I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, ‘the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First, the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs; they existed for years and years and were no more known than America. But presently—*ingens patebat tellus*—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five and twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history; and THE INDIVIDUAL comes forth to write that history in *Punch*.

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful: it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish: to track Snobs through History, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles: to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you have never heard ‘beating with equal foot at poor men’s doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors.’ It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs I believe is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the water at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SNOBLEY, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios: he lisped, drawled and left the ‘r’s’ out of his words; he was always flourishing about and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harm-

less conversations with him ; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first* ; then I handed him the paper : then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a tooth-pick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent who asked him if he thought PUBLICOALER was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four pronged fork ?



CHAPTER I

THE SNOB, SOCIALLY CONSIDERED



THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by Positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness—and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance : I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting COLONEL SNOBLEY ; viz. the using the fork in the guise of a

toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man, who, dining in my company at the Europa coffee house (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart and varied information ; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the HONOURABLE POLY ANTHUS) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in nowise affecting MR. MARROWFAT'S

honour or my esteem for him—had occurred which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the DUCHESS of MONTE FIASCO's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the DAMON and PYTHIAS—indeed, MARROWFAT had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this case, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen MONTE FIASCO clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H.I.H. the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE of BADEN—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman!) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon: I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like RAMO SAMEE, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely AMALIA! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! Long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with MARROWFAT I never breathed to mortal soul for years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board, but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June last year.

We met at SIR GEORGE GOLLOPER'S. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable LADY G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw MARROWFAT helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment—what my delight—when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the COUNTESS DEI SPINACCHI—his lending me the £1700. I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. 'FRANK, my boy!' I exclaimed. 'FRANK MARROWFAT, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!' . . . Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, FRANK answered, '*George, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*' I

could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company ; little did LADY GOLLOPER know what was the cause of the motion which sent the duck I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has FRANK repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the continent, where the usage of the four prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom. In this point, and this only, I confess myself a member of the SILVER FORK school, and if this tale induce but one reader of *Punch* to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly and ask, 'Do I or do I not, eat peas with a knife?' to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family, by beholding the example—these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be who contribute to this miscellany, I flatter myself SILK BUCKINGHAM will at least say that *I* am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this story is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and Heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever !)—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waist-coat, a crush hat, a sham frill and a white choker—I should be insulting Society and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory SNOB. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for the common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly ; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since (on a delicate mission)—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an extra negotiator. LERCKERBISS PASHA of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer Palace at Bajukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and

the Russian agent, COUNT DE DIDDLOFF on his dexter side. DIDDLOFF is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain ; he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation : but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas ! for a bow-string has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers and had flaps of bread for plates ; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely ; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I shall never forget the look of poor DIDDLOFF when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming 'Buk buk' (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to DIDDLOFF. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it ; he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he swallowed nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him ; he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn I took down the condiment with a smile, said Bismillah, licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served made up a ball myself so dexterously and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once and the treaty of Kabobanople was signed. As for DIDDLOFF, all was over with him ; he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and SIR RODERIC MURCHISON saw him under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

CHAPTER II

THE SNOB ROYAL



ONG since, at the commencement of the reign of her present Gracious Majesty, it chanced 'on a fair summer evening,' as MR. JAMES would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the KING'S ARMS, kept by MISTRESS ANDERSON, in the royal village of KENSINGTON. 'Twas a balmy even-

ing, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in 'full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace where princely SUSSEX (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his royal niece at a State banquet. When the *caroches* of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquet hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the King's Arms garden, hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface! 'twas a rare sight!

The tulips in MYNHEER VAN DUNK's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not

wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary and crimson and light blue. Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) HER MAJESTY'S OWN CRIMSON FOOTMEN, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor JOHNS slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkies. They left the walk; they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkies we never saw more.

My dear Flunkies, so absurdly conceited at one moment and so abject the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place THE SNOB ROYAL at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkies before the royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that his Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us, they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, JAMES I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains: but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! CHARLES II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a Snob: whilst LOUIS XIV., his old square-toes of a contemporary—the great worshipper of Bigwiggerly—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented GORGIUS IV. With the same humility with which the footmen at the King's Arms gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before GORGIUS, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman when they gave GORGIUS such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature, that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question to all instructors of youth—to MRS. ELLIS and the Women of England; to all schoolmasters, from DOCTOR HAWTREY down to MR. SQUEERS. I conjure up before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity children in Saint Paul's), sitting in judgment, and GORGIUS pleading his case in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old Florizel! Beadles, turn out that bloated, pimple-faced man!—If GORGIUS *must* have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkies' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. He also invented Maraschino Punch, a shoe-buckle (this was in the vigour of his youth and the prime force of his invention), and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a Four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton Coachman, could fence elegantly, and, it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit become the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

I would wager that if MR. WIDDICOMBE were by a revolution placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when GORGIUS visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the BARON of BRADWARDINE—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which GORGIUS had drunk, put it into his coat pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much, and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O

noble BRADWARDINE ! what Old World superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that ?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of GORGIUS in his real, identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance, one shilling. Children and flunkies, sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

CHAPTER III

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS



LAST Sunday week, being at church in the City, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? 'He is Mr. So-and-so,' the second Snob answered, 'domestic chaplain to the Earl of What d'ye-call-'em.' 'Oh, IS HE?' said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction. The parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former, and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon, and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lord-olatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What Peerage Worship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees. And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement and maintenance of Snobs are among the 'priceless services' as LORD JOHN RUSSELL says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or

he jobs successfully in the aid of a minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude of fees and ascends the bench, and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title and a rank as legislator. 'Your merits are so great,' says the nation, 'that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool: we think your services so remarkable that he shall have the reversion of your honours when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make the Peerage common and crowd the house of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give; they shall get the pick of all the places; they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill; they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours.'

How can we help Snobbishness, with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand the prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz. toadyism, organised:—base Man and Mammon worship, instituted by command of law: **SNOBBISHNESS**, in a word, perpetuated, and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of Dukes down Pall Mall? No: it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a snob.

On one side it encourages the Commoner to be snobbishly mean, and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble Marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steam-boat travellers labour of being brought into contact 'with all sorts and conditions of people,' implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior—when, I say, the MARCHIONESS of LONDONDERRY writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds, has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general: and that people are not to associate with her except awfully, at a distance. I recollect being once at the City of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the Court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent was a Prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on; he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his Aide-de-Camp to come and speak to me.* It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it; and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotoo performed before us every day—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration—we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance out of LORD LONDONDERRY'S travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussels, his Lordship says:—'Staying some days at the Hôtel de Belle Vue—a greatly overrated establishment and not nearly so comfortable as the Hôtel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L—the physician of the mission. He was desirous of doing the honour of the place to me, and he ordered for us a *dîner en gourmand* at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all

agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy.'

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L——, desirous to do his Lordship 'the honour of the place,' feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant! it was not extravagant to *him*. Inferior! Mr. L—— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my lord receives the entertainment and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory backsheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lordolatry is part of our creed, and our children are brought up to respect the Peerage as the Englishman's second Bible?



CHAPTER IV

'THE COURT CIRCULAR' AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS



EXAMPLE is the best of precepts : so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic Snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady (pardon, Gracious Madam, that your story should be made public ; but it is so moral

that it ought to be known to the universal world) told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning MISS SNOBKY, daughter of SIR SNOBBY SNOBKY, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation last Thursday, need I say more ?

When MISS SNOBKY was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary coloured livery of the SNOBKYS, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young LORD CLAUDE LOLLIPOP, the MARQUIS of SILLABUB's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the SNOBKYS suddenly determined upon leaving town. MISS SNOBKY spoke to her female friend and confidante. 'What will poor CLAUDE LOLLIPOP say when he hears of my absence ?' asked the tender-hearted child.

'O, perhaps he won't hear of it,' answers the confidante.

'My dear, he will read it in the papers,' replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her

importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square, who have no more chance of consorting with a SNOBKY, than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the SNOBKYS with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London and left it.

Here is the account of Miss SNOBKY's dress, and that of her mother, LADY SNOBKY, from the papers of last Friday :—

‘MISS SNOBKY

‘Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head dress, carrots and lappets.’

‘LADY SNOBKY

‘Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and under-dress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and noeuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head-dress, a bird's nest with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferronière. This splendid costume, by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration.’

This is what you read. O, Mrs. Ellis! O, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, etc., of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toe there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later, the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing tub for a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. O, my dear Miss WIGGINS thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them, but look around and see how many

friends of ours in the highest circles have had their brains so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a *Court Circular* exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now, where the *Court Circular* remains in full flourish—where you read—‘This day HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE PATTYPAN, was taken an airing in his go-cart.’ ‘THE PRINCESS PIMINY was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour and accompanied by her doll, etc.’ We laugh at the solemnity with which SAINT SIMON announces that *Sa Majesté se medicament aujourd’hui*. Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the *Court Circular*, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the Editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a little German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won’t take the gun from the hands of the loader*.

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob—that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being (the German Prince) with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese game-keeper, who confesses himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the German Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from com-

munication with the Prince, a Snob towards the Prince to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly ; but indirectly he insults the service performed and the two servants who perform it, and therefore I say respectfully, is a most undoubted though royal SN-B.

And then you read in the *Diario do Governo*—‘Yesterday His Majesty the King took the diversion of shooting in the woods of Cintra, attended by COLONEL the HONOURABLE WHISKERANDO SOMBRERO. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch at etc. etc.’

Oh, that *Court Circular* ! once more I exclaim. Down with the *Court Circular*—that engine and propagator of Snobbishness ! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a *Court Circular*—were it the *Morning Herald* itself. When I read that trash I rise in my wrath ; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's-head Club. The only *Court Circular* story which ever pleased me was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkies to request the Housemaid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put His Majesty out. I am like the Pasha of Three Tails to whom the Sultan sends his *Court Circular*, the bow-string.

It chokes me. May its usage be abolished for ever.



CHAPTER V

WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE



NOW let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, 'You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity.' But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob—you, whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkies or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world and amongst the Snobs our brethren; consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages and is all his life long subject to adulation, the butt of meanness: consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.

As I was discoursing with my friend EUGENIO in this impressive way, LORD BUCKRAM passed us, the son of the MARQUIS of

BAGWIG, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to QUEEN CHARLOTTE. BUCK (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show to EUGENIO how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The REV. OTTO ROSE, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little lord in hand and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the MARQUIS of BAGWIG as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made LORD BUCKRAM a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. MRS. ROSE used to take out the little lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and LORD BUCKRAM having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the MARQUIS of BAGWIG on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. YOUNG CROESUS lent him three-and-twenty brand new sovereigns out of his father's bank. YOUNG CRAWLEY did his exercises for him and tried 'to know him at home,' but YOUNG BULL licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage, for not sufficiently polishing his master, SMITH's, shoes. Boys are not *all* toadies in the morning of life.

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows (it is among the respectable,

the Baker-Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to CROESUS's loans of money ; and BUCKRAM couldn't ride out with the hounds but CRAWLEY (a timid creature by nature) was in the field and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ride. YOUNG ROSE came up to the same College, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving BUCKRAM a single dinner ; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause ; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned BUCKRAM's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of MRS. PODGE and MISS PODGE, the wife and daughter of the Principal of LORD BUCKRAM's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunkey by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with PROFESSOR CRAB.

When LORD BUCKRAM, after taking his honorary degree (for ALMA MATER is a Snob too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest)—when LORD BUCKRAM went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran and what numbers of caps were set at him ; LADY LEACH and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden Baden ; MISS LEGGIT burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma ; CAPTAIN MACDRAGON of Macdragonstown, County Tipperary, called upon him to 'explene his intintions with respect to his sisther, Miss AMALIA MACDRAGON, of Macdragonstown' and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by MR. MUFF at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, MISS LYDIA CROESUS would certainly have been LADY BUCKRAM. COUNT TOWROWSKI was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal, and *Punch* notoriously is never so. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes ; the publishers (who refused my *Passion Flowers* and my grand *Epic* at any price) would give

him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-shops, and half-murdering policemen; the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements and say he is a hearty, honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards: the public will pardon him and many honest people will court him, as they would court a housebreaker, if he happened to be a lord. Suppose he is an idiot; yet, by a glorious constitution, he's good enough to govern us. Suppose he is an honest, high-minded gentleman; so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.



CHAPTER VI

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS

HAVING received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter by stating my firm opinion that it is among the RESPECTABLE classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be found. I pace down my beloved Baker Street (I am engaged on a life of BAKER, the founder of this celebrated Street), I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel—I rove round Regent's Park where the plaster is patching off the house walls; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green inclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud:—I thread the doubtful zig-zags of May Fair, where MRS. KITTY LORIMER's brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old LADY LOLLIPOP's belozenged family coach—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown; I lose myself in the new Squares and Terraces of the brilliant bran new Bayswater and Tyburn Junction line; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard and say, 'O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, you are knocked at—O, undress flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid by—Snobs.' It is a tremendous thought, that; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of those houses where the *Peerage* does not lie on the Drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all QUIXOTE's books of humbugging chivalry.

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The

EARL OF LOUGHCORRIB lives there : he has fifty thousand a year. A *déjeunér dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much ? The mere flowers for the rooms and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds ; that man in drab trousers, coming crying down the steps, is a dun. LORD LOUGHCORRIB has ruined him and won't see him : that is, he is peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, LOUGHCORRIB, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality ; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society ;—but I am growing too eloquent.

You see that *finé* house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell. He has three mutton chops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family ; for LADY SUSAN SCRAPER and her daughters, MISS SCRAPER and MISS EMILY SCRAPER. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a methodist, and a butler who would never have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to GENERAL SCRAPER when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains ; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off ; and he is pointing to a chart on which are written the words WALCHEREN, TOBAGO.

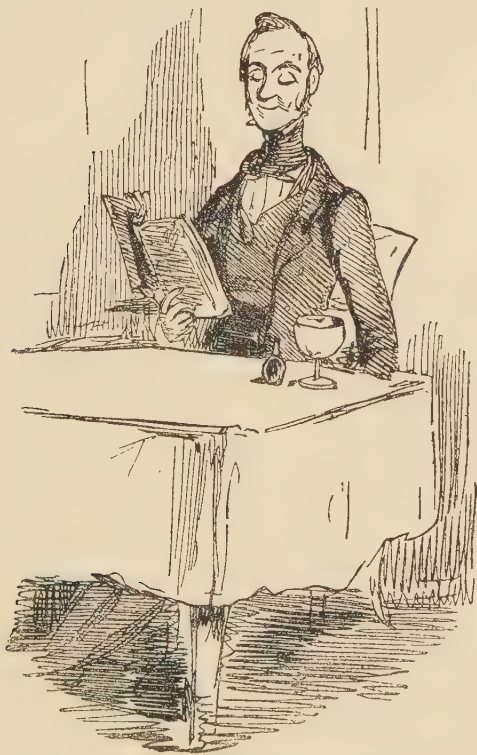
LADY SUSAN is, as everybody knows by referring to the 'British Bible,' a daughter of the great and good EARL BAGWIG before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the BUCKRAMS, her own race ; then follow in rank the SCRAPERS. The General was the greatest General : his eldest son, SCRAPER BUCKRAM SCRAPER is at present the greatest and best ; his second son the next greatest and best ; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course : she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the Church and Parish Charities, and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S Lying-In Hospital—the Washerwomen's Asylum—the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, etc., etc. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence ; for when she walks out, protected by

John, that domestic has always two or three Mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

Those three mutton chops which you see entering at the kitchen door will be served on the family plate at seven o'clock



this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the crest and coat of arms of the SCRAPERS blazing everywhere. I pity MISS EMILY SCRAPER—she is still young— young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket money in buns? Malicious tongues say so, but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen and the ladies'-maids, and the fat

coach horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering place for the autumn, are paid, my lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the Drawing-room and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds waving over her ladyship's sandy hair and majestic hooked nose;—you would not think it when you hear 'LADY SUSAN SCRAPER's carriage' bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious JOHN behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as SNOB, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And O, stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as DIANA (without that heathen goddess's unlady-like propensity for field sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad like SOLOMON in all his glory—as long as she goes to bed (as I believe she does) with a turban and a bird of Paradise in it, and a court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton chops for the benefit of the young ladies. I had my notions of her from my old school-fellow—from her son, SYDNEY SCRAPER—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a year, and who may be seen any evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, simpering over the *Quarterly Review* in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of port.

CHAPTER VII

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS



OOK at the next house to LADY SUSAN SCRAPER'S. The fine mansion with the awning over the door; that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of SIR ALURED and LADY S. DE MOGYNS, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles render the DE MOGYNS' flunkies the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where LADY DE MOGYNS, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest

of the genteel. Times are altered now with MARY ANNE, or, as she calls herself, MARIAN DE MOGYNS.

She was the daughter of CAPTAIN FLACK, of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwlm, where MARIAN wooed and won her DE MOGYNS, a young banker in the place. His attentions to MISS FLACK at a race ball were such, that her father said DE MOGYNS must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was MUGGINS then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army-contractor, smuggler and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connexion. There is a story that MUGGINS the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l-p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l

Family always paid their debts, from the PRINCE of WALES downwards.

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple SIR THOMAS MUGGINS representing Pontydwldm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, 'cut up' prodigiously well. His son, ALFRED SMITH MOGYNS, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hands of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as SIR ALURED MOGYNS SMYTH DE MOGYNS, with a genealogy found out for him by the Editor of *Fluke's Peerage*, and which appears as follows in that work :—

'DE MOGYNS, SIR ALURED MOGYNS SMYTH, 2nd Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with SHEM is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of MOGYNS.

'In the time of BOADICEA, HOGYN MOGYN, of the hundred BEEVES, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by SUETONIUS in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the PRINCES OF PONTYDWLDM, MOGYN of the Golden Harp (see the Mabinogion of LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST), BOGYN-MERODAC-AP-MOGYN (the black fiend son of MOGYN), and a long list of bards and warriors, celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of MOGYN long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally GAM MOGYNS made his submission to PRINCE HENRY, son of HENRY IV., and under the name of SIR DAVID GAM DE MOGYNS was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to,) THOMAS MUGGINS, first Baronet of Pontydwldm Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, ALURED MOGYNS SMYTH, the present Baronet, who married MARIAN, daughter of the late GENERAL P. FLACK, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H.R. Empire. SIR ALURED has issue, ALURED CARADIC, born 1819, MARIAN, 1811, BLANCHE ADELIZA, EMILY DORIA, ADELAIDE ORLEANS, KATINKA ROSTOPCHIN, PATRICK FLACK, died 1809.

'Arms—a mullion garbled, gules on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest—a tom-tit rampant regardant. Motto—*Ung Roy ung Mogyns.*'

It was long before LADY DE MOGYNS shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor MUGGINS was in the hands of

the FLACKS, the CLANCYS, the TOOLES, the SHANAHANS, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of his Hibernian relatives. TOM TUFTO absolutely left the street in which they lived in London, because, he said, 'it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those *Iwish* people.'

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome and Paris. They got a royal prince to attend their *soirées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of DE MOGYNS, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable LADY DE MOGYNS to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the DE MOGYNS, to get the DUCHESS OF BUCKSKIN to her parties, would strike a TALLEYRAND with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to LADY ALDERMANBURY'S *thé dansant*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend LADY CLAPPERCLAW herself,—LADY KATHLEEN O'SHAUGHNESSY that was, and daughter of the EARL OF TURFANTHUNDER.

'When that ojoues disguised Irishwoman, LADY MUGGINS, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjoas daughter BLANCHE,' said old LADY CLAPPERCLAW '(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family)—when that wretched POLLY MUGGINS was bringing out BLANCHE, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cowboy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at COUNT VOLAUVENTS, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball?

'"Because my rooms are already too full, and your ladyship would be crowded inconveniently," says I; indeed she takes up as much room as an elephant; besides, I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.

‘I thought my answer was a settler to her : but the next day she comès weeping to my arms—“Dear LADY CLAPPERCLAW,” says she, “it’s not for *me* ; I ask it for my blessed BLANCHE ! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball ! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. I don’t want to come. I will stay at home to nurse SIR ALURED in the gout. MRS. BOLSTER is going, I know ; she will be BLANCHE’s Chaperon.”

“You wouldn’t subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato fund—you, who come out of the parish,” says I, “and whose grandfather, honest man, kept cows there.”

“Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest LADY CLAPPERCLAW ?”

“Twenty guineas is sufficient,” says I, and she paid them ; so I said, “BLANCHE may come, but not you, mind ;” and she left me with a world of thanks.

‘Would you believe it ?—when my ball came the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter ! “Didn’t I tell you not to come ?” said I in a mighty passion. “What would the world have said ?” cries my LADY MUGGINS ; “my carriage is gone for SIR ALURED to the Club ; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest LADY CLAPPERCLAW.”

“Well, as you are here, Madam, you may stay and get your supper,” I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

‘And now,’ screamed out old LADY CLAPPERCLAW, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, ‘what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent, upstart of a cowboy’s granddaughter, has done ?—she cut me yesterday in Hy’ Park, and hasn’t sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say PRINCE GEORGE is to be there.’

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active DE MOGYNS has passed the poor old CLAPPERCLAW. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation, that she has won it ; pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced, degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed ; she made her father dine in the Stewards’ room, to his perfect contentment ; and would send SIR ALURED thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours, and is, after all, paymaster of her daughter’s fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of Governor very well. In the daytime he goes from the Union

to Arthur's, and from Arthur's to the Union. He is a dead hand at picquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the Traveller's.

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the DE MOGYNS, and sighs for the days when a DE MOGYNS led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of LAUD, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the POPE's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

CHAPTER VIII

GREAT CITY SNOBS



THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of DE MOGYNs; no less than four LADY SUSAN SCRAPERS have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half a pint of port and simpering over *The Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for SYDNEY SCRAPER, Esq. 'What *can* be your anti-pathy to Baker Street?' asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.—'Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?' says one estimable correspondent. 'Are not the

Snobbish Snobs to have their turn?'—'Pitch into the University Snobs!' writes an indignant gentleman (who spells elegant with two L's). 'Show up the Clerical Snob,' suggests another.—'Being at MEURICE'S Hotel Paris, some time since,' some wag hints, 'I saw LORD B. leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling "Garçon, circz-moi ces bottes." Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?'

No; far from it. If his lordship's boots are dirty it is because he is LORD B. and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair, and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them clean. LORD B. in so doing performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I have had him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. As PHIDIAS took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a VENUS: so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand SNOBS before one is expressed upon paper.

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy and ought to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The Great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in Lombard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities and who frequents Exeter Hall: you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my Lord N——'s *soirées*, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third (a City Snob of taste) at picture auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my lord duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved LADY WILHELMINA WAGGLE-WIGGLE! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored sovereign QUEEN CAROLINE, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith?); but the City Snob's doors are for the most part closed to him, and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the SCHARLACHSCHILD family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, etc. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their *fêtes*. PRINCE POLONIA, at Rome, and his brother, the DUKE OF STRACHINO, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grandees

with a farthing or two—it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The POLONIAS have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognisance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city, with the arms of the COLANNAS and DORIAS.

Our City Snobs have the same mania of aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see those two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally—making truce and uniting—for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down on common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger. I like to see old STIFFNECK obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by PUMP and ALDGATE's butler. 'PUMP and ALDGATE,' says he, 'your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror: I am own cousin to CHARLES MARTEL, ORLANDO FURIOSO, PHILIP AUGUSTUS, PETER THE CRUEL, and FREDERIC BARBAROSSA. I quarter the Royal arms of BRENTFORD in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, BLANCHE STIFFNECK, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become LADY BLANCHE PUMP and ALDGATE.'

Old PUMP and ALDGATE clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the *Peerage*, is to look down the list and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters, how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

Old PUMP and ALDGATE buys the article, and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blessed by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, 'At Roehampton, on Saturday, the LADY EMILA PUMP, of a son and heir.'

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young PUMP in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, 'How's your wife, PUMP, my boy?'

MR. PUMP looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, '*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you.'

'O, *I thought she was your wife!*' said that familiar brute SNOOKS, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young PUMP appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr to MAMMON, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who, having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in the City, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver*: that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered 'as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers.' So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so; has been washed into estates, and woods and castles and town-mansions,—it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old PUMP sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. PUMP THE SECOND becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. PUMP TERTIUS goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of PUMP QUARTUS, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as BARON PUMPINGTON, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.



DESIGN FOR A BAS-RELIEF OVER THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

CHAPTER IX

ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS



NO society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, solikewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles all over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding Cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last named little

creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle ; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert ; and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than his berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

When I read in the *Gazette* such announcements as 'LIEUTENANT and CAPTAIN GRIG, from the Bombardier Guards, to be

Captain, vice GRIZZLE, who retires,' I know what becomes of the Peninsular GRIZZLE; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town, where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to live like a gentleman, on half the stipend of a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little GRIG rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a Colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and LORD GRIGSBY is his father, who had the same luck before him. GRIG must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters. And as it is difficult for a spoilt child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of Fortune not to be a Snob.

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the Army, the most enormous Job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give GRIG and his like the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The DUKE's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as MARLBOROUGH did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born GRIG rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as CORPORAL WALLOP, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of GRIG's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jackboot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out 'Shoulder humps! Carry humps!' all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little Lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering along Pall Mall, in high heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tomfoolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE GRANBY TUFTO, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., etc., etc. His manners are irreproachable generally ; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and SIR GEORGE is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere ; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes : he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple old gouty fingers, still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his bloated old carcass as if he were still handsome GEORGE TUFTO of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence ; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour, which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other ? He was fit for none ; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

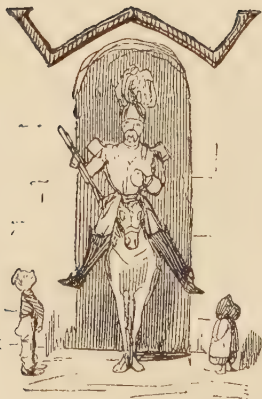
Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the Army is not

composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated army Snob. No : when epaulets are not sold ; when corporal punishments are abolished, and CORPORAL SMITH has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of LIEUTENANT GRIG ; when there is no such rank as Ensign and Lieutenant (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a Major-General myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army-Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces until next week.

CHAPTER X

MILITARY SNOBS



ALKING in the Park yesterday with my young friend TAGG, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, CAPTAIN RAG, and the ‘larking’ or raffish Military Snob, ENSIGN FAMISH. Indeed you are very sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o’clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down ‘the Lady’s Mile.’

TAGG and RAG are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend’s history. CAPTAIN RAG is a small dapper north-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop, had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire, which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who had just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His headquarters are RUMMER’S, in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit, but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman jockey and gentleman leg.

According to *Bell’s Life*, he is an invariable attendant at all

racers, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badauds* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute, 'The Disowned,' before starting for 'the French Grand National.'

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season he rides often in the park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horsewoman, FANNY HIGHFLYER, or in confidential converse with LORD THIMBLERIG, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the One Tun with SAM SNAFFLE the jockey, CAPTAIN O'ROURKE, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at RUMMER'S that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with HOCUS, the leg, at his little box near Epsom, where, if report speak true, many 'rummish plants' are concocted.

He does not play billiards often, and never in public: but when he does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good peal with FAMISH.

When he makes his appearance in a drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

His young friend is ENSIGN FAMISH, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as RAG, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. RAG lets FAMISH accompany him to TATTERSALL'S, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses FAMISH'S cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little FAMISH, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen; or drunk and helpless, when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little BOBBY by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

HIS mother, LADY FANNY FAMISH, believes devotedly that ROBERT 'is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

BOBBY frequents the Union-Jack Club of course; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and



make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half a dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold SLAPPER's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curacao; and where you see HOBBY, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with DOBBY of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from RUMBLE of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides, the disreputable old Military Snob who has seen service, the respectable old military snob who has seen

none, and gives himself the most prodigious Martinet-airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustachios—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur Military Snob, who writes Captain on his cards because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the army in general—the gallant and judicious army, every man of which, from F.M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, etc. downwards—(with the exception of H.R.H. FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, who, however, can hardly count as a military man), reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read SIR HARRY SMITH'S account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by—think of SIR HENRY HARDINGE, with his son, 'dear little ARTHUR,' riding in front of the line at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!

CHAPTER XI

ON CLERICAL SNOBS



FTER Snobs military, Snobs clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to Snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here, for the same reason that *Punch* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, Fie upon them, fie upon them! while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same: and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those

eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business,—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old FATHER NOAH was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons who dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of schoolboys, because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds apiece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers MR. EISENBERG, Chiropodist, has lately done upon 'HIS GRACE THE RIGHT REVEREND LORD BISHOP OF TAPIOCA.'

And I confess, that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I confess I think that their chance is. . . . But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an over-paid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late SYDNEY SMITH—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many SMITHS in this world are called SYDNEY SMITH?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church,—without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession, he admitted most pathetically that the Clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the

crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so ; round, short-necked, pimple faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black pudding, a shovel hatted fuzz-wigged SILENUS. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise ; he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet ; many tithes are levied upon *his* pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire ; and his wife must dress neatly, and he must 'look like a gentleman,' as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Yes ; you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good ; or an ormolu clock at HOWELL and JAMES'S, because it is such a bargain ; or a box at the Opera, because LABLACHE and GRISI are divine in the *Puritani* ; fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending half-a-crown when JOHN BREAKSTONE'S family are without a loaf ; or 'standing' a bottle of port for poor POLLY RABBITS, who has her thirteenth child ; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little BOB SCARECROW, whose breeches are sadly out at elbow. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

But what is this ? Instead of 'showing up' the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race ? O saintly FRANCIS, lying at rest under the turf ! O JIMMY, and JOHNNY, and WILLY, friends of my youth ! O noble and dear old ELIAS ! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling ? May this pen never write a penny-worth again, if it ever cast ridicule upon either !



CHAPTER XII

ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS

DEAR MR. SNOB,' an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself SNOBLING, 'ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry,

to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?'

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if MISS SMITH had come with a license to marry JONES, the parson in question, not seeing old SMITH present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of SMITH Senior. He very likely thinks it is his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their Papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the DUKE OF COEURDELION was MR. WHATDYECALLUM's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, 'WHATDYECALLUM, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off RATTAN in a hack-cab to fetch me.'

In either of which cases, you see, dear SNOBLING, that though the parson would not have been authorized, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my

marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But consider pastoral solicitude, a deep-sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would not do in SMITH's; if he has no more acquaintance with the COEURDELION family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of SAXE-COBURG GOTHA—*then*, I confess, my dear SNOBLING, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what SIR GEORGE TUFTO would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty?

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too; and what is worldliness but Snobbishness? When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD CHARLES JAMES administered the rite of confirmation to *a party of the juvenile nobility* at the Chapel Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical ALMACK'S, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar;—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular*; and that Snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentleman, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Herald's College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of EVE and ADAM, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops who read this publication, to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, 'We won't confirm or christen LORD TOMNODDY, or SIR CARNABY JENKS, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;' the which declaration if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, asked his Lordship in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony

the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there even in this most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to Heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the BEGUM SUMROO, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,—so that there should be no mistake—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly Snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as QUEEN QUASHYBOO, who sews a pair of epaulettes on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my peerage, which I love and honour, (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration) if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When for instance, TOM SNIFFLE first went into the country as Curate for MR. FUDDLESTONE (SIR HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE's brother), who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hard working, and excellent creature, than TOM. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid sermons. When LORD BRANDYBALL's family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, SNIFFLE was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say Grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in LADY FANNY TOFFY's lap.

What was the consequences of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether; and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball, where he revelled in the maddest passion for LADY FANNY. He ordered the neatest new

clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London ; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lackered boots, and perfumery ; he bought a blood-horse from BOB TOFFY ; was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts, actually at cover ; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera ; and afterwards riding by LADY FANNY'S side in Rotten Row. He *double-barrelled* his name, (as many poor Snobs do) and instead of T. SNIFFLE, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as REV. T. D'ARCY SNIFFLE, Burlington Hotel.

The end of all this may be imagined : when the EARL OF BRANDYBALL was made acquainted with the Curate's love for LADY FANNY, he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, LORD ALICOMPAYNE) and uttered that remarkable speech to SNIFFLE, which disposed of the claims of the latter :—‘ If I didn't respect the Church, Sir,’ his Lordship said, ‘ by JOVE I'd kick you down stairs :’ his Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid, and LADY FANNY, as we all know, married GENERAL PODAGER.

As for poor TOM, he was over head and ears in debt, as well as in love : his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw ; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places ; sometimes doing duty ; sometimes ‘ coaching’ a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen ; sometimes—must we say it ?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of a LORD BRANDYBALL, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter, (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from LORD B. for him) ; he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better ? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read STANLEY'S *Life of DOCTOR ARNOLD*.

CHAPTER XIII

ON CLERICAL SNOBS

AMONG the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten; they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge; and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him; and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young JOHN THOMAS, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under DOCTOR BLOCK, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester under DOCTOR BUZWIG, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connection with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College DON trembles in his common room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When Railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the Old-World institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a

most veracious puffing advertisement, headed, 'To COLLEGE AND BACK FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.' The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; NAPOLEON STEPHENSON draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities; and the ecclesiastical big-wigs, who garrison them, must prepare to lay down key and crozier before the iron conqueror.

If you consider, dear reader, what profound Snobbishness the University system produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the 'College Youths,' you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher, a third lad with a master's gown and hat walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

He may do it, because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord the University gives him a degree at the end of two years, which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to College and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizers—*servitors* at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now, for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like HENRY VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like JAMES I. not only believed himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes, as well as meddled with his trade, prices,

exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone ; the pillory is taken down ; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. SIR ROBERT PEEL, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges ? on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy ; they may dress like Christians, and do so sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still ? Because Universities are the last places into which Reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

CHAPTER XIV

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS



LL the men of Saint Boniface will recognise HUGBY and CRUMP in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and CRUMP is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, CRUMP invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of SCHNUPFENIUS and SCHNAPSIUS. These services to re-

ligion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

CRUMP thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President, the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure CRAWLEY would have no objection to carry his trencher, or PAGE to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven, that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface; on

which occasion CRUMP allowed the EMPEROR ALEXANDER to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the KING OF PRUSSIA and PRINCE BLUCHER. He was going to put the Hetman PLATOFF to breakfast at a side-table with the under college-tutors; but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language; in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about CRUMP than about the Grand Lama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge, but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, CRUMP's follower, MR. TOADY, whispers, 'Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;' or, 'Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down;' or words to a similar effect.

To do CRUMP justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation:—'I was a Charity-boy,' says he; 'see what I am now; the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world.' The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

HUGBY owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture; or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty, genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, 'My Lord Duke.' It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented LORD GLENLIVAT, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing HUGBY's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the REV. MR. HUGBY, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to LORD GLENLIVAT's friend, BOB TIZZY, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the College pump-handle ; filed SAINT BONIFACE's nose smooth with his face ; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists ; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, etc. etc., and BOB (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when GLENLIVAT nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

HUGBY cried when GLENLIVAT apologised ; if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. 'My lord,' said he, 'in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman ; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation.' And when his lordship took leave of the University, HUGBY presented him a copy of his *Sermons to a Nobleman's Family* (HUGBY was once private tutor to the sons of the EARL OF MUFFBOROUGH) which GLENLIVAT presented in return to MR. WILLIAM RAMM, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of MRS. RAMM, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, 'The Game Cock and Spurs,' near Woodstock, Oxon.

At the beginning of the long vacation, HUGBY comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near Saint James's Square ; rides in the Park in the afternoon ; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the MARQUIS OF FARINTOSH's evening parties. He is a member of SYDNEY SCRAPER's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when

tavern-doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'tatures; when SHEENY and MOSES are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven-Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks, that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down the High



Street—sometimes, I say, you may see HUGBY coming out of the Church of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the Curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house, over which is inscribed, 'HUGBY, HABERDASHER.' It is the mother of the REV. F. HUGBY, as proud of her son in his white choker as CORNELIA of her jewels at Rome. That is old HUGBY bringing up the rear

with the Prayer-books, and BETSY HUGBY, the old maid, his daughter—old HUGBY, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room up stairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the EARL OF MUFFBOROUGH, K.X., Lord Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving from an Almanac of Saint Boniface College, Oxon.; and a sticking-plaister portrait of HUGBY when young in a cap and gown. A copy of his *Sermons to a Nobleman's Family* is on the book-shelf by the *Whole Duty of Man*, the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the Oxford University Calendar. Old HUGBY knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

CHAPTER XV

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs ; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs ; their amusements, habits, jealousies ; their innocent artifices to entrap young men ; their pic-nics, concerts and evening parties. I wonder what has become of EMILY BLADES, daughter of BLADES, the Professor of the Mandingo language ? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sate in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catharine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair EMILY of the shoulders ? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them !—what a waist !—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown !—what a cameo the size of a muffin ! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with EMILY BLADES : and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness in other words—with which the Miss TRUMPS (daughter of TRUMPS, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she didn't squint, and because she wasn't marked with the small-pox.

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollection of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as PELHAM's time.

We *then* used to consider Snobs, raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel ; who wore high-lows and no straps ; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives ; who carried off the College scholarships and who overrated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness. The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old Governor, the Curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Lady's School. He wrote

a Dictionary, or a Treatise on Conic Sections, as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship : and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the Oxford and Cambridge Club ; and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, he is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or high-lows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with Champagne and Claret.

One looks back to what was called 'a wine-party' with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, and prided themselves in giving *recherchés* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called 'dressy' Snobs :—JIMMY, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camelia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid gloves twice a day ;—YESSAMY, who was conspicuous for his 'jewellery,'—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs ;—JACKY, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang : who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out, and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race, or a boxing-match ; and rode flat races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse

Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches, who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because GLENLIVAT and CINQBARS hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob



were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in Universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the Spouting Clubs, and who believed as a fact, that Government always had an eye on the University where to select

orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young Free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps ROBESPIERRE, and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. SMITH becomes acquainted with great people at College, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. JONES has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay, free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of SIR JOHN. And though it may be very good fun for ROBINSON to fuddle himself at home as he does at College and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul, his mother!—the half-pay Captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University Education.

CHAPTER XVI

ON LITERARY SNOBS



HAT will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster, who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately hesitate when the turn comes to *egorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the Schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't BRUTUS chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of Literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the state any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend Mr. Punch's person, and say Mr. P. has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the APOLLO or ANTINOUS, which we are accustomed to

consider as our standards of beauty ; does this argue malice on my part towards Mr. Punch ? Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does this duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, MR. N. P. WILLIS, is eminently valuable and impartial. In his *History of Ernest Clay*, a crack Magazine writer, the

reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society.

He takes the *pas* of Dukes and Earls ; all the nobility crowd to see him ; I forget how many Baronesses and Duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken Countesses and dear Marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in this periodical.

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of MRS. BARNABY ! What delightful good company do you meet with in MRS. ARMYTAGE ! She seldom intro-

duces you to anybody under a Marquis ! I don't know anything more delicious than the picture of genteel life in *Ten Thousand a Year*, except perhaps the *Young Duke*, and *Coningsby*. There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear Sir—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are ! LADY BULWER, LADY LONDONDERRY, SIR EDWARD himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease, which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except PAUL DE KOCK) knows a word of English.

And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of JAMES, so admirable for terseness ; and the playful humour and



dazzling off-hand lightness of AINSWORTH? Among other humourists, one might glance at a JERROLD, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; and a BECKETT, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a JEAMES, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us have not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as KEATS and TENNYSON; but on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that Review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well known: and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If JONES dines with a lord, Smith never says JONES is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does JONES, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a Duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor BROWN, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst Authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of

the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by SIR ROBERT PEEL. *

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?

CHAPTER XVII

ON LITERARY SNOBS

In a Letter from 'One of Themselves' to MR. SMITH, the celebrated Penny-a-Liner



‘MY DEAR SMITH—Of the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters whom they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. “Have you read poor THEODORE CROOK’s Life,

as given in the *Quarterly*,” asks one; “and does any one merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?” “What do you say to MRS. CRUOR’s novels, and MRS. WALLOP’s works of fashionable fiction?” writes some misogynist. “Was not TOM MACAU a Snob, when he dated from Windsor Castle?” asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from TOM FUSTIAN since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. “What do you say to CRAWLEY SPOKER, the man who doesn’t know where Bloomsbury Square is—the MARQUIS of BORGIA’s friend?” writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell

Street postmark. "What do you say to BENDIGO DE MINORIES?" demands another curious inquirer.

'I think poor CROOK's Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashionables in the papers?—LORD HOOKHAM, LORD CHARLES SNIVEY, MR. SMITH.

'MRS. CRUOR's works, and MRS. WOLLOP's novels are also wholesome, if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

'As for the RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. MACAU—I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman's audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle and think,—that he was A SNOB for putting such an address to his letter?—no; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it,—the Public—that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

'In the first place, MR. MACAU was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the ROYAL ALBERT himself. HER MAJESTY (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august housekeeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that MR. MACAU had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street; and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

'As for honest TOM FUSTIAN, who has cut "LIBERTAS"—"LIBERTAS" must suffer under the calamity—until TOM publishes another novel; about a month before which time, LIBERTAS, as a critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time,

MRS. FUSTIAN will call upon MRS. LIBERTAS (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but LIBERTAS should understand his place in the world; an author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions; and FUSTIAN belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

‘All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as the MARQUIS OF BORGIA, SPOKER’s friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron if not of letters, at least of literary men. My LORD left SPOKER almost as much money as he left to CENTSUISSE, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear SMITH, that SPOKER knows; though he *doesn’t* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

‘And, finally, concerning young BEN DE MINORIES. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the Great Britannic Literary Snob? MR. DE MINORIES is not only a man of genius, (as you are, my dear SMITH, though your washerwoman duns you for her little bill), but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not; and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of “an English gentleman”? Of all England, DE MINORIES was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British aristocracy. I know it’s true. I saw it in the papers; and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

‘And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected*. For what do we admire SHAKSPEARE so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes: *Falstaff, Miranda, Caliban, Marc Antony, Ophelia, Justice Shallow*—and so I say DE MINORIES must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life JOSEPH and DANIEL were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his god-fathers, and to modify the opinions advanced in the generosity of

his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would PEEL be now, had he known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Romans when CORIOLANUS encamped before the Porta del Popolo, and the mortification of FRANCIS THE FIRST when he saw the CONSTABLE BOURBON opposite to him at Pavia. *Raro antecedentem, etc., deservit pede Poena claudo* (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than PEEL, at the catastrophe of a sinister career—PEEL writhing in torture, with NEMESIS DE MINORIES down upon him!

‘I know nothing in LEMPRIERE’S Dictionary itself, more terrific than that picture of Godlike vengeance. What! PEEL thought to murder CANNING, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! PEEL thought to repeal the Corn-laws, did he? In the first place, before Cornbills or Irish bills are settled, let us know who was it that killed LORD GEORGE BENTINCK’S “relative.” Let PEEL answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent LORD GEORGE, and to NEMESIS DE MINORIES, his champion.

‘I call his interference real chivalry. I regard LORD GEORGE’S affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman—and I am proud, dear SMITH, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; that if LORD GEORGE is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country! to have such a pair of saviours. Happy LORD GEORGE! to have such a friend and patron—happy men of letters! to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation.’

CHAPTER XVIII

ON SOME POLITICAL SNOBS

I DON'T know where the Snob-Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a Duchess, and as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet; and that my cousin, LORD PETER, is Pewter-Stick in Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong; but her Grace and LORD PETER are going out with the present administration; and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation, if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the ministerial changes are avowed; but I hear in the best society (indeed TOM SPIFFLE told me at the BARON DE HOUNSDITCH'S *déjeuner* at Twickenham last week) that LIONEL RAMPANT succeeds to my cousin PETER'S PEWTER-STICK, TOFFY is next to certain of the Dust-Pan; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to LADY GULES.

What the deuce can her ladyship want with such a place? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet (though this is a profound secret) and an amiable epileptic husband at home, like LORD GULES, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort of-a-kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—of an upper servant in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved? Would I forsake my national rest, my home and

society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment ; to speak under my breath, to stand up for hours before any young prince, however exalted ? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage, when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field, or with three lions gules ? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none ; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my crown *de loin*. For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunkey. About a neat handed PHILLIS, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension ; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity ; but when you get to a glorified flunkey in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked-hat only fit for a baboon,—I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snobbishness has set up to worship it ; to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves ; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag ; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly, over a silver tea-tray, etc. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be *emancipated from plush*. And I expect the flunkies unborn will thank and bless *Punch* ; and if he has not a niche beside WILLIAM WILBERFORCE in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-Stick in waiting ? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles dangling behind my lady's carriage, or sauntering up and down before St. James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room, is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which this present age exhibits—is my LORD PETER, the Pewter-Stick, far behind him ? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer ? How long do you suppose *Court Circulars* will last, and

those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonials which they chronicle? When I see a body of beef-eaters in laced scarlet; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners, and what not; a theatre-manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way; am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than LORD GEORGE BENTINCK's grief about MR. CANNING, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number (which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of '*Punch* Presenting y^e Tenth Volume to y^e QUEENE?' The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous ludicrous nonsensical splendour. Well: the real pageant is scarcely less absurd—the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any Stage-Manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge? I respect my Bishop of London, my RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John, in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal), *didn't* carry his Lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel Royal: nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *Grandes Charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder Closet, Mistresses of the Patterns, and the like, were abolished in *saecula saeculorum*.

And I would lay a wager, that by the time *Punch* has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn-Laws, and the nation will bless *Punch* and PEEL for destroying both.

CHAPTER XIX

ON WHIG SNOBS



WE don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to *Mr. Punch's* broad sheet is modest) the effect of our works; and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances—*apropos* of the above statement of opinion—occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow contributor JONES (I shall call him JONES, though his

patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire), wrote a paper entitled 'Black Monday,' in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heavenborn statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was JONES's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do; but they take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was JONES's argument. 'You let COBDEN do all the work,' says he, 'and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your

sublime corps.' JONES was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year; when they really offered RICHARD COBDEN a place something better than that of a Downing Street Messenger; and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity, as that of carrying LORD TOM NODDY'S red box.

What ensued last week, when PEEL gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? JOHN RUSSELL and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honourable Baronet, had originally 'conveyed' from the Whigs, but which (according to JONES and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves had abstracted from RICHARD COBDEN, CHARLES VILLIERS, JOHN BRIGHT, and others,—what, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward O Whigs? JONES exclaimed,—O WHIG SNOBS; I cry out with all my heart, and put RICHARD COBDEN and his fellows into the rear rank, and claim the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny, twiddling court blades ever were! Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule; and COBDEN is to be held of no account? It was thus that at a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any MR. B. DISRAELI ever encountered, one FALSTAFF came forward and claimed to have slain HOTSPUR, when the noble HARRY had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on, when HOCHÉ or BONAPARTE won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride I say, as a member of the *Punch* administration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislative body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs, must recollect the similitude into which, perforce, we entered—the comparison of the British Flunkey with the Court Flunkey—the great official Household Snob. Poor John in his outrageous plush and cocked hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked hat, bag-wig and powder; with his amazing nosegay in his bosom, and compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was—'Am I not a man and a brother?'

The result of this good humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July.

'We understand that the situations in the Household have been offered to His Grace the DUKE OF STILTON and His Grace the DUKE OF



'AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER!'

DOUBLEGLOUCESTER. Their Graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration.'

Could a public writer have a greater triumph? I make no manner of doubt that the Dukes alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of *Snobs*, determined that

they will wear no livery however august ; that they will take no service however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds per diem. If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week—to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world—to induce the great Whig magnates to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious court in Deutschland—does not become their station—why, we are baulked of the best part of our article on WHIG SNOBS. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct (or on the verge of extinction), with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons' traditions. Perhaps My Lord or SIR THOMAS, will condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns and villages, and say, 'We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own.' Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient ; that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence ; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the STUART dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for GEORGE CANING, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards ; or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs ? CHARLES FOX was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long-bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward ; and just now a few little Whigling heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go, down among the dead men, and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out poor little bodies ?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd !

CHAPTER XX

ON CONSERVATIVE OR COUNTRY-PARTY SNOBS



I N the whole Court of KING CHARLES there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than SIR GEOFFREY HUDSON, Knight; who, though not much better than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight anybody of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo DON QUIXOTE, of la Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order—every one acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons—for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises, utterly beyond their ability; for all poor, blind, cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions—when they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as DOCTOR DODD'S *Prison Thoughts* or LAW'S *Serious Call*. We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political

Snobs ; only to pity them. There is PEEL. If ever there was a Political Snob—a dealer in cant and common-places, an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs—Heaven knows he was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace : he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, ‘Bobby, my boy, let bygones be bygones ; it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don’t make Latin quotations, or vent claptraps about your own virtue and consistency ; or steal anybody’s clothes any more.’ We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy’s arms as in his mamma’s.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power ; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don’t say, ‘No Irish need apply,’ but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. LORD JOHN comes before his constituents with a humble and contrite air, and seems to say, ‘Gentlemen ! Although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People ; whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to look zealously.’ Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs ?—only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-party Snobs. Can anybody be angry with *them* ? Can any one consider DON QUIXOTE an accountable being, or feel alarmed by GEOFFREY HUDSON’S demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through ?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst whitebait ? ‘Don’t you know, sir !’ says he, ‘It’s THE COUNTRY-PARTY.’ And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no surrender aristocrats ; the men of the soil ; our old, old leaders ; our Plantagenets ; our

Somersets; our Disraelis; our Hudsons, and our Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken 'the RUPERT of debate,' GEOFFREY STANLEY, for leader, and set up their standard of 'no surrender' on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have CROMWELL and the Ironsides, the honest Country-party are always welcome to RUPERT and the cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said, mentally, 'Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water souchy; up with your silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! St. George for the Country-party! A GEOFFREY to the rescue!' I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn-laws? Bring us back to the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-dumpty has had a great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out 'No Surrender!' and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good humour. We know what 'No Surrender' means—any time these fifteen years. 'It is the nature of the popular *bellua*,' says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace, and polite felicity of illustration, 'never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it.' Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*—as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. 'No Surrender!' bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied—a Reform Act—a Corporation and Test Act—a Free-Trade Act—*Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly*! O Mrs. Gamp! O Mrs. Harris! When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking 'No Surrender!' *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve? 'No

Surrender!’ pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good-humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! That is why we let off the Conservative and Country-party Snob so easily.



CHAPTER XXI

ARE THERE ANY WHIG SNOBS?



ORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like THOMAS of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the Great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions: they never do. For instance, PEEL avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws never changed; they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it: but it's the fact—LORD JOHN says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other—when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when Education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of THOMAS of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates of Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which FEARGUS O'CONNOR was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness.

The Whigs have known and done—know and do—will know and do everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself HAMPDEN, Junior, (and who is as much like JOHN HAMPDEN as *Mr. Punch* is like the APOLLO BELVEDERE), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them; and finds that the aristocracy has produced—no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight rope, or persons of other callings; whereas, out of THE PEOPLE have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of HAMPDEN, Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a Lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham HAMPDEN, I say, does not consider that their lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions; and above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs, A RADICAL SNOB may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real downright live Whigs in the world—some five and twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig! Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if PEEL will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn-Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street; if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs, and that everything they give us is a blessing. When LORD JOHN the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn-Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't COBDEN and VILLIERS and the people that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyèd* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what THOMAS of Finsbury almost blasphemously called '*A Whig Dodge*,' and beats all other dodges. I'm not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so, as to say I am not KING PIPPIN in a golden coach, or KING HUDSON, or MISS BURDETT COUTTS); I'm not a Whig; but, Oh, how I should like to be one!

CHAPTER XXII

ON THE SNOB CIVILIAN

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the PEKINS of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the Country, towards the most beloved of our Institutions; that Institution the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies; but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linen-draper line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter *their* shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorised to say, after a conversation with *Mr. Punch*, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the Army must be protected*.

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable. He knows nothing about it. How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army, PEKIN, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military

papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant GRIGG, of the Guards, CAPTAIN FAMISH, of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time GRIGG is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty) and FAMISH has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the Army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier, as FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE OF WELLINGTON? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a PEKIN. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to commit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the great Captain of the Age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the Great Captain of *his* Age, the DUKE OF ALVA, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. PEKIN! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the majority of officers of the British

Army, from His Grace down to ENSIGN GRIGG, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men, but Officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature; yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural; put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman; very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as COLONEL WHYTE and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving brush stuck by way of ornament in front: the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way ENSIGN GRIGG just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between ENSIGN GRIGG and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—GRIGG and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it; they are told to strip, and they do it; or to flog, and they do it; to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—no chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross

it is next to a miracle. There was *one* Mameluke escaped when MEHEMET ALI ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two *may* have come from the ranks, but it is a wonder. No: such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well; when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, *Mr. Punch* declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-Marshal's besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august FAMILY FIELD-MARSHAL, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

‘Your Royal Highness,’ we say,—‘your Royal Highness (who has the ear of the Head of the Army), pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of Field-Marshal's, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people, and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of MALBROOK.’

CHAPTER XXIII

ON RADICAL SNOBS



AS the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether; for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunkey who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about 'the great unwashed,' and give himself airs at the expense of 'the greasy multitude.' But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to the Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of their fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging, as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that soldiers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see QUACKLEY the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism and attacking the men for the crime of the system—

(of which you and I are as much guilty as COLONEL WHYTE, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed)—I find myself led over to the brow-beaten side, and inclined to take arms against QUACKLEY. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows on account of the trial at Hounslow, and ‘the infamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny.’ Was that fellow a radical patriot, think you, or a Radical Snob; and which was it that he wanted—to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made SIR ROBERT PEEL so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week, about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art-Unions, which caused some kind friends to say—‘Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever.’

This is the use that radical Snobs, or all political Snobs are made for,—to cause honest folks to rally over to the persecuted side: and I often think, that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old *Punch* will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Harris*.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don’t know why we have been so fond of this race; except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambs, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old MR. O’CONNELL, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like TOM THUMB; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians, and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country; and the SHAN VAN VOGHT, and the men of ’98, have been decidedly popular. If the O’BRIEN, and the O’TOOLE, and the O’DOWD, and the O’WHACK, and the MULHOLLIGAN would take St. James’s Theatre, the war-cry of Aodh

O Nyal, and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Gallowglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit Snobbishness? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadociness, Snobbishness? Is TIBBS a Snob or not? When the little creature threatens to thrash TOM CRIB; and when TOM, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good humouredly away, is TIBBS a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him,—or a hero as he fancies himself to be?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob; and the creature becomes the most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Aboo—and roaring out melodramatic tomfoolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battalioned invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that *Mr. Punch* loses his usual jocularly in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the Punchine wrath against MR. O'CONNELL, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irishmen any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throat and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for Young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs THISTLEWOOD and INGS.

CHAPTER XXIV

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS

You do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads, (it's a fine Irish economy) and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, ST. PATRICK would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's OLAUS MAGNUS, or else it's certainly O'NEILL DAUNT, in the Catechism of Irish History, who relates that when RICHARD THE SECOND came to Ireland, and the Irish Chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English King and the dandies of his Court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself; that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides; and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. 'Gwacious Gad!' what stories about 'the Iwish' these young dandies accompanying KING RICHARD must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars on the steps of WHITE'S!

The Irish Snobbishness develops itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder DE TOCQUEVILLE and DE BEAUMONT, and the *Time's Commissioner* did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of RICHARD'S Norman Knights, —haughty, brutal, stupid,

and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed, it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass beads round her neck charms QUEEN QUASHEENEABOO. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings, hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying ‘Yes, me Lard!’ and ‘No, me Lard!’ and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers! it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When MRS. MULHOLLIGAN, the grocer’s lady, retires to Kingstown, she has ‘MULHOLLIGANVILLE’ painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won’t shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the ‘American Flour Store,’ or the ‘Depository for Colonial Produce,’ or some such name.

As for Inns there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again, there are no such people as landlords and landladies; the landlord is out with the hounds, and my lady, in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the ‘Phaynix,’ and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious—those who *will* have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishmen who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? 'Come, dine with me, my boy,' says O'DOWD, of O'DOWDSTOWN, 'you'll find us all *English there*;' which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear MRS. CAPTAIN MACMANUS talk about 'I-ah-land,' and her account of her 'fawther's esteet?' Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours.

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with a sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham HAROUN ALRASCHID, to go about in a sham disguise, making believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A *Court Circular* is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham *Court Circular*!

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, 'That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;' or a gentleman tells you he is descended from BRIAN BOROO, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or MRS. MACMANUS describes her fawther's esteet; or our old DAN rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irishmen the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world; and nobody believes anybody—the latter doesn't believe his story nor the hearer;—but they make believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

O Ireland! O my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from BRIAN BOROO too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish Snobs will dwindle away then; and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.

P.S.—The Snob of England acknowledges the receipt of a communication signed 'I.H.S.' 'I.H.S.' is a judicious critic: and a worthy and kindly Snob.

CHAPTER XXV

PARTY-GIVING SNOBS

OUR selection of Snobs for the past few weeks has been too exclusively of a political character. 'Give us private Snobs,' cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent at the fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex; and could *her* commands ever be disobeyed?) 'Tell us more, dear MR. SNOB, about your experience of Snobs in society.' Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not. That which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close; as many hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *Morning Herald*; and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the house-keeper's dreary *locum tenens*—some mouldy old woman who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the great hall door, informs you that my lady has left town, or that 'the family's in the country,' or 'gone up the Rind,' or what not—as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting, and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and fricandeaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse on the moors; some are

dosing and bathing away the effects of the season at Kissingen, or watching the ingenious game of *Trente et quarante* at Hambourg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the *déjeuner*-giving, the *conversazione*-giving Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastry-cooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to Baker Street and Harley Street, rents have fallen in these respectable quarters; and orders have been issued that at least MR. SNOB shall be asked to parties there no more. Well, then—now they are *all* away, let us frisk at our ease, and have at everything, like the bull in the china-shop. They mayn't hear of what is going on in their absence, and, if they do, they can't bear malice for six months. We will begin to make it up with them about next February, and let next year take care of itself. We shall have no more dinners from the dinner-giving Snobs, no more balls from the ball-givers; no more *conversaciones* (thank Mussy! as JEAMES says,) from the *Conversazione* Snob: and what is to prevent us from telling the truth?

The Snobbishness of *Conversazione* Snobs is very soon disposed of, as soon as that cup of washy bohea that is handed to you in the tea-room; or the muddy remnant of ice that you grasp in the suffocating scuffle of the assembly upstairs.

Good heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in the door-way (where you feel your feet going through LADY BARBARA MACBETH's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of UGOLINO is quite cheerful;) after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping BOB GUTTLETON's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor BOB into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of MRS. BOTIBOL, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should MRS. BOTIBOL blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why the deuce do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for MRS. BOTIBOL. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society; whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the BOTIBOL is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is LADY ANN CLUTTERBUCK, who has her Friday evenings, as BOTIBOL (Botty, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is MISS CLEMENTINA CLUTTERBUCK, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ('the Death-Shriek'; 'Damien'; 'the Faggot of Joan of Arc'; and 'Translations from the German'—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, 'My dear LADY ANN,' and 'My dear good ELIZA,' and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good ELIZA sees ANN go up and coax and wheedle ABOU GOSH, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronise her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call 'the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps'—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. 'The Great CACAFOGO,' MRS. BOTIBOL whispers, as she passes you by—'A great creature, THUMPENSTRUMPF, is at the instrument—the HETMAN PLATOFF's Pianist, you know.'

To hear this CACAFOGO and THUMPENSTRUMPF, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons: the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-roués*, whom you meet everywhere—who

never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment ; the three last-caught lions of the season—HIGGS, the traveller ; BIGGS, the novelist ; and TOFFEY, who has come out so on the sugar question ; Captain FLASH, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and LORD OGLEBY, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais-je ?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white-neck-cloths ?—Ask little TOM PRIG, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one ; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jermyn Street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow



‘OH, MR. SNOB ! I’M AFRAID YOU’RE SADLY SATIRICAL’

in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up with (your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to MISS SMITH in a corner. ‘Oh, MR. SNOB ! I’m afraid you’re sadly satirical,’ that’s all she says. If you say it’s fine weather, she bursts out laughing ; or hint that it’s very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch ! Meanwhile Mrs. BOTIBOL is simpering on fresh arrivals ; the individual at the door is roaring out their names ; poor CACAFOGO is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in

waiting ; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to BOTIBOL on Wednesday, will go to CLUTTERBUCK on Friday !

CHAPTER XXVI

DINING OUT SNOBS



IN England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him.

But why should a saddle of mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce—of course I am; good manners ordain that I should be so until I have swallowed the compound—but not afterwards: directly the victuals are discussed, and JOHN takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing youth and natural modesty prevent them from that easy confidential conversational *abandon* which forms the delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the

giver of the entertainment! It's twice as *piquant* to make fun of a man under his very nose.

What is a dinner-giving Snob? some innocent youth, who is not *répandu* in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

My dear sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible, but several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed on Thursday, etc., with small means, and a small establishment, choose to waste the former and set the latter topsy-turvy, giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap made-dishes from the pastry-cook's, and hire a couple of green-grocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest MOLLY, who waits on common days, and bedizening your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern crockery) with twopenny-halfpenny Birmingham plate. Suppose you pretend to be richer and grander than you ought to be—you are a Dinner-giving Snob. And O, I tremble to think how many and many a one will read this on Thursday!

A man who entertains in this way—and, alas, how few do not!—is like a fellow who would borrow his neighbour's coat to make a show in, or a lady who flaunts in the diamonds from next door—a humbug, in a word, and amongst the Snobs he must be set down.

A man who goes out of his natural sphere of society to ask Lords, Generals, Aldermen, and other persons of fashion, but is niggardly of his hospitality towards his own equals, is a Dinner-giving Snob. My dear friend, JACK TUFTHUNT, for example, knows *one* Lord whom he met at a watering-place; old Lord MUMBLE, who is as toothless as a three-months-old baby, and as mum as an undertaker, and as dull as—well, we will not particularise. TUFTHUNT never has a dinner now, but you see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right hand of MRS. TUFTHUNT—TUFTHUNT is a Dinner-giving Snob.

Old LIVERMORE, old SOY, old CHUTTNEY, the East India Director, old CUTLER, the Surgeon, etc.—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

Again, my friend LADY MACSCREW, who has three grenadier flunkies in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag of mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort; and I confess, for

my part, I would rather dine with old LIVERMORE or old SOY than with her Ladyship.

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuft-hunting is snobbish ; but I own there are people more snobbish than all those whose defects are above mentioned : viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit *sub iisdem trabibus* with me. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone !

What, again, is true hospitality ? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs ! how little do we meet of it after all ! Are the motives *pure* which induce your friends to ask you to dinner ? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you ? For instance, I am not of a suspicious turn ; but it *is* a fact, that when HOOKEY is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round to dinner ; that when WALKER has got his picture ready for the Exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old HUNKS, the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his housekeeper), lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names *of all the children*. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances ; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is GUTTLETON, who dines at home off a shilling's worth of beef from the cook's shop, but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not peas at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. 'Good God !' says he, 'what the deuce do the FORKERS mean, by asking *me* to a family dinner ? I can get mutton at home ;' or, 'What infernal impertinence it is of the SPOONERS to get *entrées* from the pastrycook's, and fancy that I am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook !' Then, again, there is JACK PUDDINGTON—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, SIR JOHN CARVER asked him to meet the very same party he had met at COLONEL CRAMLEY'S the day before, and he had not got up a new set of

stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs ! you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money ! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery and pooh-pooh your old Hock, and are incredulous about your four-and-sixpenny Champagne ; and know that the side-dishes of to-day are *réchauffées* from the dinner of yesterday, and mark how certain dishes are whisked off the table untasted, so that they may figure at the banquet to-morrow. Whenever for my part I see the head man particularly anxious to *escamoter* a fricandeau or a blancmange, I always call out, and insist upon massacring it with a spoon. All this sort of conduct makes one popular with the Dinner-giving Snob. One friend of mine, I know, has made a prodigious sensation in good society, by announcing *apropos* of certain dishes when offered to him, that he never eats aspic except at LORD TITTUP'S, and that LADY JIMINY'S Chef is the only man in London who knows how to dress—*filet en serpenteau*—or *Suprême de Volaille aux truffes*.

But my paper is out ; and we will resume the subject next week.

CHAPTER XXVII

DINNER-GIVING SNOBS FURTHER CONSIDERED



IF my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (not including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver tea-cups), a couple of neat tea-pots, a coffee-pot, trays, etc., with a little inscription to my wife, MRS. SNOB; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snoblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish;—to my mind, the most amiable part of the work lately published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so), ALEXIS SOYER, *THE REGENERATOR*; what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savoury, and elegant passages, are those which relate not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners but to ‘his dinners at home.’

The ‘dinner at home’ ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal that is plenteous, comfortable, and in its perfection, should be that to

which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, MRS. SNOB? who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock) or her angelic mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally, would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the exclusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable *entrées* from the pastrycook's ordered in and the children packed off (as it is supposed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which they slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come out, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-meat balls in the soup. Nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at home is characterised by the horrible ceremony, the foolish makeshifts, the mean pomp and ostentation which distinguish our banquets on grand-field-days.

Such a notion is monstrous. I would as soon think of having my dearest BESSY sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of Paradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blonde sleeves, in her famous red satin gown: aye, or of having MR. TOOLE every day, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting out, 'Silence *faw* the chair!'

Now, if this be the case; if the Brummagen-plate pomp and the processions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in everyday life, why not always? Why should JONES and I, who are in the middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an *éclat* which does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we are worth anything, and honest fellows at bottom) are men of the middle rank too, who are not in the least deceived by our temporary splendour; and who play off exactly the same absurd trick upon us when they ask us to dine?

If it be pleasant to dine with your friends, as all persons with good stomachs and kindly hearts will, I presume, allow it to be, it is better to dine twice than to dine once. It is impossible for men of small means to be continually spending five-and-twenty or thirty shillings on each friend who sits down to their table. People dine for less. I myself have seen, at my favourite Club (the Senior United Service), His Grace the DUKE of WELLINGTON quite contented with the joint, one-and-three, and half-pint of Sherry wine; and if His Grace, why not you and I?

This rule I have made, and found the benefit of. Whenever I ask a couple of Dukes and a Marquis or so to dine with me, I set them down to a piece of beef, or a leg of mutton and trimmings. The grandees thank you for this simplicity, and appreciate the same. My dear JONES, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust) of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow pattern. And being perfectly contented (indeed humbly thankful—for look around, O JONES, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate) to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace; surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched Beaux TIBBS's of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides. The poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine.

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the SNOBS of this world; and never since the days of Æsop were they more numerous in any land than they are at present in this free country.

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand—the dinner-giving Snob? The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravia, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square. Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitate the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided dinner-giving Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd grandeurs and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away so much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

When a man goes into a great set company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs; if he has a philosophic turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is; the dishes and the drink, and the servants and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation and the company—the philosopher included.

The host is smiling and hobnobbing, and talking up and down the table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties lest the wines

he has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient ; lest a corked bottle should destroy his calculations ; or our friend the carpet-beater, by making some *bévue* should disclose his real quality of green-grocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, smiling through her agony : though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the *soufflé* should collapse, or if WIGGINS does not send the ices in time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling jolly woman !

The children upstairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping their miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing MISS EMMY'S hair out by the roots, or scrubbing MISS POLLY'S dumpy nose with



mottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The young males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in piratical exploits upon the landing-place.

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail tradesmen.

The plate is not silver, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer ; and so is the hospitality, and everything else.

The talk is Birmingham. The wag of the party, with bitterness in his heart, having just quitted his laundress, who is dunning him for her bill, is firing off good stories, and the opposition wag is furious that he cannot get an innings. JAWKINS, the great conversationist, is scornful and indignant with the pair of them, because he is kept out of court. Young MUSCADEL, that cheap dandy, is talking Fashion and ALMACK'S out of the *Morning Post*, and disgusting his neighbour, MRS. FOX, who reflects that she

has never been there. The widow is vexed out of patience, because her daughter MARIA has got a place beside young CAMBRIC, the penniless curate, and not by COLONEL GOLDMORE, the rich widower from India. The doctor's wife is sulky, because she has not been led out before the barrister's lady ; old DOCTOR CORK is grumbling at the wine, and GUTTLETON sneering at the cookery.

And to think that all these people might be so happy, and easy, and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of MARAT and ROBESPIERRE ! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. FOX just mentioned, and ready to order a general *battue* of peacocks.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SOME CONTINENTAL SNOBS



NOW that September has come, and all our parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say; you little know that the individual who regards you from

the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

I went to-day to see our excellent friend SNOOKS, on board the *Queen of the French*; many scores of Snobs were there, on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit, and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilised world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome; and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and picknicking under the pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the court-yard of MEURICE'S, in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out 'Garson, du pang,' 'Garson, du vang;' or swaggering

down the Toledo at Naples ; or even how many will be on the look out for SNOOKS on Ostend pier,—for SNOOKS and the rest of the Snobs on board the *Queen of the French*.

Look at the MARQUIS of CARABAS and his two carriages. My lady Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air of mingled terror and impertinence which distinguishes her ladyship, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should mingle with the other Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be ill in private. The strawberry-leaves on her chariot panels are engraved on her ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven instead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have *des places reservees* for her, and would send to order the best rooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his shoulders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt livery glistens with the heraldic insignia of the CARABASSES—a brazen-looking, tawdry French *femme-de-chambre* (none but a female pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the lady's-maid *en voyage*)—and a miserable *dame de Compagnie*, are ministering to the wants of her ladyship and her King Charles's spaniel. They are rushing to and fro with *Eau-de-Cologne*, pocket-handkerchiefs which are all fringe and cypher, and popping mysterious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner of the carriage.

The little Marquis, her husband, is walking about the deck in a bewildered manner, with a lean daughter on each arm: the carrot-tufted hope of the family is already smoking on the fore-deck in a travelling costume checked all over, and in little lacker-tipped jean boots, and a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors. What is it that gives travelling Snobs such a marvellous propensity to rush into a costume? Why should a man not travel in a coat, etc.? but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in mourning? See, even young ALDERMANBURY, the tallow merchant, who has just stepped on board, has got a travelling dress gaping all over with pockets; and little TOM TAPEWORM, the lawyer's clerk out of the City, who has but three weeks' leave, turns out in gaiters and a bran new shooting-jacket, and must let the moustachios grow on his little snuffy upper lip, forsooth!

POMPEY HICKS is giving elaborate directions to his servant, and asking loudly, 'DAVIS, where's the dwessing-case,' and 'DAVIS, you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin.' Little POMPEY travels with a dressing-case, and without any beard; whom he is going to shoot with his pistols who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

Look at honest NATHAN HOUNDSDITCH and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates the features of those Snobs of Eastern race! What a toilette HOUNDSDITCH's is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!). Little HOUNDSDITCH has a little cane with a gilt head and little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow: she has a pink parasol, with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald green shawl, and a shot silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and party-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at 'The Peoples' on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

Yonder comes CAPTAIN BULL, spick and span, tight and trim, who travels for four or six months every year of his life, who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of deméanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. BULL passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe; lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing. BULL hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old CARABAS before they make Ostend; and will remind his Lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnaps up the Righi. We have said BULL knows nothing; he knows the birth, arms, and pedigree of all the peerage; has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages on board—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the continental stories of English scandal—how COUNT TOWROWSKI ran off with MISS BAGGS at Naples—how *very* thick LADY SMIGSMAG was with young CORNICHON of the French legation at Florence—the exact amount which JACK DEUCEALL won of BOB GREENGOOSE at Baden—what it is that made the Staggs settle on the Continent—the sum for which the O'GIGGARTY's estates are mortgaged, etc. If he can't catch a lord he will hook on to a baronet, or else the old wretch will catch hold of some beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him 'life' in various amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has

every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth ; at least, he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn. He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society ; but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous SILENUS, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left money behind him. See ! he is up to old CARABAS already ! I told you he would.

Yonder you see the old LADY MARY MACSCREW, and those middle-aged young women, her daughters ; they are going to cheapen and haggle in Belgium and up the Rhine until they meet with a boarding-house where they can live upon less board-wages than her Ladyship pays her footmen. But she will exact and receive considerable respect from the British Snobs located in the watering-place which she selects for her summer residence, being the daughter of the EARL OF HAGGISTOUN. That broad-shouldered buck, with the great whiskers, and the cleaned white-kid gloves, is MR. PHELM CLANCY, of Poldoodystown ; he calls himself MR. DE CLANCY ; he endeavours to disguise his native brogue with the richest superposition of English ; and if you play at billiards or *écarté* with him, the chances are that you will win the first game, and he the seven or eight games ensuing.

That over-grown lady with the four daughters, and the young dandy from the University, her son, is MRS. KEWSY, the eminent barrister's lady, who would die rather than not be in the fashion. She has the *Peerage* in her carpet-bag, you may be sure ; but she is altogether cut out by MRS. QUOD, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the MARQUIS OF CARABAS'S own travelling chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers and a larger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well ; she is talking to MR. SPOUT, the new member for Jawborough, who is going out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to LORD PALMERSTON next Session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the Naples soap trade, the German tinder trade, etc. SPOUT will patronise KING LEOPOLD at Brussels ; will write letters from abroad to the *Jawborough Independent* ; and, in his quality of *Member du Parlimong Britannique*, will expect to be invited to a family

dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

The next person is—but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking SNOOK's hand cordially, we rush on to the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.

CHAPTER XXIX

CONTINENTAL SNOBBERY CONTINUED



WIGGINS AT HOME

WE are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio-propensities, and intolerable vanity about *la France*, *la Gloire*, *l'Empereur* and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the *Français* is at the head of civilisation, the centre of thought, etc., that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he

is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, '*La France, Monsieur, la France est à la tête du monde civilisé!*' we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. We are the first chop of the world; we know the fact so well in our secret hearts, that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—

you gallant British Snob—you know you don't : no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble Servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are ; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my lord in his travelling-carriage as well as JOHN in the rumble.

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you find precisely the same character of the Englishman and Henry V.'s people with just the cool domineering manner of our own gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula. Did you never hear COLONEL CUTLER and MAJOR SLASHER talking over the war after dinner ? or CAPTAIN BOARDER describing his action with the *Indomptable* ? 'Hang the fellows,' says BOARDER, 'their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her.' 'Cuss those carabineers of Milhau's,' says SLASHER, 'what work they made of our light cavalry !' implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchmen should stand up against Britons at all ; a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave, poor devils, should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronising Europe at this moment, being kind to the POPE, or good-natured to the KING of HOLLAND, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When NICHOLAS came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustachios to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,— 'There, my boy, look at *that*. Those are *Englishmen*, those are,



WIGGINS AT BOULOGNE

and your master whenever you please,' as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hotel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the SLASHER sort. He



WIGGINS AT SEA

came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured blood-shot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognised him as a dear countryman. Only our portwine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentleman-like. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, 'O!'

Everybody turned round at the O, conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. O, it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhaling his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over the 'hot coppers' of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

The two warriors, wagging their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet; they poohpooh'd the French Commercial Marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon (a

cordong, by —) of steamers along our coast, and by —, ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, by —. In fact a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. 'But oh, my country!' says I to myself, 'it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!'

That brutal ignorant peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dullest creatures under Heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, his face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his bloodshot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious, as if *his* altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about art than a French shoe-black. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes; nothing moves him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid proud self-confident inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunkey, and as supple as a harlequin.

CHAPTER XXX

ENGLISH SNOBS ON THE CONTINENT



HAT is the use of LORD ROSSE's telescope?' my friend PANWHISKI exclaimed the other day. 'It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles farther. What were thought to be mere nebulæ, turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these, you see other nebulæ, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars, again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity.' With which my friend PAN, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of Claret.

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea) thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs:—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose, though elegant assertion.

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of *savans*, such as met at Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor few do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on

the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met with in my walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

There is the English RAFF Snob, that frequents *estaminets* and *cabarets*; who is heard yelling, ‘We won’t go home till morning!’ and startling the midnight echoes of quiet continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozy unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tippling drams in inn bars where he gets credit. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange; it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English RAFF most probably began by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who is ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old ‘governor’ repeatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their portions, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his wife’s jointure; she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching shabby finery and cobbling up old clothes for the children—the most miserable and slatternly of women.

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about timidly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery and work under-hand, to purchase the means for the *pot-au-feu*; while RAFF is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of Cognac at the Café. The unfortunate creature has a child still every year, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls believe that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him out of the way, when the brute comes home drunk.

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of their own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pretences at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety; those woeful sallies: that jingling old piano: O, it makes the heart sick to see and hear them! As MRS. RAFF, with her company of pale daughters, gives a penny tea to MRS. DIDDLE, and they talk about bygone times, and the fine society they kept; and they sing feeble songs out of tattered old music-books; and while engaged in this sort of entertainment, in comes CAPTAIN RAFF with his greasy hat on one side, and straightway the whole of the dismal room reeks with a mingled odour of smoke and spirits.

Has not everybody who has lived abroad met CAPTAIN RAFF?

His name is proclaimed, every now and then, by MR. SHERIFF'S OFFICER HEMP; and about Boulogne, and Paris, and Brussels, there are so many of his sort that I will lay a wager that I shall be accused of gross personality for showing him up. Many a less irreclaimable villain is transported; many a more honourable man is at present at the treadmill; and although we are the noblest, greatest, most religious, and most moral people in the world, I would still like to know where, except in the United Kingdom, debts are a matter of joke, and making tradesmen 'suffer' a sport that gentlemen own to? It is dishonourable to owe money in France. You never hear people in other parts of Europe brag of their swindling; or see a prison in a large continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.

A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be specially warned against him. CAPTAIN LEGG is a gentleman, like RAFF, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where RAFF has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. LEGG is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustachios, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor RAFF is tipsifying himself with spirits and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that LEGG, so often shown up, and known everywhere, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know LEGG to be a rogue and a cheat, and yet, from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tip-top swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a Lord's son, will let LEGG make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with CAPTAIN LEGG, LORD LEVANT'S son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

LEGG and his friend, MAJOR MACER, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, MR. MUFF, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d—— language, and hearing MUFF speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute

about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face ; and did MUFF know where there was a good place for supper ? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but MAJOR MACER ? And so LEGG introduced MACER, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, etc., etc. Year after year scores of MUFFS, in various places in the world, are victimised by LEGG and MACER. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction so entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be taken in any more ; but the temptations of vice and gentility together are too much for young English Snobs, and those simple young victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to be kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob will present himself for the honour.

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who makes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great continental aristocracy, such as old ROLLS, the baker, who has set up his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive none but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a Marquis. We can all of us laugh at *that* fellow's pretensions well enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own nation. But, as you say, my brave and honest JOHN BULL of a Snob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from an English Peer ; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian Fuersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded Briton. But OUR aristocracy—that's a very different matter. They are the real leaders of the world—the real old original and-no-mistake nobility. Off with your cap, Snob : down on your knees, Snob, and truckle.

CHAPTER XXXI

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

Tired of the town, where the sight of the closed shutters of the nobility, my friends, makes my heart sick in my walks; afraid almost to sit in those vast Pall Mall solitudes, the Clubs, and of annoying the Club waiters, who might, I thought, be going to shoot in the country, but for me, I determined on a brief tour in the province, and paying some visits in the country which were long due.

My first visit was to my friend MAJOR PONTO, (H.P. of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelschire. The Major in his little phaeton was in waiting to take me up at the station. The vehicle was not certainly a nice turn-out for the park, but such a



carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as PONTO said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly checkered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics, in snowy smock-frocks, jerked their hats off, smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtsies to us at the cottage-doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance; and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought

it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. 'Here,' I mentally exclaimed, 'is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here, I shall be rid of SNOBS. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot.'

STRIPES, the Major's man (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to MRS. PONTO; viz., a cod and oysters from GROVES's, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

PONTO's house ('The Evergreens' MRS. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers, and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening laurustinums, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old DOCTOR PONTO's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bedroom whither PONTO conducted me. It was the yellow bedroom, the freshest and pleasantest of bed-chambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid; the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least painted all over with them; the pen-wiper on the table was the imitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for my watch in a sun-flower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leaved creeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting sun was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and freshness. O how unlike those black chimney pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

'It must be all happiness here, PONTO,' said I, flinging myself down into the snug *bergère*, and inhaling such a delicious draught of country air as all the *millefleurs* of MR. ATKINSON's shop cannot impart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

'Nice place, isn't it?' said PONTO. 'Quiet and unpretending. I like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with you? STRIPES will arrange your dressing things;' and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, 'the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat,' the white choker, and other polite articles of evening costume, with great gravity and dispatch. 'A great dinner-party,' thinks I to myself, seeing their preparations (and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people

in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). ‘Hark, there’s the first bell ringing!’ said PONTO, moving away; and, in fact, a clamorous harbinger of victuals began clanging from the stable turret, and announced the agreeable fact that dinner would appear in half-an-hour. ‘If the dinner is as grand as the dinner-bell,’ thought I, ‘faith, I’m in good quarters!’ and had leisure, during the half-hour’s interval, not only to advance my own person to the utmost polish of elegance which it is capable of receiving, to admire the pedigree of the PONTOS hanging over the chimney, and the PONTO crest and arms emblazoned on the wash-hand basin and jug, but to make a thousand reflections on the happiness of a country life—upon the innocent friendliness and cordiality of rustic intercourse; and to sigh for an opportunity of retiring, like PONTO, to my own fields, to my own vine and fig-tree, with a *placens uxor* in my *domus*, and a half-score of sweet young pledges of affection sporting round my paternal knee.

Clang! At the end of the thirty minutes, dinner-bell number two pealed from the adjacent turret. I hastened downstairs, expecting to find a score of healthy country folks in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistening over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsy, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, ‘MR. SNOB, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens,’ and heaved a great sigh.

This, then, was MRS. MAJOR PONTO; to whom, making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

Another sigh. ‘We are distantly related, MR. SNOB,’ said she, shaking her melancholy head. ‘Poor dear LORD RUBADUB!’

‘Oh,’ says I, not knowing what the deuce MRS. MAJOR PONTO meant.

‘MAJOR PONTO told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs; a very old family, and related to LORD SNOBBINGTON, who married LAURA RUBADUB, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are in mourning. What a seizure! only sixty-three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life we are in death, MR. SNOB. Does LADY SNOBBINGTON bear the deprivation well?’

‘Why, really Ma’am, I—I don’t know,’ I replied, more and more confused.

As she was speaking I heard a sort of *cloop*, by which well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of

wine, and PONTO entered, in a huge white neckcloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

‘My love,’ MRS. MAJOR PONTO said to her husband, ‘we were talking of our cousin—poor dear LORD RUBADUB. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does LADY RUBADUB keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?’

I didn’t know, but I said, ‘I believe she does,’ at a venture; and, looking down on the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting *Peerage*, open on the table, interleaved with annotations, and open at the article, ‘SNOBBINGTON.’

‘Dinner is served,’ says STRIPES, flinging open the door; and I gave MRS. MAJOR PONTO my arm.

CHAPTER XXXII

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



OF the dinner to which we now sate down, I am not going to be a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but this I will say, that I prefer Sherry to Marsala when I can get it, and the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the 'cloop' just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its kind; however, MRS. MAJOR PONTO did not evidently know the difference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole of the repast,

and drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for the Major and his guest.

STRIPEs was in the livery of the PONTO family—a thought shabby but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are too acute perhaps on these subjects; and a faithful JOHN, after all, is more genteel.

From the circumstance of the dinner being composed of pig's-head mock-turtle soup, of pig's fry and roast ribs of pork, I am led to imagine that one of PONTO's black Hampshire's had been

sacrificed a short time previous to my visit. It was an excellent and comfortable repast; only there *was* rather a sameness in it, certainly. I made a similar remark the next day.

During the dinner MRS. PONTO asked me many questions regarding the nobility, my relatives. 'When LADY ANGELINA SKEGGS would come out; and if the Countess, her Mamma (this was said with much archness and he-he-ing) still wore that extraordinary purple hair dye?' 'Whether my LORD GUTTLEBURY kept, besides his French chef, and an English *cordon-bleu* for the roasts, an Italian for the confectionery?' 'Who attended at LADY CLAPPERCLAW's conversazioni?' and 'Whether SIR JOHN CHAMPIGNON's Thursday Mornings' were pleasant?' 'Was it true that LADY CARABAS, wanting to pawn her diamonds, found that they were paste, and that the Marquess had disposed of them beforehand?' 'How was it that SNUFFIN, the great tobacco merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter? and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havanna and forbid the match?'

'Upon my word, Madam,' I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest MRS. MAJOR PONTO, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—

'Come, come, Snob, my boy, we are all tiled you know. We *know* you're one of the fashionable people about town; *we* saw your name at LADY CLAPPERCLAW's *soirées*, and the CHAMPIGNON breakfasts and as for the RUBADUBS, of course, as relations——'

'Oh, of course, I dine there twice a week,' I said; and then I remembered that my cousin, HUMPHREY SNOB, of the Middle Temple, *is* a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *Morning Post* at the tag end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged MRS. MAJOR PONTO with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew them. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at ALMACK'S: told her in confidence that HIS GRACE THE D—— OF W—— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up: that HIS GRACE THE D—— OF D—— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the ARCHDUKE STEPHEN to the hymeneal altar:—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of MRS. GORE's last fashionable novel.

MRS. MAJOR was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the

world as they do in the novels ; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to *caffy*, and *ung pu de Musick o salong*—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

‘Shall I open a bottle of Port, or do you ever drink such a thing as Hollands and water?’ says PONTO, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been led to expect from him at our smoking-room at the Club : where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar ; and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, ‘Come down to Mangelwurzelschire, Snob, my boy, and I’ll give you as good a day’s shooting and as good a glass of Claret as any in the county.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I liked Hollands much better than Port, and Gin even better than Hollands.’ This was lucky. It *was* gin, and STRIPES brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that MRS. PONTO’s *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of STRIPES, summoned us to *caffy* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss EMILY PONTO at the piano, and her sister MARIA at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all flounce, and spread out like MR. GREEN’s balloon when inflated.

‘Brilliant touch EMILY has—what a fine arm MARIA’s is!’ MRS. PONTO remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major’s miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost, in the most profuse contortions.

‘You recognise those polkas? They were played at Devonshire House on the 23rd of July, the day of the grand fête?’ So I said yes—I knew ’em quite intimately ; and began wagging my head as if in acknowledgment of those old friends.

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss PONTOS ; and Miss WIRT, the governess, sate down to entertain

us with variations on 'Sich a gettin' up Stairs.' They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the 'Gettin' up Stairs,' I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First Miss WIRT, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure STRIPES must have heard it in the stable.

'What a finger!' says MRS. PONTO, and indeed it *was* a finger as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of 'Gettin' up Stairs,' and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss WIRT played the 'Gettin' up Stairs' with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss WIRT's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations; again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss WIRT was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sate and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

'Glorious creature! Isn't she?' said MRS. PONTO. 'SQUIRTZ's favourite pupil—ineestimable to have such a creature. LADY CARABAS would give her eyes for her. A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss WIRT:'—and the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at Church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss WIRT put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, 'My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the DUNSINANES, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and LADY BARBARA and LADY JANE MACBETH learned it. It was while hearing JANE play that, I remember, that dear LORD CASTLETODDY first fell in love with her; and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I persuaded JANE to have him. Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. SNOB?—round towers—sweet place—County Mayo. Old LORD

CASTLETODDY (the present Lord was then LORD INISHOWAN) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard His Royal Highness the poor dear DUKE OF SUSSEX—(*such* a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!)—I heard His Royal Highness say to the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, “I am sure CASTLETODDY is mad!” but INISHOWAN wasn’t, in marrying my sweet JANE, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage*!”

‘Most invaluable person,’ whispered MRS. MAJOR PONTO to me. ‘Has lived in the very highest society:’ and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic MRS. PONTO bent before her.

As for *my* pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn’t a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn’t the rosebud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashion, and about the Court, until bedtime came.

‘And are there SNOBS in this Elysium?’ I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. PONTO’s snoring boomed from the neighbouring bedroom in reply.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



SOMETHING like a journal of the proceedings at the Evergreens may be interesting to those foreign readers of *Punch*, who, as CONINGSBY says, want to know the customs of an English gentleman's family, and household. There's plenty of time to keep the Journal. Piano strumming begins at six o'clock in the morning; it lasts till breakfast, with but a minute's intermission, when the instrument changes hands, and MISS EMILY practises in place of her sister, MISS MARIA.

In fact, the confounded instrument never stops: when the young ladies are at their lessons, MISS WIRT hammers away at those stunning variations, and

keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? 'The modern languages,' says she modestly. 'French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography and Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Algebra (but only as far as quadratic equations); for a poor ignorant female, you know, MR. SNOB, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils *perfect mistresses*. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as

amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly.'

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked in one of MISS PONTO's manuscript song books and found five faults of French in four words, and in a waggish mood asking MISS WIRT whether DANTE ALGIERY was so called because he was born at Algiers? received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of MISS WIRT's knowledge.

When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Callis-thenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day, without any crinoline, pulling the garden roller.

Dear MRS. PONTO was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. MRS. PONTO measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume!

Besides STRIPES, they keep a boy called THOMAS, or TUMMUS. TUMMUS works in the garden or about the pigstye and stable; THOMAS wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons, as thus:—



When anybody calls, and STRIPES is out of the way, TUMMUS flings himself like mad into THOMAS's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as MRS. P. was cutting the grape-vine, as the young ladies were at the roller, down comes TUMMUS like a roaring whirlwind, with 'Missus Missus! there's coompany coomin'!' Away skurry the

young ladies from the roller, down comes Mrs. P. from the old chair, off flies TUMMUS to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time, SIR JOHN HAWBUCK, my LADY HAWBUCK, and MASTER HUGH HAWBUCK are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by THOMAS, who says, 'Please SIR JAN and my Lady to walk this year way! I know Missus is in the rose-garden.'



And there, sure enough, she was!

In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of pearl-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest LADY HAWBUCK.

'Dearest! LADY HAWBUCK, how good of you! Always among my flowers! can't live away from them!'

'Sweets to the sweet! hum—aha—haw!' says SIR JOHN

HAWBUCK, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without 'a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!'

'Wherèth yaw pinnafaw?' cries MASTER HUGH. 'We thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, Pa?'

'Hum-a-ha-a-haw!' burst out SIR JOHN, dreadfully alarmed. 'Where's PONTO? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How are his birds this year, MRS. PONTO—have those Carabas pheasants done any harm to your wheat? a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!' and all this while he was making the most ferocious and desperate signals to his youthful heir.

'Well, she *wath* in her pinnafaw, wathn't she, Ma?' says HUGH, quite unabashed; which question LADY HAWBUCK turned away with a sudden query regarding the dear, darling daughters, and the *enfant terrible* was removed by his father.

'I hope you weren't disturbed by the music,' PONTO says. 'My girls, you know, practise four hours a-day, you know—must do it, you know—absolutely necessary. As for me, you know I'm an early man, and in my farm every morning at five—no, no laziness for *me*.'

The facts are these. PONTO goes to sleep directly after dinner on entering the drawing-room, and wakes up when the ladies leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, and from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's *not* a lazy man. It is my private opinion, that when PONTO retires to what is called his 'study' he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

I saw the *Hawbuck* scene out of the Study which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. PONTO's library mostly consists of boots. He and STRIPES have important interviews here of mornings, when the potatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, etc. All the major's bills are docketed on the Study table and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, lie displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening irons, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and never-failing supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most elegant manner, and buck-skin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash and sabre

of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in a trophy ; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son, WELLESLEY PONTO, when a boy (WELLESLEY never entered the 'study' but for that awful purpose)—all these, with *Mogg's Road Book*, *The Gardener's Chronicle*, and a backgammon board, form the MAJOR'S library. Under the trophy there's a picture of MRS. PONTO, in a light-blue dress and train, and no waist, when she was first married ; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

'My library's small,' says PONTO, with the most amazing impudence, 'but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the *History of England* all the morning.'

CHAPTER XXXIV

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

WE had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to MRS. PONTO, to variegate the repast of next day ; and cod and oyster sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scolloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare ; until I began to fancy that the PONTO family, like our late revered monarch GEORGE II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by STRIPES in a silver dish and cover, a napkin twisted round his dirty thumbs ; and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.

‘My love, will you take any game?’ says PONTO, with prodigious gravity ; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver sea. STRIPES, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke’s Butler. The BARMECIDE’S dinner to SHACABAC was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

As there were plenty of pretty country places close by ; a comfortable country town, with good houses of gentlefolks ; a beautiful old parsonage ; close to the church whither we went, (and where the CARABAS family have their ancestral carved and monumental Gothic pew), and every appearance of good society in the neighbourhood, I rather wondered we were not enlivened by the appearance of some of the neighbours at the Evergreens, and asked about them.

‘We can’t in our position of life --we can’t well associate with the attorney’s family, as I leave you to suppose,’ said MRS. PONTO, confidentially. ‘Of course not,’ I answered, though I didn’t know why. ‘And the Doctor?’ said I.

‘A most excellent worthy creature,’ says MRS. P., ‘saved MARIA’S life—really a learned man, but what can one do in

one's position? One may ask one's medical man to one's table certainly; but his family, my dear MR. SNOB!

'Half a dozen little gallipots,' interposed MISS WIRT, the governess, he, he, he! and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

'We only live with the county families,' MISS WIRT¹ continued, tossing up her head. 'The Duke is abroad: we are at feud with the CARABASES; the RINGWOODS don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting season—positively nobody.'



'Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?'

'What! the *château-calicot*? he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linen draper, MR. YARDLEY, with the yellow liveries, and the

¹ I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane, where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bedridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville and furnished her brother's outfit for the cadetship which her patron, LORD SWIGGLEBIGGLE gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear MISS WIRT herself you would fancy that her Papa was a ROTHSCHILD and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the Gazette.

wife in red velvet? How *can* you, my dear MR. SNOB, be so satirical. The impertinence of those people is really something quite overwhelming.'

'Well, then there's the parson, DOCTOR CHRYSOSTOM. He's a gentleman, at any rate.'

At this MRS. PONTO looked at MISS WIRT. After their eyes had met and they had wagged their heads at each other, they looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled. It was evident I had said something very terrible. Another black sheep in the Church? thought I, with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. 'I—I hope there's nothing wrong?'

'Wrong?' says MRS. P. clasping her hands with a tragic air.

'Oh!' says MISS WIRT, and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

'Well,' says I, 'I'm very sorry for it. I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon.'

'He used to preach those sermons in a surplice,' hissed out MRS. PONTO. 'He's a PUSEYITE, MR. SNOB.'

'Heavenly powers!' says I, admiring the pure ardour of these female theologians; and STRIPES came in with the tea. It's so weak that no wonder PONTO's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had PONTO's own fields to sport over (where we got the fieldfare), and the non-preserved part of the HAWBUCK property; and one evening, in a stubble of PONTO's, skirting the CARABAS woods, we got among some pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, greatly to my delight. 'Bag it,' says PONTO, in rather a hurried manner; 'here's somebody coming.' So I pocketed the bird.

'You infernal poaching thieves!' roars out a man from the hedge in the garb of a gamekeeper. 'I wish I could catch you on this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that I would.'

'Curse that SNAPPER,' says PONTO, moving off; 'he's always watching me like a spy.'

'Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em to London,' roars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of LORD CARABAS. 'You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em.'

'You know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your master too, you scoundrel,' says PONTO, still retreating.

'We kills 'em on our ground,' cries MR. SNAPPER. 'We don't set traps for other people's birds. We're no decoy ducks. We're no sneaking poachers. We don't shoot 'ens like that 'ere

Cockney, who's got the tail of one a-sticking out of his pocket. Only just come across the hedge, that's all.'

'I tell you what,' says STRIPES, who was out with us as keeper this day (in fact he's keeper, coachman, gardener, valet and bailiff, with TUMMUS under him), 'if *you'll* come across, JOHN SNAPPER, and take your coat off, I'll give you such a wapping as you've never had since the last time I did it at Guttlebury Fair.'

'Wap one of your own weight,' MR. SNAPPER said, whistling his dogs, and disappearing into the wood. And so we came out of this controversy rather victoriously; but I began to alter my preconceived ideas of rural felicity.

CHAPTER XXXV

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



BE hanged to your aristocrats !' PONTO said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud,—' When I first came into the County—it was the year before SIR JOHN BUFF contested it in the Blue interest—the MARQUIS, then LORD ST. MICHAELS, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and MRS. PONTO such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I'd met with a rare neighbour. Gad, Sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—"PONTO, when will you come over and shoot?" and—"PONTO, our pheasants want thinning,"—and my Lady would insist upon her dear MRS. PONTO coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don't know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife's toilette. Well, Sir, the election takes place, and though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for ST. MICHAELS, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, MRS. P. insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Clarges Street at ten pounds a week, with a hired Brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House; my Lady's are returned by a great big flunkey; and I leave you to fancy my poor BETSY's discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and LADY ST. MICHAELS drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, Sir, that though we called four times afterwards those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though LADY ST. MICHAELS gave nine dinner-parties and four

déjeuners that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though BETSY was nodding to her the whole night. We wrote to her for tickets for ALMACK's; she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of WIGGINS, her lady's-maid, who told it to DIGGS, my wife's woman, that she couldn't conceive how people in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I'd sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jackanapes—and I hold him in scorn!' After this, PONTO gave me some private information regarding LORD CARABAS's pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the County; how JUKES the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn't get a shilling of his bill; how BIGGS the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and SNAFFLE, the state coachman, actually took off his blown-glass wig of ceremony and flung it at LADY CARABAS's feet on the Terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private, I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas—nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners.

At the entrance of the park there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots in the finest classic taste, and the gates of course are surmounted by the *Chats bottés*, the well-known supporters of the CARABAS family. 'Give the lodge-keeper a shilling,' says PONTO (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise), 'I warrant it's the first piece of ready money he has received for some time.' I don't know whether there was any foundation for this sneer, but the gratuity was received with a curtsy, and the gate opened for me to enter. 'Poor old porteress,' says I, inwardly. 'You little know that it is the HISTORIAN of SNOBS whom you let in!' The gates were passed. A damp green stretch of park spread right and left immeasurably confined by a chilly gray wall, and a damp long straight road between two huge rows of moist, dismal lime-trees, leads up to the Castle. In the midst of the park is a great black tank or lake, bristling over with rushes, and here and there covered over with patches of pea-soup. A shabby temple rises on an island in this delectable lake, which is approached by a rotten barge that lies at roost in a dilapidated boathouse. Clumps of elms and oaks dot over the huge green flat. Every one of them would have been down long since, but that the Marquis is not allowed to cut the timber.

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woeful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So for a mile-and-a-half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast and dingy. It is flanked by four stone-towers with weathercocks. In the midst of the grand façade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three stories and eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the Views of England and Wales, with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of the stairs.

But these stairs are made in great houses for people *not* to ascend. The first LADY CARABAS (they are but eighty years in the peerage), if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety and Patriotism are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back doors. ‘That was the way the CARABASES got their peerage,’ the misanthropic PONTO said after dinner.

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely, housekeeper, I thought. Is MISS CRUSOE in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

‘The side entrance and All,’ says the housekeeper. ‘The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by HADMIRAL ST. MICHAELS, when a Captaining with LORD HANSON. The harms on the cheers is the harms of the CARABAS family.’ The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone back-stair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green kiddermminster, and issued upon

‘THE GREAT ALL.

‘The great all is seventy-two feet in length, fifty-six in breath, and thirty-eight feet high. The carvings of the chimlies, representing the buth of VENUS, and ERCELES, and EYELASH, is by

VAN CHISLUM, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by CALIMANCO, represents Painting, Harchitecture and Music (the naked female figure with the barrel horgan) introducing GEORGE, fust LORD CARABAS, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by VANDERPUTTY. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to LIONEL, second Marquis, by LEWY THE SIXTEENTH whose 'ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now henter

‘THE SOUTH GALLERY,

One 'undred and forty-eight in lenth by thirty-two in breath; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart. SIR ANDREW KATZ, founder of the CARABAS family and banker of the PRINCE OF HORANGE, KNELLER. Her present Ladyship, by LAWRENCE. LORD ST. MICHAELS, by the same—he is represented sittin on a rock in velvit pantaloons. - MOSES in the bullrushes—the bull very fine, by PAUL POTTER. The toilet of VENUS, FANTASKI. Flemish Bores drinking, VAN GINNUMS. JUPITER and EUROPIA; DE HORN. The Grandjunction Canal, Venis, by CANDLEETTY; and Italian Bandix, by SLAVATA ROSA.’—And so this worthy woman went on, from one room into another, from the blue room to the green, and the green to the grand saloon, and the grand saloon to the tapestry closet, cackling her list of pictures and wonders; and furtively turning up a corner of brown holland to show the colour of the old faded, seedy, mouldy, dismal hangings.

At last we came to her Ladyship's bedroom. In the centre of this dreary apartment there is a bed about the size of one of those whizgig temples in which the Genius appears in a pantonime. The huge gilt edifice is approached by steps, and so tall, that it might be let off in floors, for sleeping rooms for all the CARABAS family. An awful bed! A murder might be done at one end of that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious powers! fancy little LORD CARABAS in a night-cap ascending those steps after putting out the candle!

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for me. I should go mad were I that lonely housekeeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre table like the coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn mouldy eyes. No wonder that CARABAS does not come down here often. It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No

wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But after all I suppose poor CARABAS had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent NAPOLEON to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean make-shifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

Next season, when I read of LADY CARABAS's splendid entertainments in the *Morning Post* and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of CARABAS! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkies; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



NOTABLE as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of MRS. PONTO that I was related to LORD SNOBBINGTON, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotooing, the raptures, and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of CORNET WELLESLEY PONTO, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Guttlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered—this was my LORD GULES, LORD SALTIRE's grandson and heir: a very young short sandy-haired and tobacco smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter

written in a schoolboy handwriting, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at Eton, where he and young PONTO were inseparable.

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one of the best shots and riders in England. He rode his horse Abracadabra, and won the famous Guttlebury steeple-chase. He has horses entered at half the races in the country (under other people's names; for the old lord is a strict hand, and will not hear of betting or gambling). He has lost and won such sums of money as my LORD GEORGE himself might be proud of. He

knows all the stables, and all the jockeys, and has all the 'information,' and is a match for the best Leg at Newmarket. Nobody was ever known to be 'too much' for him: at play or in the stable.

Although his grandfather makes him a moderate allowance, by the aid of post-obits and convenient friends he can live in a splendour becoming his rank. He has not distinguished himself in the knocking down of policemen much; he is not big enough for that. But, as a light-weight, his skill is of the very highest order. At billiards he is said to be first-rate. He drinks and smokes as much as any two of the biggest officers in his regiment. With such high talents who can see how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a *délassement*, and be Prime Minister after LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

My young friend WELLESLEY PONTO is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrade so respected: he bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, LORD GULES, to the Evergreens?—Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young PONTO gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

'Gad!' says he, 'our wedgment's so *doothid* exthpenthif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawnmuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Our's aint a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniform's awful. FITZSTULTZ, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction, you know. At his own expense FITZSTULTZ altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving-brushes, SNOB, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that altewation alone cotht him five hundred pound. The year befaw latht he horthed the wegiment at an immenthe expenthe, and we're called the Queen'th Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever theen uth on pawade? The EMPWEAR NICHOLATH burth into tearth of envy when he thaw ut at Windthor. And you see,' continued my young friend, 'I brought GULES down with me, as the Governor is very

sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. GULES told her that I was FITZSTULTZ'S favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will give me my troop for nothing! and he humbugged the Governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Aint it a good dodge?'

With this WELLESLEY left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables with LORD GULES, and make merry over the cattle there, under STRIPES'S superintendence. Young PONTO laughed with his friend, at the venerable four-wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arms of the PONTOS and the CRAWLEYS, from which latter distinguished family MRS. PONTO issued.

I found poor PON. in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark. 'Look at that!' says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. 'It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. LORD GULES tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by Heaven, Snob, look at that, and say how *can* a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?' He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

*Lieut. Wellesley Ponto, 120th Queen's Own Pyebald Hussars,
To Knopf and Stecknadel,
Conduit Street, London.*

	£	s.	d.
Dress Jacket richly laced with gold	35	0	0
Ditto Pelisse ditto and trimmed with sable	60	0	0
Undress Jacket trimmed with gold	15	15	0
Ditto Pelisse	30	0	0
Dress Pantaloons	12	0	0
Ditto Overalls, gold lace on sides	6	6	0
Undress ditto ditto	5	5	0
Blue Braided Frock	14	14	0
Forage Cap	3	3	0
Dress Cap, gold lines, plume and chain	25	0	0
Gold Barrelled Sash	11	18	0
Sword	11	11	0
Ditto Belt and Sabretache	16	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Pouch and Belt	15	15	0
Sword Knot	1	4	0
Cloak	13	13	0
Valise	3	13	6
Regulation Saddle	7	17	6
Ditto Bridle, complete	10	10	0
A Dress Housing, complete	30	0	0
A pair Pistols	10	10	0
A Black Sheepskin, edged	6	18	0
	<hr/>		
	£347	8	0

That evening MRS. PONTO and her family made their darling WELLESLEY give a full, true and particular account of everything that had taken place at LORD FITZSTULTZ'S ; how many servants waited at dinner ; and how the ladies SCHNEIDER dressed ; and what his Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot ; and who was there ? 'What a blessing that boy is to me !' said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume smoking operations with GULES in the now vacant kitchen ; and poor PONTO'S dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that ?

O you parents and guardians ! O you men and women of sense in England ! O, you legislators about to assemble in Parliament ! read over that tailor's bill above printed—read over that absurd catalogue of insane gimcracks and madman's tomfoolery—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education ?

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches ! Before GEORGE, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey dancing in uniform ; or at poor JEAMES, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush tights ; or at the nigger MARQUIS of MARMALADE, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo ! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster ?

CHAPTER XXXVII

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



played, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Guttlebury to compile culinary abominations. STRIPES was in a new coat, and so was PONTO, for a wonder, and TUMMUS's button-suit was worn *en permanence*.¹

¹ I caught him in this attitude and costume trying the flavour of the sauce of a tippy cake, which was made by MRS. PONTO's own hands for her guests' delectation.

AT last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the 'county families' with whom only people of PONTO's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor PONTO had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the direst and most cut-throat spirits with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a ten-penny bottle of Marsala and an awful parsimony presided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and dis-

And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a stupid little cigarrified Cornet of dragoons, who can barely write his name—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well: a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable. I pardon MRS. PONTO, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bedroom, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that LORD GULES, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

The great PONTO party was a very august one. The HAWBUCKS came in their family coach, with the blood-red hand emblazoned all over it; and their man in yellow livery waited in country fashion at table, only to be exceeded in splendour by the HIPSLEYS, the opposition baronet, in light blue. The old LADIES FITZAGUE drove over in their little old chariot with the fat black horses, the fat coachman, the fat footman—(why are dowagers' horses and footmen always fat?) And soon after these personages had arrived, with their auburn fronts and red beaks and turbans, came the HONOURABLE AND REVEREND LIONEL PETTIPOIS, who with GENERAL and MRS. SAGO, formed the rest of the party. 'LORD and LADY FREDERICK HOWLET were asked, but they have friends at Ivybush,' MRS. PONTO told me; and that very morning, the CASTLEHAGGARDS sent an excuse, as her ladyship had a return of the quinsy. Between ourselves, LADY CASTLEHAGGARD's quinsy always comes on when there is dinner at the Evergreens.

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess, MRS. PONTO was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connexion with the SNOBBINGTON Family, and GENERAL SAGO, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. MRS. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself, could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dulness of the talking part of the entertainment. O, my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it.

For instance, the HIPSLEYS came ten miles from the south,

and the HAWBUCKS ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens, and were magnates in two different divisions of the County of Mangelwurzelschire. HIPSLEY, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for HAWBUCK, who is a new creation, and rich. HAWBUCK, on his part, gives himself patronising airs to GENERAL SAGO, who looks upon the PONTOS as little better than paupers. 'Old LADY BLANCHE,' says PONTO, 'I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic.'

LADY BLANCHE and LADY ROSE FITZAGUE have, the first, a medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet *compress* around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood, of which she is the ornament, and has tried everything on her own person. She went into Court, and testified publicly her faith in ST. JOHN LONG: she swore by DOCTOR BUCHAN, she took quantities of GAMBOUGE'S Universal Medicine, and whole boxfulls of PARR'S Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by SOINSTONE'S eye-snuff; she wears a picture of HAHNEMANN in her bracelet and a lock of PRIESSNITZ'S hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints and those of her *confidante* for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostess down to MISS WIRT, taking them into corners and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat LADY HAWBUCK in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter MISS LUCY HAWBUCK'S health, and MRS. SAGO turn quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from LADY BLANCHE.

LADY ROSE talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjaub and Kaffirland that does credit to her memory. Old GENERAL SAGO, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ranjugger. I observed her ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the REVEREND LIONEL PETTIPOIS, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little 'awakening' books at half-a-crown a hundred, which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give MISS WIRT a sheaf of 'The Little Washerwoman on Putney Common,' and to

MISS HAWBUCK a couple of dozen of 'Meat in the Tray ; or, the Young Butcher-Boy Rescued,' and on paying a visit to Guttlebury gaol, I saw two notorious fellows waiting their trial there (and



temporarily occupied with a game of cribbage) to whom his Reverence offered a tract as he was walking over Crackshins Common, and who robbed him of his purse, umbrella, and cambric handkerchief, leaving him the tracts to distribute elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS



“W^HY, dear MR. SNOB,” said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), ‘if you found everything so *snobbish* at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and MRS. PONTO was a humbug and MISS WIRT a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice, —why did you stay so long?’

Ah Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettos, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sobraon, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns bowling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely. What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law papers until long past midnight? Duty, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There’s a power of martyrdom in our profession. Ask SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARL LYTTON BULWER LYTTON if there isn’t, or any other eminent hand.

You won’t believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady’s face. Well then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24, Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society and MRS. SLAMKIN, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rustication. But ah, how delightful Pump Court looked when I revisited its well-known

chimney-pots! *Cari luogi.* Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the PONTINE family, you are, Madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing *but* the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor friend PONTO has been held up almost exclusively for the public gaze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because other families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no, SIR JOHN HAWBUCK of the Haws, SIR JOHN HIPSELEY of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality; of GENERAL SAGO's Mulligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old ladies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that an agreeable young dog who shall be nameless, would not be made welcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see *anybody* in the country?

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of the present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob drama; just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so important as many humble persons. The *Doge of Venice*, for instance, gives way to *Othello*, who is but a nigger, and the *King of France* to *Falconbridge*, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at HAWBUCK's was not by any means so good as that of HIPSELEY's, while, on the contrary, some white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remember the conversations. Oh, Madam, Madam, how stupid they were! The sub-soil ploughing; the pheasants and poaching; the row about the representation of the country; the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE being at variance with his relative and nominee, the HONOURABLE MARMADUKE TOMNODDY; all these I could put down, had I a mind to violate the confidence of private life, and a great deal of conversation about the weather, the Mangelwurzelshire Hunt, new manures, and eating and drinking, of course.

But *cui bono*? In these perfectly stupid and honourable families there is not that Snobbishness which it is our purpose to expose. An ox is an ox—a great hulking, fat-sided, bellowing, munching Beef. He ruminates according to his nature, and consumes his destined portion of turnips or oilcake, until the time comes for his disappearance from the pastures, to be succeeded

by other deep-lunged and fat-ribbed animals. Perhaps we do not respect an ox. We rather acquiesce in him. The Snob, my dear Madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend PONTO, a good-natured, kindly English gentleman—not over-wise but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a-year. It is not much; but *entre nous*, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

For instance, there is the Doctor, whom MRS. P. does not condescend to visit; that man educates a mirific family; and is loved by the poor for miles round; and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as MRS. PONTO says, is a wonder to *her*.

Again, there is the Clergyman, DOCTOR CHRYSOSTOM,—MRS. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because MRS. C. had the *pas* of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the *Clerical Guide*; but you don't know what he gives away.

Even PETTIPOIS allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination; and so does PETTIPOIS do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, MRS. PONTO is uncommonly anxious that he should marry *either* of the girls whom Lord Gules does not intend to choose.

Well, although PON's income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—O my dear Madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives! What tenant can look to *his* forbearance? What poor man can hope for *his* charity. 'Master's the best of men,' honest STRIPES says, 'and when we was in the ridgment, a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missis du scryou, I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I du.'

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by LADY CARABAS's own milliner; and their brother rides with earls to cover; and only the best people in the country visit at the Evergreens, and MRS. PONTO thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world, for doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a thousand a-year.

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear Madam, when STRIPES put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise and (poor

PON. being touched with sciatica) drove me over to the Carabas Arms at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagmen there, in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented ; and another about his dinner, and a third about the Inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen ; and Oh, how much pleasanter than listening to MISS WIRT's show-pieces on the piano, and MRS. PONTO's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families !

CHAPTER XXXIX

SNOBBIUM GATHERUM



WHEN I see the great effect which these papers are producing in an intelligent public, I have a strong hope that before long we shall have a regular Snob-department in the newspapers, just as we have the Police Courts and the Court News at present. When a flagrant case of bone-crushing or poor-law abuse occurs in the world, who so eloquent as the *Times* to point it out? When a gross instance of Snobbishness happens, why should not the indignant journalist call the public attention to that delinquency too?

How, for instance, could that wonderful case of the EARL of MANGELWURZEL and his brother be examined in the snobbish point of view? Let alone the hectoring, the bad grammar, the mutual recriminations, lie-givings, challenges, retractions, which abound in

the fraternal dispute—put out of the question these points as concerning the individual nobleman and his relative, with whose personal affairs we have nothing to do—and consider how intimately corrupt, how habitually grovelling and mean, how entirely snobbish in a word, a whole county must be which can

find no better chiefs or leaders than these two gentlemen. 'We don't want,' the great county of Mangelwurzel seems to say, 'that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament. All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE. And all that we require of the EARL OF MANGELWURZELSHIRE is that he should have fifty thousand a year and hunt the country.' O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lackeys and parasites!

But this is growing too savage; don't let us forget our usual amenity and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either.

There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat? It was her snobbish sentiments that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

Case 2 was that of MADEMOISELLE DE SAUGRENUE, 'the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets,' who lived for nothing at a boarding-house at Gosport, was then conveyed to Fareham gratis: and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets or her charming face—Bah! Do ladies love others for having pretty faces and black hair?—She said she *was a relation of* LORD DE SAUGRENUE: talked of her ladyship, her aunt, and of herself as a DE SAUGRENUE. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good honest simple lord-loving children of Snobland.

Finally there was the case of 'the RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. VERNON,' at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire refit of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of

father, mother and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a tea-pot and a basket-full of cold victuals. It was the ‘Right Honourable’ which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy, simple Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill to do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week’s paper, with who knows how many score more?

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern postmark—and to the following effect:—

‘19th November.

‘MR. PUNCH—Taking great interest in your Snob papers, we are very anxious to know under what class of that respectable fraternity you would designate us.

‘We are three sisters, from seventeen to twenty-two. Our father is *honestly and truly* of a very good family (you will say it is Snobbish to mention that, but I wish to state the plain fact); our maternal grandfather was an Earl.^a

‘We *can* afford to take in a stamped edition of you, and all DICKENS’ works as fast as they come out, but we do *not* keep such a think as a *Peerage* or even a *Baronetage* in the house.^b

‘We live with every comfort, excellent cellar, etc., etc., but as we cannot well afford a butler we have a neat table-maid (though our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, etc). We *have* a coachman and helper, but we don’t put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like STRIPES and TUMMUS.’^c

‘We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline,^d and are never *limp*^e in the morning. We have good

^a The introduction of Grandpapa is, I fear, Snobbish.

^b Bravo! *Punch’s Pocket Book* is the thing, and these dear young ladies shall have a presentation copy.

^c That is, as you like. I don’t object to buttons in moderation.

^d Quite right.

^e Bless you!

and abundant dinners on *china* (though we have plate^f) and just as good when alone as with company.

‘Now, my dear Mr. Punch, will you *please* give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be so much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease^g you again if you will only give us an answer—just for fun, now do!

‘If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we cannot resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church.^h—I remain, etc. etc., for myself and sisters.

‘Excuse this scrawl, but I always write headlong.ⁱ

‘*P.S.*—You were rather stupid last week, don’t you think?^k We keep no gamekeeper and yet you have always abundant game for friends to shoot in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper—in short, I can’t help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs.’

To this I reply in the following manner:—‘My dear young ladies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the Sunday after next: when, will you please to wear a tulip or some little trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will recognise me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a white top coat, a crimson satin neckcloth, light blue trowsers, with glossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast pin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat: and my usual bamboo cane with the richly-gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up moustachios between now and next week.

‘From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! Dear young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits me, as nearest my own time of life; but mind I don’t say two-and-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, demure, middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering heart!

^f Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well when alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

^g We like to be teased; but tell Papa.

^h O, garters and stars! what will CAPTAIN GORDON and Exeter Hall say to this?

ⁱ Dear little enthusiast!

^k You were never more mistaken, Miss, in your life.

‘You Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man’s nose who says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You can’t help it, poor dears. What’s in a name? What is in a handle to it? I confess openly that I should not object to being a Duke myself; and between ourselves, you might see a worse leg for a garter.

‘You Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no!—that is, I hope not—I think not—I won’t be too confident—none of us should be—that we are not Snobs. That very confidence savours of arrogance, and to be arrogant is to be a Snob. In all the social gradations from sneak to tyrant, nature has placed a most wondrous and various progeny of Snobs. But are there no kindly natures, no tender hearts, no souls humble, simple, and truth-loving? Ponder well on this question, sweet young ladies. And if you can answer it, as no doubt you can—lucky are you—and lucky the respected Herr Papa, and lucky the three handsome young gentlemen who are about to become each others’ brothers-in-law.’

CHAPTER XL

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE



EVERYBODY of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society—that is, Snobbishness—is

immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handy-work. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage and glow with fury against the Snob. Come down, I say, thou skulking dullness. Come down, thou stupid bully and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre

and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When *Punch* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The REVEREND MR. MALTHUS shall be burned annually, instead of GUY FAWKES. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.

The above reflections came to my mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, JACK SPIGGOT by name, who is just passing



into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. JACK was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waist-band now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright, and stedfast, are the colour of peeled plovers' eggs.

'Are you married, JACK?' says I, remembering how consumedly

in love he was with his cousin LETTY LOVELACE, when the Cutty-kilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

'Married? no,' says he. 'Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more, a family, on five hundred a-year. Come to DICKINSON'S; there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy.' So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy-and-water that JACK took showed what a regular boozier he was. 'A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?' says he.

'And LETTY LOVELACE,' says I.

JACK'S countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. 'LETTY LOVELACE!' says he. 'She's LETTY LOVELACE still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper; (you remember what a figure she had); her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape *there*. Push round the grog, old boy.'

Straightway memory went back to the days when LETTY was the loveliest of blooming young creatures; when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than MONTESSU or NOBLET (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when JACK used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

'My father and her's couldn't put their horses together,' JACK said. 'The General wouldn't come down with more than six thousand. My Governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. LOVELACE told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon peel. Don't put much into your punch, SNOB, my boy. No man *can* stand punch after wine.'

'And what are your pursuits, JACK?' says I.

'Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter; cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till maw-aw-rning till daylight does appear.'

‘And here’s the wreck of two lives!’ mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of JACK SPIGGOT. ‘Pretty merry LETTY LOVELACE’S rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome JACK SPIGGOT stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo!’

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name) and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, ‘Thou shalt not love without a lady’s maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French *bonne*; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a Brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad sad manner in which ‘TOM or HARRY has thrown himself away.’ You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old CROESUS; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, woe be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of ST. BEELZEBUB,¹ my hatred for Snobs and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating JUGGERNAUT, I say, that hideous Dagon; and I glow with the heroic courage of TOM THUMB, and join battle with the giant Snob.

¹ This of course is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot help it. Of these a man would be a brute who spoke roughly. Indeed, after MISS O'TOOLE'S conduct to the writer, he would be the last to condemn. But never mind, these are personal matters.

CHAPTER XLI

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

IN that noble romance called *Ten Thousand a Year*, I remember a profoundly pathetic description of the hero, MR. AUBREY's, Christian manner of bearing his misfortunes. After making a display of the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his country mansion, the delightful writer supposes AUBREY to come to town in a post-chaise and pair sitting bodkin probably between his wife and sister. It is at about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, knockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of KATE and MRS. AUBREY as they think that in happier times at this hour—their AUBREY used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses of the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage—the elegant words I forget. But the noble, noble sentiment I shall always cherish and remember. What can be more sublime than the notion of a great man's relatives in tears about—his dinner? With a few unconscious touches, what author ever so happily described a SNOB?

We were reading the passage lately at the house of my friend RAYMOND GRAY, ESQUIRE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, an ingenuous youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world. Meanwhile, until it is altered, the stern laws of necessity and the expenses of the Northern Circuit oblige MR. GRAY to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighbourhood of Gray's Inn.

What is the more remarkable is, that GRAY has a wife there. MRS. GRAY was a MISS HARLEY BAKER: and I suppose I need not say *that* is a respectable family. Allied to the CAVENDISHES, the OXFORDS, the MARRYBONES, they still, though rather *déchus* from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. MRS. HARLEY BAKER, I know, never goes to church without

JOHN behind to carry her prayer-book ; nor will MISS WELBECK, her sister, walk twenty yards a shopping without the protection of FIGBY, her sugar-loaf page ; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish, and as tall and whiskery as a Grenadier. The astonishment is, how EMILY HARLEY BAKER could have stooped to marry RAYMOND GRAY. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family ; she, who refused SIR COCKLE BYLES, of the Bengal Service ; she, who turned up her little nose at ESSEX TEMPLE, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn ; she, who had but 4000 *pour tout potage*, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this *mésalliance*. MRS. HARLEY BAKER never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. MISS WELBECK says, ‘I consider that man a villain ;’—and has denounced poor good-natured MRS. PERKINS as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time.

MR. and MRS. GRAY, meanwhile, live in Gray’s Inn, aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of my favourite Snob AUBREY, of *Ten Thousand a Year* ; but, on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as Fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which MRS. GRAY makes, to our mutual friend the great MR. GOLDMORE, the East India Director, when that gentleman’s face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, ‘What ! Do they give dinners ?’ He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all ; or that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the Conflagrative Club, to which he and I and GRAY have the honour to belong.

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four, GOLDMORE arrives in St. James’s Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow window of

the Club which enfilades Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their listless faces out of WHITE's; and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen waggling their heads to each other through the plate-glass windows of ARTHUR's; and the red-coats wish to be Briarean, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated royal porter is sunning himself before Marlborough House at the noon of London time: you see a light-yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a tight floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries, and a large woman inside in shot silk, a poodle, and a pink parasol, which drives up to the gate of the Conflagrative, and the page goes and says to MR. GOLDMORE (who is perfectly aware of the fact, as he is looking out of the windows with about forty other Conflagrative bucks), 'Your carriage, sir.' G. wags his head. 'Remember, eight o'clock precisely,' says he to MULLIGATAWNEY, the other East India Director, and ascending the carriage, plumps down by the side of MRS. GOLDMORE for a drive in the Park, and then home to Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the CLUB SNOBS yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!¹

Well, you may judge, from the above description, what sort of a man GOLDMORE is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street CROESUS, good-natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. 'MR. GOLDMORE can never forget,' his lady used to say, 'that it was MRS. GRAY's grandfather who sent him to India; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do

¹ They are completed, and in safe hands. So there is no use in having me assassinated. They will be published all the same.

everything in our power to be of use to him.' So they used to ask the GRAYS to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, BUFF, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell GRAY of GOLDMORE's opinion regarding him, and the Nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed GOLDMORE's saying became a joke against GRAY amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, MR. GRAY conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked GOLDMORE to dinner.

'My love,' says MRS. GRAY, in a tremor, 'how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold MRS. GOLDMORE.'

'Make your mind easy, MRS. GRAY, her ladyship is in Paris. It is only CROESUS that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. GOLDMORE said at the Club that he thought SHAKSPEARE was a great dramatist poet and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet.'

'Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know MRS. GOLDMORE is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day.'

'A plain leg of mutton, my LUCY,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?'

says GRAY, quoting my favourite poet.

'But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible PATTYPAN, the pastrycook's. . . '

'Silence, Frau!' says GRAY, in a deep-tragedy voice. 'I will have the ordaining of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend SNOB here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it.'

'Don't be expensive, RAYMOND,' says his wife.

'Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. GOLDMORE's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou do in all things my commands.' And seeing, by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

CHAPTER XLII

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

PUNCTUAL to the hour—(By the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the backbiting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which MR. and MRS. RAYMOND GRAY had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity (for in sooth he was hungry and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was MR. SNOB. He is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative :—

Although MR. SNOB may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane, (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss SQUILSBY's, the brass-plated milliner opposite RAYMOND GRAY's, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of MR. GOLDMORE whirled down the street! It is a very little street of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss SQUILSBY's. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with little stucco porticoes.

GOLDMORE'S carriage overtopped the roofs almost ; the first floors might shake hands with CROESUS as he lolled inside ; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was MRS. HAMMERLEY in curl-papers ; MRS. SAXBY with her front awry ; MR. WHIGGLES peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the GOLDMORE carriage drove up to MR. RAYMOND GRAY'S door.

'How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen !' says little MRS. GRAY, peeping at the vehicle too. The hugest domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out ; the sun was shining ; the very organ-boy paused ; the footman, the coach, and GOLDMORE'S red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

RAYMOND GRAY opened his—in his shirt sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. 'Come in, GOLDMORE,' says he. 'Just in time, my boy. Open the door, WHATDYECALLUM, and let your master out'—and WHATDYECALLUM obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

'Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, Sir,' says WHATDYECALLUM, in that peculiar, unspellable, flunkified pronunciation, which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

'Best have it to the theatre, at night,' GRAY exclaims ; 'it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven.'

'Yes, at eleven,' exclaims GOLDMORE perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked GRAY as a JACK KETCH over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from doorsteps and balconies ; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

'Go in there, and amuse yourself with SNOB,' says GRAY, opening the little drawing-room door. 'I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding.'

'Gracious marcy !' says GOLDMORE to me, quite confidentially, 'How could he ask us ? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution.'

'Dinner, dinner !' roars out GRAY from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying ; and entering that

apartment we find MRS. GRAY ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a Princess who, by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

‘Fanny has made the roly-poly pudding,’ says he, ‘the chops are my part. Here’s a fine one; try this, GOLDMORE.’ And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman’s plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob’s astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup, a silver fork for GOLDMORE—all ours were iron.

‘I wasn’t born with a silver spoon in my mouth,’ says GRAY gravely. ‘That fork is the only one we have. FANNY has it generally.’

‘RAYMOND!’ cries MRS. GRAY, with an imploring face.

‘She was used to better things, you know; and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I’m told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And now,’ said he, springing up, ‘I’ll be a gentleman.’ And so he put on his coat, and sate down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

‘We don’t have meat every day, MR. GOLDMORE,’ he continued, ‘and it’s a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure.’

‘Gracious mercy!’ says MR. GOLDMORE.

‘Where’s the half-and-half? FANNY, go over to the “Keys” and get the beer. Here’s sixpence.’ And what was our astonishment when FANNY got up as if to go!

‘Gracious mercy! let *me*,’ cries GOLDMORE.

‘Not for worlds, my dear sir. She’s used to it. They wouldn’t serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!’ RAYMOND said, with astounding composure. And MRS. GRAY left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little POLLY (to whom at her christening I had the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

‘Did you speak to TAPLING about the gin, FANNY, my dear?’ GRAY asked, after bidding POLLY put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching. ‘The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn’t make good punch of it.’

‘You would hardly suspect, GOLDMORE, that my wife, a HARLEY BAKER, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her.’

‘Don’t be always laughing at Mamma, RAYMOND,’ says MRS. GRAY.

‘Well, well, she wouldn’t die, and I *don’t* wish she would. And you won’t make gin punch, and you don’t like it either—and—GOLDMORE, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?’



‘Gracious marcy!’ ejaculates CROESUS once more, as little POLLY, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. GRAY pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the

children in a little cart ; how his wife could toss pancakes ; and what parts of his dress she made. He told TIBBITS, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which MRS. FANNY had fetched from the neighbouring apartment)—to fetch ‘the bottle of port wine’ when the dinner was over, and told GOLDMORE as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and MRS. GRAY had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, GRAY suddenly breaks the silence by slapping GOLDMORE on the shoulder, and saying, ‘Now, GOLDMORE, tell me something.’

‘What?’ asks CROESUS.

‘Haven’t you had a good dinner?’

GOLDMORE started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He *had* had a good dinner, and didn’t know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind ; the potatoes were perfect of their order ; as for the roly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothing, and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views ; for there is more in GRAY’s cellar.

‘Well,’ says GOLDMORE, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question GRAY put to him—‘Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monsous good dinmah—monsous good, upon my ward ! Here’s your health, GRAY, my boy, and your amiable lady ; and when MRS. GOLDMORE comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place.’ And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see MR. PHELPS at Sadler’s Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which GOLDMORE enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee ; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (BUCKMUCK-JEE BOBBACHEE *v.* RAMCHOWDER-BAHAWDER) in the Privy Council, LORD BROUGHAM complimented MR. GRAY, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can’t say ; but GOLDMORE got him the business ; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

CHAPTER XLIII

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE



E BACHELORS in Clubs are very much obliged to you,' says my old school and college companion, **ESSEX TEMPLE**, 'for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, **MR. SNOB**, to judge us so? Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and grin, that laugh at all our generation?

'I will tell you my case,' says **ESSEX TEMPLE**; 'mine and my sister **POLLY'S**; and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will.

‘I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister POLLY was engaged to SERGEANT SHIRKER—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don’t see these faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. SHIRKER, who has about as much warmth as an eel, made up to POLLY years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

‘Have you ever read LORD ELDON’s life? Do you remember how the sordid old SNOB narrates his going out to purchase twopence-worth of sprats, which he and MRS. SCOTT fried between them? And how he parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who at that time must have been making a thousand pounds a-year! Well, SHIRKER was just as proud of his prudence—just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? POLLY waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. He wasn’t sick at heart; *his* passion never disturbed his six hours’ sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed POLLY, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world; and while she was pining alone upstairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her; *he*, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers—always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while MR. SERGEANT SHIRKER grew to be the famous lawyer he is.

‘Meanwhile, my younger brother, PUMP TEMPLE, who was in the 120th Hussars, and had the same little patrimony which fell to the lot of myself and POLLY, must fall in love with our cousin, FANNY FIGTREE, and marry her out of hand. You should have seen the wedding! Six bridesmaids in pink, to hold the fan, bouquet, gloves, scent-bottle, and pocket-handkerchief of the bride; basketsful of white favours in the vestry, to be pinned on to the footmen and horses; a genteel congregation of curious acquaintance in the pews, a shabby one of poor on the steps; all the carriages of all our acquaintance, whom AUNT FIGTREE had levied for the occasion; and of course four horses for MR. PUMP’s bridal vehicle.

‘Then comes the breakfast or *déjeuner* if you please, with a brass band in the street, and policemen to keep order. The happy bridegroom spends about a year’s income in dresses for the bridesmaids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a *trousseau* of laces, satins, jewel-boxes and tomfoolery, to make

her fit to be a lieutenant's wife. There was no hesitation about PUMP. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and MRS. P. TEMPLE on the horse Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin. How old MRS. FIGTREE used to bore me and POLLY with stories of PUMP's grandeur and the noble company he kept! POLLY lives with the FIGTREES, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

'PUMP and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother's lifetime, when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I'm not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be POLLY that kept the peace between us.

'She went to Dublin to visit PUMP, and brought back grand accounts of his doings—gayest man about the town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant—FANNY admired everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy. The eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently FANNY and PUMP obligingly came over to London, where the third was born.

'POLLY was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and PUMP now? "O ESSEX!" says she to me, "he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family; so handsome; who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?" One day, while MRS. PUMP was yet in the upper regions, and DOCTOR FINGER-FEE'S brougham at her door every day, having business at Guild-hall, whom should I meet in Cheapside but PUMP and POLLY? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. PUMP, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

'I couldn't be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to PUMP. Quarrelling was useless—PUMP had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother's, and POLLY radiant still. He was going to make his fortune: he was going to embark the money in the Bog of Allen—I don't know what. The fact is, he was going to pay his losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you to imagine how much principal or interest poor POLLY ever saw back again.

'It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another thousand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and

prevent exposure ; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices that (here MR. ESSEX TEMPLE began to hesitate)—that needn't be talked of ; but they were of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. PUMP and his wife are abroad—I don't like to ask where ; POLLY has the three children, and MR. SERGEANT SHIRKER has formally written to “break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which MISS TEMPLE must herself have speculated, when she alienated the greater part of her fortune.”

‘And here's your famous theory of poor marriages,’ ESSEX TEMPLE cries, concluding the above history. ‘How do you know that I don't want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at my poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless marriage system which MR. SNOB, forsooth, chooses to advocate?’ And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange to say, is not my opinion.

But for the infernal Snob worship, might not every one of these people be happy? If poor POLLY's happiness lay in linking her tender arms round such a heartless prig as the sneak who has deceived her, she might have been happy now—as happy as RAYMOND RAYMOND in the ballad, with the stone statue by his side. She is wretched because MR. SERGEANT SHIRKER worships money and ambition, and is a Snob and a coward.

If the unfortunate PUMP TEMPLE and his giddy hussy of a wife have ruined themselves, and dragged down others into their calamity, it is because they loved rank, and horses, and plate, and carriages, and *Court Guides*, and millinery, and would sacrifice all to attain those objects.

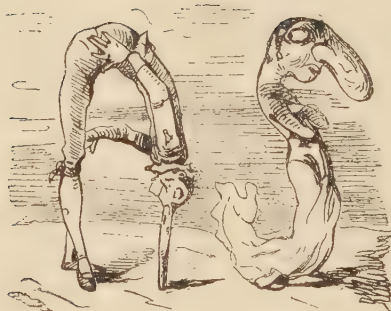
And who misguides them? If the world were more simple, would not those foolish people follow the fashion? Does not the world love *Court Guides*, and millinery, and plate, and carriages? Mercy on us! Read the fashionable intelligence; read the *Court Circular*; read the genteel novels; survey mankind, from Pimlico to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is aping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter DIVES' head? Will it ever? Will the DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE (I like a good name) ever believe that LADY CROESUS, her next door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will LADY CROESUS ever leave off pining for the Duchess's parties, and cease patronising MRS. BROADCLOTH, whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will MRS. BROADCLOTH ever heartily shake hands with MRS. SEEDY, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear MRS. SEEDY's income? Will MRS. SEEDY, who is starving in

her great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, MISS LETSAM, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of SUKY, the maid who wears flowers under her bonnet, like a lady?

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool, art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

CHAPTER XLIV

CLUB SNOBS



I wish to be particularly agreeable to the ladies (to whom I make my most humble obeisance, offering them every compliment connected with this festive season). We will now, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs, against whom, I believe, most female minds are em-

bittered.—I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men; while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgware and that of Gray's Inn.

In my grandfather's time it used to be Freemasonry that roused their anger. It was my grandaunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosierucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking eleven of the clock (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte), rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled, and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and

Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

It is known that ORPHEUS was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. 'Let him go back to EURYDICE,' they said, 'whom he is pretending to regret so.' But the history is given in DR. LEMPRIÈRE'S elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any which this feeble pen can attempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject matter of clubs.

Clubs ought not in my mind to be permitted to bachelors. If my friend of the Cuttykilts had not our club, the Union Jack, to go to (I belong to the U.J. and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he would never be a bachelor at this present moment? Instead of being made comfortable, and cockered up with every luxury, as they are at Clubs, bachelors ought to be rendered profoundly miserable, in my mind. Every encouragement should be given to the rendering their spare time disagreeable. There can be no more odious object, according to my sentiments, than young SMITH, in the pride of health, commanding his dinner of three courses; than middle-aged JONES wallowing (as I may say) in an easy padded arm-chair, over the last delicious novel or brilliant magazine; or than old BROWN, that selfish old reprobate, for whom mere literature has no charms, stretched on the best sofa, sitting on the second edition of the *Times*, having the *Morning Chronicle* between his knees, the *Herald* pushed in between his coat and waistcoat, the *Standard* under his left arm, the *Globe* under the other pinion, and the *Daily News* in perusal. 'I'll trouble you for *Punch*, MR. WIGGINS,' says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young SMITH, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss HIGGS, sipping the bohea, or tasting the harmless muffin; while old MRS. HIGGS looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend MISS WIRT, the governess, is performing THALBERG'S last Sonata in treble X, totally unheeded, at the piano.

Where should the middle-aged JONES be? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and MRS. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of Port Wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. MRS. J. has had two glasses; MRS. GRUMBLE (JONES'S mother-in-law) has

taken three: JONES himself has finished the rest, and dozes comfortably until bedtime.

And BROWN, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has *he* at a club at a decent hour of night? He ought to be playing his rubber with MISS MACWHIRTER, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire to rest just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler, are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen than their present nightly orgies at the horrid club.

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down;—think of CANNON, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard table all night, and making bets with that odious CAPT. SPOT!—think of PAM in a dark room with BOB TRUMPER, JACK DEUCEACE, and CHARLEY VOLE, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points and five pounds on the rubber!—above all, think, O think, of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in *some* clubs, called the *Smoking Room*,—think of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whiskey-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume;—think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink upstairs, the children sleeping over-head, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars! I am not an advocate of violence; I am not, by nature, of an incendiary turn of mind, but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating MR. CHUBB and burning down the Club Houses in St. James's, there is *one* Snob, at least, who will not think the worse of you.

The only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most uxorious of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which in an honourable English family ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man, with a good ear especially, would go mad, if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to HOWELL and JAMES's, it is manifest, my dear Madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at SHAWL and GIMCRACK's, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

This sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and



if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad or an Insurance Company, should be put into their Clubs, and told to remain there until dinner time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly well-regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of BLIGHT's, or FOODLE's, or SNOOK's, or the great bay at the Contemplative Club, I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old

dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the daytime surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candle-light, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for next week.

CHAPTER XLV

CLUB SNOBS



MUCH a sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

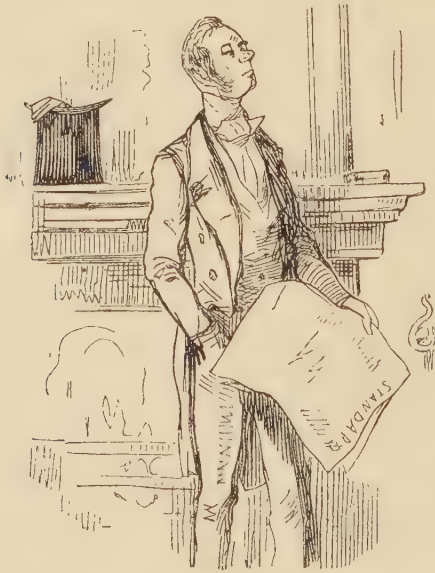
I belong to nine clubs. The Union Jack, the Sash and Marlingspike—Military Clubs. The True Blue, the No Surrender, the Blue and Buff, the Guy Fawkes, and the Cato Street—Political Clubs. The Brummell and the Regent—Dandy Clubs. The Acropolis, the Palladium, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Pentelicus, the Ilyssus, and the Poluphloisboio

Thalasses—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; I don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those Institutions do.

Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl, as they glance towards the present Snob. 'Infernal impudent jackanapes! If he shows *me* up,' says COLONEL BLUDYER, 'I'll break every bone in his skin.' 'I told you what would come of admitting literary men into the Club,' says RANVILLE RANVILLE to his colleague, SPOONEY, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. 'These people are very well in their proper places, and, as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, SPOONEY,' and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

As I came into the coffee-room at the No Surrender, old

JAWKINS was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *Standard*, and swaggering before the fire. 'What,' says he, 'did I tell PEEL last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if we are to have Free Trade, give me reciprocity. And what was SIR ROBERT PEEL's answer to me? MR. JAWKINS, he said—'



Here JAWKINS's eye suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence with a guilty look—his stale, old, stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club have heard over and over again.

JAWKINS is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at that fireplace, holding that *Standard*, of which he reads up the leading article, and pours it out, *ore rotundo*, with the most astonishing composure, into the face of his neighbour, who has just read every word of it in the paper. JAWKINS has money, as you may see by the tie of his neckcloth. He passes the morning swaggering about the City, in bankers' and brokers' parlours, and

says—‘I spoke with PEEL yesterday, and his intentions are so and so. GRAHAM and I were talking over the matter, and I pledge you my word of honour, his opinion coincides with mine ; and that Whatd’yecallum is the only measure Government will venture on trying.’ By evening-paper time he is at the Club : ‘I can tell you the opinion of the City, my lord,’ says he, ‘and the way in which JONES LOYD looks at it is briefly this : ROTHSCHILDS told me so themselves. In Mark Lane, people’s minds are *quite* made up.’ He is considered rather a well-informed man.

He lives in Belgravia, of course ; in a drab-coloured genteel house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal and comfortable. His dinners are in the *Morning Herald*, among the parties for the week ; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-room, once a year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant’s uniform.

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying, ‘When I was in the House, I, etc.’—in fact he sat for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery ; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

Another sort of political Snob I have seen at most Clubs, and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere *but* in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at an expense of some ten thousand a year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him !) he reads. He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about ; and who it is says that LORD ABERDEEN ought to be impeached, and LORD PALMERSTON hanged, or *vice versa*.

LORD PALMERSTON’S being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the city, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was CAPTAIN SPITFIRE, R.N., (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with MR. MINNS after dinner.

‘Why wasn’t the PRINCESS SCRAGAMOFFSKY at LADY PALMERSTON’S party, MINN’S ? Because *she can’t show*—and why can’t she show ? Shall I tell you, MINNS, why she can’t show ? The PRINCESS SCRAGAMOFFSKY’S back is flayed alive, MINNS—I tell you it’s raw, Sir ! On Tuesday last, at twelve o’clock, three

drummers of the Preobajinsk regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the Ambassadors and four ladies'-maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, MADAME DE SCRAGAMOFFSKY received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, Sir—



knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said the GRAND DUCHESS OLGA's hair was red. And now, Sir, you tell me LORD PALMERSTON ought to continue Minister'?

MINNS. 'Good God!'

MINNS follows SPITFIRE about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

CHAPTER XLVI

CLUB SNOBS

WHY does not some great author write 'The Mysteries of the Club Houses; or St. James's Street unveiled.' It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember, when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainments going on within.

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each Bosom is a Booth in Vanity Fair. But let us stop this capital style; I should die if I kept it up for a column (a pretty thing a column all capitals would be, by the way). In a club, though there mayn't be a soul of your acquaintance in the room, you have always the chance of watching strangers, and speculating on what is going on within those tents and curtains of their souls, their coats and waistcoats. This is a never-failing sport. Indeed I am told there are some clubs in the town where nobody ever speaks to anybody. They sit in the coffee-room, quite silent, and watching each other.

Yet how little you can tell from a man's outward demeanour! There's a man at our club—large, heavy, middle-aged—gorgeously dressed—rather bald—with lacquered boots—and a boa when he goes out; quiet in demeanour, always ordering and consuming a *récherché* little dinner, whom I have mistaken for LORD POCKLINGTON any time these five years, and respected as a man with five hundred pounds *per diem*; and I find he is but a clerk in an office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is JUBBER. My LORD POCKLINGTON was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged threehalfpence for a herring, seated at the next table to JUBBER on the day when some one pointed his lordship out to me.

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old FAWNEY stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get



from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all FAWNEY'S soul is a secret to you.

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, MESSRS SPAVIN and COCKSPUR.

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They

recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about 'the Reform year,' 'the year the Whigs went out,' and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of *Tarnation's* year, or *Opodeldoc's* year, or the year when *Catawampus* ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and 'top up' with glasses of strong waters. They read *Bell's Life* (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to TATTERSALL'S, and swagger in the Park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and care-worn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when JOE MILLERSON will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young MESSRS SPAVIN and COCKSPUR grumbling together in a corner. 'I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose,' whispers SPAVIN. 'Can't do it at the price,' COCKSPUR says, wagging his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the *Peerage*. There is some good in the latter—though, generally speaking, a vain record; though DE MUGGINS is not descended from the giant HOGYN MOGYN; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and liveried lackey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be CALIPH OMAR for a week, I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is 'in' with JACK SNAFFLE'S stable, and is overreaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns, down to SAM'S, the butcher boy's, who books eighteen-penny odds in the taproom, and 'stands to win five-and-twenty-bob.'

In a turf transaction, either SPAVIN or COCKSPUR would try to get the better of his father, and, to gain a point in the odds, victimise his best friends. One day we shall hear of one or other levanting; an event at which, not being sporting men, we shall not break our hearts. See—MR. SPAVIN is settling his toilette previous to departure; giving a curl in the glass to his side-wisps of hair. Look at him! It is only at the hulks, or among turfmen, that you ever see a face so mean, so knowing, and so gloomy.

A much more humane being among the youthful Clubbists is

the Lady-killing Snob. I saw WIGGLE just now in the dressing-room, talking to WAGGLE, his inseparable.

Waggle. 'Pon my honour, Wiggle, she did.'



Wiggle. 'Well, Waggle, as you say so—I own I think she DID look at me rather kindly. We'll see to-night, at the French play.'

And having arrayed their little persons, these two harmless young bucks go upstairs to dinner.

CHAPTER XLVII

CLUB SNOBS

BOTH sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippant names of WIGGLE and WAGGLE, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. WIGGLE and WAGGLE are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguishes the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and launch it at the heads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond-ear-rings for an Opera-dancer, as LORD TARQUIN can; neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young EARL OF MARTINGALE. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

WIGGLE has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the *tables d'hôte*, was perfectly terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and reading *Don Juan* and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of *Don Juan*, as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes, —guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

'It's a bad print,' says he, 'I know, but I've a reason for liking it. It reminds me of somebody—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the PRINCIESSA DI MONTE PULCIANO? I met her at Rimini. Dear, dear FRANCESCA! That fair-haired, bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, WAGGLES, my boy—everybody knows the COUNTESS OTTILIA DI EULENSCHRECKENSTEIN. Gad, sir, what a beautiful creature she was, when I danced with her on the birthday of PRINCE ATTILA of Bavaria, in '44! PRINCE CARLOMAN was our *vis-à-vis*, and PRINCE PEPIN danced the same *contredanse*. She had a polyanthus in her bouquet. WAGGLE, *I have it now*.' His countenance assumes an agonised and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions, as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

Last year he made a considerable sensation by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it—in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He would call out from his bedroom to his valet, 'HICKS, bring me my casket!'

'I don't know who it is,' WAGGLE would say. 'Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues! DESBOROUGH WIGGLE, sir, is the slave of passion. I suppose you have heard the story of the Italian princess locked up in the Convent of Saint Barbara, at Rimini—he hasn't told you? then I'm not at liberty to speak—or the Countess, about whom he nearly had the duel with PRINCE WITIKIND of Bavaria? Perhaps you hav'n't even heard about that beautiful girl at Pentonville, daughter of a most respectable dissenting clergyman. She broke her heart when she found he was engaged (to a most lovely creature of high family, who afterwards proved false to him), and she's now in Hanwell.'

WAGGLE's belief in his friend amounts to frantic adoration. 'What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!' he whispers to me. 'He could be anything, sir, but for his passions. His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He's written a continuation of *Don Juan*, from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to MARY? They're superior to BYRON, sir—superior to BYRON.'

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as WAGGLE; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for

honest WIGGLE one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

'I can't,' says he. 'Some days I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. O, SNOB! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't.'

'Is she rich?' said I. 'I thought you would never marry any but an heiress.'

'O, SNOB! she's the most accomplished, highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line.'

'How will you have it,' says I; 'hot with sugar?'

'Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, SNOB. I want something wild and tender—like BYRON. I want to tell her that amongst the festive halls, and that sort of thing, you know,—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it, you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul, you know.'

'And a yataghan to finish off with,' the present writer observed, and we began:—

TO MARY

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears,
Are for thee, are for thee!

'Do you call *that* neat, WIGGLE?' says I. 'I declare it almost makes me cry, myself.'

'Now suppose,' says WIGGLE, 'we say that all the world is at my feet—make her jealous, you know, and that sort of thing and that—that I'm going to *travel*, you know. That perhaps may work upon her feelings.'

So *We* (as this wretched prig said) began again—

Around me they flatter and fawn—
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee,
But in faith, and in fondness, I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!

‘Now for the travelling, WIGGLE, my boy!’ and I began, in a voice choked with emotion—

Away! for my heart knows no rest
 Since you taught it to feel;
 The secret must die in my breast
 I burn to reveal;
 The passion I may not . . .

‘I say, SNOB!’ WIGGLE here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that



they would drive you into hysterics). ‘I say—ahem—couldn’t you say that I was—a—military man, and that there was some danger of my life?’

‘You a military man?—danger of your life? What the deuce do you mean?’

‘Why,’ said WIGGLE, blushing a good deal. ‘I told her I was going out—on—the—Ecuador—expedition.’

‘You abominable young impostor,’ I exclaimed. ‘Finish the poem for yourself!’ And so he did, and entirely out of metre, bragged about the work at the Club as his own performance.

Poor WAGGLE fully believed in his friend's genius, until one day last week he came with a grin on his countenance to the Club and said, 'O, SNOB, I've made *such* a discovery! Going down to the skating to-day, whom should I see but WIGGLE walking with that splendid woman—that lady of illustrious family and immense fortune—MARY, you know, whom he wrote the beautiful verses about. She's five-and-forty. She's red hair. She's a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop,—and WIGGLE's going to marry her next week.'

'So much the better, WAGGLE, my young friend,' I exclaimed. 'Better for the sake of womankind that this dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Bluebeard give up practice. Or, better rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love-stories which you used to swallow, nobody has been hurt except WIGGLE himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There *are* people, MR. WAGGLE, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly Snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court.'



CHAPTER XLVIII

CLUB SNOBS

BACCHUS is the divinity to whom WAGGLE devotes his especial worship. 'Give me wine, my boy,' says he to his friend WIGGLE, who is prating about lovely woman; and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from College, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine-questions. 'This bottle's corked,' says SNOBLING, and MR. SLY, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. 'Hang champagne!' says FLEDGLING, 'it's only fit for gals and children.'

Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards.' 'What's port now?' says GOSLING; 'disgusting thick sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine one *used* to get?' Until the last twelvemonth, FLEDGLING drank small-beer at DOCTOR SWISHTAIL'S; and GOSLING used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary, in 1844.

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago must remember how frequently bottle-noses, pimpled faces,



and other Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore) than in those good old times; but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs, lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part are decorated with those marks which ROWLAND'S Kalydor is said to efface. 'I was *so* cut last night—old boy!' HOPKINS says to TOMPKINS (with amiable confidence). 'I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with JACK HERRING at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour; then we dined and drank

mulled Port till half-price ; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket ; then we came back to the Club, and had grills and whisky punch till all was blue—Hullo, waiter ! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy.' Club waiters, the civillest, the kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young toppers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows, I would recommend him to witness the ingenious comedy of *London Assurance*—the amiable heroes of which are represented, not only as drunkards and five-o'clock-in-the-morning men, but as showing a hundred other delightful traits of swindling, lying and general debauchery, quite edifying to witness.

How different is the conduct of these outrageous youths to the decent behaviour of my friend, MR. PAPWORTHY, who says to POPPINS, the butler at the Club :—

Papworthy. POPPINS, I'm thinking of dining early ; is there any cold game in the house ?

Poppins. There's a game pie, Sir ; there's cold grouse, Sir ; there's cold pheasant, Sir ; there's cold peacock, Sir ; cold swan, Sir ; cold ostrich, Sir, etc., etc. (as the case may be).

Papworthy. Hem ! What's your best claret now, POPPINS ?—in pints I mean.

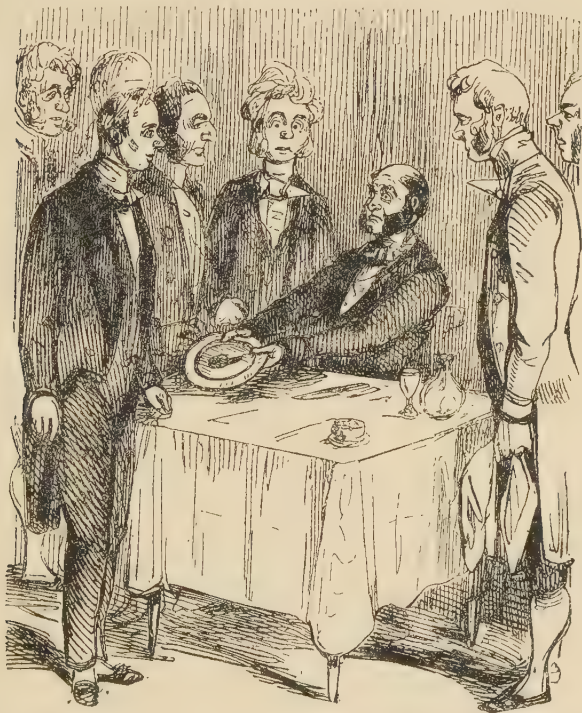
Poppins. There's COOPER and MAGNUM's Laffitte, Sir ; there's LATH and SAWDUST's St. Jullien, Sir ; BUNG's Leoville is considered remarkably fine ; and I think you'd like JUGGER's Chateau-Margaux.

Papworthy. Hum !—hah !—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I'll only *lunch*, POPPINS.

CAPT. SHINDY is another sort of Club bore. Here you behold all the Club in an uproar about CAPTAIN SHINDY's mutton chop.

'LOOK AT IT, SIR ! IS IT COOKED, SIR ? SMELL IT, SIR ! IS IT MEAT FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN ?' he roars out to the steward, who stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the BISHOP of BULLOCKSMITHY has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in all the Club are huddled round the Captain's mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at JOHN for not bringing the pickles ; he utters the most dreadful oaths because THOMAS has not arrived with the Harvey sauce ; PETER comes tumbling with the water-jug over JEAMES, who is bringing 'the glittering canisters with bread.' Whenever SHINDY enters the room (such is the force of character) every table is deserted, every gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.



Poor MRS. SHINDY and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl, in pattens.

CHAPTER XLIX

CLUB SNOBS



VERY well-bred English female will sympathise with the subject of the harrowing title, the history of SACKVILLE MAINE, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, SACKVILLE MAINE.

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, MRS. PERKINS, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes;

with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a Polka in the arms of MONSIEUR DE SPRINGBOCK, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual ever set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman, whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which, in every way you saw it, looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance and asked WAGLEY (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance), Who was the lady in question?

‘Which?’ says WAGLEY.

‘That one with the coal-black eyes,’ I replied.

‘Hush!’ says he, and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

When he was gone WAGLEY burst out laughing. ‘*Coal-black eyes!*’ said he; ‘you’ve just hit it. That MRS. SACKVILLE MAINE, and that was her husband who just went away. He’s a coal-merchant, SNOB, my boy, and I have no doubt MR. PERKINS’S Wallsends are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming furnace when he hears coals mentioned. He and his wife and his mother are very proud of MRS. SACKVILLE’S family; she was a MISS CHUFF, daughter of CAPTAIN CHUFF, R.N. That is the widow; that stout woman, in crimson tabinet, battling about the odd trick with old MR. DUMPS, at the card-table.’

And so, in fact, it was. SACKVILLE MAINE (whose name is a hundred times more elegant, surely, than that of CHUFF) was blest with a pretty wife, and a genteel mother-in-law, both of whom some people may envy him.

Soon after his marriage the old lady was good enough to come and pay him a visit—just for a fortnight—at his pretty little cottage, Kennington Oval; and, such is her affection for the place, has never quitted it these four years. She has also brought her son, NELSON COLLINGWOOD CHUFF, to live with her; but he is not so much at home as his mamma, going as a day-boy to Merchant Tailors’ School—where he is getting a sound classical education.

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to MAINE’S happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew MR. MAINE, no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evenings by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. MRS. CHUFF covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious tapestries, the work of her hands. MRS. SACKVILLE had a particular genius for making covers of tape or net-work for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, SACKVILLE MAINE had written choice scraps of BYRON and MOORE’S poetry analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand.

She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

‘And as for NELSON COLLINGWOOD,’ SACKVILLE would say, laughing, ‘we couldn’t do without him in the house. If he didn’t spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned in a few months: and whom could we get but him to drink LAURA’S home-made wine?’ The truth is, the gents who came from the city to dine at the Oval could not be induced to drink it,—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

‘And yet, sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England’s proudest heroes,’ MRS. CHUFF would exclaim; ‘ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH tasted and praised it, Sir, on board CAPTAIN CHUFF’S ship, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with him in the *Pitchfork* frigate, a part of which was served out to the men, before he went into his immortal action with the *Furibonde*, CAPTAIN CHOUFLEUR, in the Gulf of Panama.’

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

I see SACKVILLE now, as on the occasion when presented by WAGLEY, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—SACKVILLE MAINE was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-in-law (in red tabinet, as usual) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. MRS. CHUFF’S great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. NELSON COLLINGWOOD was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. ’Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic courtesy of MRS. CHUFF, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at MRS. PERKINS’S—nor the glance of scorn she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nurse-maids, on a tub, as we passed by. ‘I cannot help it, Sir,’ says she; ‘I am the widow of an officer of Britain’s navy; I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot bear a Radical, or a Dissenter.’

With these fine principles I found SACKVILLE MAINE impressed.

‘WAGLEY,’ said he, to my introducer, ‘if no better engagement, why shouldn’t self and friend dine at the Oval? MR. SNOB, Sir, the mutton’s coming off the spit at this very minute. LAURA and MRS. CHUFF (he said *Laurar* and MRS. CHUFF; but I hate people who make remarks on these peculiarities of pronunciation) will be most happy to see you; and I can promise you a hearty welcome, and as good a class of port-wine as any in England.’

‘This is better than dining at the Sarcophagus,’ thinks I to myself, at which club WAGLEY and I had intended to take our meal; and so we accepted the kindly invitation, whence arose afterwards a considerable intimacy.

Everything about this family and house was so good-natured, comfortable and well conditioned, that a Cynic would have ceased to growl there. MRS. LAURA was all graciousness and smiles, and looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning gown as in her dress robe at MRS. PERKINS’S. MRS. CHUFF fired off her stories about the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*—the heroic resistance of CAPTAIN CHOUFLEUR, and the quantity of snuff he took, etc. etc.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. SACKVILLE MAINE was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a SCHONBEIN or FRIAR BACON, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy fellow—in love with his wife—well-disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. NELSON COLLINGWOOD, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whisky and water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did not in the least move SACKVILLE’S equanimity. ‘Take him up-stairs, JOSEPH,’ said he to the hobbadehoy, ‘and—JOSEPH—don’t tell his Mamma.’

What could make a man so happily disposed unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was MRS. CHUFF’S doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

CHAPTER L

CLUB SNOBS

THE misfortune which befell the simple and good-natured young SACKVILLE arose entirely from that abominable Sarcophagus Club; and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

For seeing MRS. CHUFF, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed her talk was all about LORD COLLINGWOOD, LORD GAMBIER, SIR JAHALEEL BRENTON, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—WAGLEY and I, according to our wont, trumped her conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

‘LORD SEXTONBURY,’ says I, ‘seems to have recovered her Ladyship’s death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the Sarcophagus last night; weren’t they, WAGLEY?’

‘Good fellow, the Duke,’ WAGLEY replied. ‘Pray Ma’am (to MRS. CHUFF), you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what ought a man to do in my case? Last June, His Grace, his son LORD CASTLERAMPANT, TOM SMITH, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against *Daddy-longlegs* for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—*One* more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear Madam.’

It was lucky WAGLEY gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. They looked at us with mute surprise, like stout CORTEZ when he stared on the Pacific. MRS. CHUFF’S stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint; and kind little MRS. SACKVILLE became uneasy, and went upstairs to look at the children—not at that young monster, NELSON COLLINGWOOD, who was sleeping off the whisky-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made

their appearance at dessert, and of whom she and SACKVILLE were the happy parents.

The end of this and subsequent meetings with MR. MAINE was, that we proposed and got him elected as a member of the Sarcophagus Club.

It was not done without a deal of opposition--the secret having been whispered that the candidate was a coal-merchant. You may be sure some of the proud people and most of the parvenus of the Club were ready to black-ball him. We combated this opposition successfully, however. We pointed out to the parvenus that the LAMBTONS and the STUARTS sold coals; we mollified the proud by accounts of his good birth, good nature and good behaviour; and WAGLEY went about on the day of election, describing with great eloquence the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*; and the valour of CAPTAIN MAINE, our friend's father. There was a slight mistake in the narrative; but we carried our man; with only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes: BYLES's, of course, who black-balls everybody; and BUNG's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine-trade.

Some fortnight afterwards I saw SACKVILLE MAINE under the following circumstances:—

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with MRS. CHUFF's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. NELSON COLLINGWOOD; pretty MRS. SACKVILLE; MRS. CAPTAIN CHUFF (MRS. COMMODORE CHUFF we call her), were all there; the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the Sarcophagus. The delighted SACKVILLE MAINE was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

The Sarcophagus displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing-rooms are LOUIS QUATORZE (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of LOUIS QUINZE); the *cortile*, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all over marble, maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthus, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in JULLIEN's band playing with all his might, and each performing a

different tune ; the ornaments at our Club, the Sarcophagus, so bewildered and affected me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, MRS. CHUFF, followed



by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man MRS. CHUFF saw was TIGGS. He was lying on a crimson velvet sofa, reading a French novel of PAUL DE KOCK. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he

looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing, killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, 'Ain't I a fine fellow?' They thought so, I am sure.

'Who is that?' hisses out MRS. CHUFF, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

'Tiggs!' says I, in a similar whisper.

'Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?' says MAINE in a free and easy way to MRS. SACKVILLE; 'all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—*DUGDALE'S MONASTICON*, a most valuable, and I believe, entertaining book.'

And proposing to take down one of the books for MRS. MAINE'S inspection, he selected volume VII., to which he was attracted by the singular fact that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited—while NELSON COLLINGWOOD, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

'That's the rummest book I ever saw,' says NELSON. 'I wish we'd no others at Merchant Tailors.'

'Hush, NELSON,' cries MRS. CHUFF, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings (pink and silver brocade, most excellent wear for London), and calculated the price per yard; and revelled on the luxurious sofas; and gazed on the immeasurable looking-glasses.

'Pretty well to shave by, eh,' says MAINE to his mother-in-law. (He was getting more abominably conceited every minute.) 'Get away, SACKVILLE,' says she, quite delighted, and threw a glance over her shoulder, and spread out the wings of the red tabinet, and took a good look at herself; so did MRS. SACKVILLE—just one, and I thought the glass reflected a very smiling, pretty creature.

But what's a woman at a looking-glass? Bless the little dears, it's their place. They fly to it naturally. It pleases them, and they adorn it. What I like to see, and watch with increasing joy and adoration, is the Club *men* at the great looking-glasses. Old GILLS pushing up his collars and grinning at his own mottled face. HULKER looking solemnly at his great person, and tightening his coat to give himself a waist. FRED. MINCHIN simpering by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neck-cloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee-rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old JAWKINS thundering away as usual; they saw the reading rooms, and the rush for the evening papers; they saw the kitchens—those wonders of art—where the *Chef* was presiding over twenty pretty kitchenmaids, and ten thousand shining sauce-pans; and they got into the light-blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

SACKVILLE did not enter it, though little LAURA took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of MRS. CHUFF's red tabinet.

'We have your favourite dinner,' says she, in a timid voice; 'wont you come, SACKVILLE?'

'I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear,' SACKVILLE replied. 'Home, JAMES.' And he went up the steps of the Sarcophagus, and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove away.

CHAPTER LI

CLUB SNOBS

WHY—why did I and WAGLEY ever do so cruel an action, as to introduce young SACKVILLE MAINE into that odious Sarcophagus ! Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents ; let his fate and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follows :—

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this abode of frivolity was that of *smoking*. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the MARQUIS OF MACADAW, LORD DOODEEN, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity upstairs in the billiard-rooms of the Sarcophagus—and, partly to make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, SACKVILLE MAINE followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. SACKVILLE smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

He then became a professed *billiard-player*, wasting hours upon hours at that amusement ; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to CAPTAIN SPOT and COL. CANNON. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds as the rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal-business to go on, and the connexion of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table ?

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks,

SACKVILLE became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval—and transported his family to Pimlico—where, though MRS. CHUFF, his mother-in-law, was at first happy, as the quarter was elegant and near her Sovereign, poor little LAURA and the children found a woeful difference. Where were her friends who came in with their work of a morning?—At Kennington and in the vicinity of Clapham. Where were her children's little playmates?—On Kennington Common. The great thundering carriages that roared up and down the drab-coloured streets of the new quarter, contained no friends for the sociable little LAURA. The children that paced the squares, attended by a *Bonne* or a prim governess, were not like those happy ones that flew kites, or played hop-scotch, on the well beloved old Common. And ah! what a difference at Church, too!—between St. Benedict's, of Pimlico, with open seats, service in sing-song—tapers—albs—surplices—garlands and processions, and the honest old ways of Kennington! The footmen, too, attending St. Benedict's were so splendid and enormous, that JAMES, MRS. CHUFF's boy, trembled amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

And, ye gods! what a difference there was between SACKVILLE's dreary French banquets in Pimlico and the jolly dinners at the Oval! No more legs of mutton, no more of 'the best port wine in England;' but *entrées* on plate, and dismal twopenny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom MRS. CHUFF was uneasy and MRS. SACKVILLE quite silent.

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandising clique there; with old DR. MAW, COLONEL CRAMLEY, (who is as lean as a greyhound, and has jaws like a jack), and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch, tippling Sillery champagne, and gorging himself with French viands; and I often looked with sorrow from my table (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet), and sighed to think it was my work.

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I? Where's poor, good kind little LAURA? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bedtime, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at LAURA's knees lisping their prayers; and she is teaching them to say—'Pray God bless Papa!'

When she has put them to bed her day's occupation is gone;

and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

O for shame! O for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler.

How SACKVILLE lost his health; how he lost his business; how he got into scrapes; how he got into debt; how he became a



railroad director; how the Pimlico house was shut up; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, MRS. CHUFF came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved) and paid his liabilities. He is in England; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the Sarcophagus long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street;

and I don't call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in LAURA's sweet face.

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon clubs in general:—CAPTAIN SHINDY is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats his mutton-chop without moving ACHERON. GOBEMOUCHE



does not take any more than two papers at a time for his private reading. TIGGS does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol. II., which lies on the next table. GROWLER has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. TROTTY VECK takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one, and SIDNEY SCRAPER's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by JOBBINS, who entirely mistook it for his own. WAGGLE has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. SNOOKS does not any more think

it gentlemanlike to blackball attornies. SNUFFLER no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen ; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude ; and if one poor JOHN has been spared a journey or a scolding—say, friends and brethren, if these sketches of Club Snobs have been in vain ?

CHAPTER LAST



How it is that we have come to No. 52 of this present series of papers, my dear friends and brother Snobs, I hardly know—but for a whole mortal year have we been together, prattling, and abusing the human race; and were we to live for a hundred years more, I believe there is plenty of subject for conversation in the enormous theme of Snobs.

The national mind is awakened to the subject. Letters pour in every day, conveying marks of sympathy, directing the attention of the Snob of England to races of Snobs yet undescribed.

‘Where are your Theatrical Snobs; your Commercial Snobs; your Medical and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?’ write my esteemed correspondents: ‘Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty, and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?’ writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club: ‘Pray, pray,’ cries another, ‘now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture

about Omnibus Snobs.' Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long, long intended to have a palaver.

But what's the use of delaying? When these were done there would be fresh Snobs to pourtray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As JONES always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as CININNATUS and GENERAL WASHINGTON both retired into private life in the height of their popularity—as PRINCE ALBERT, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete that edifice, and went home to his royal dinner,—as the poet BUNN comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tumultuous to describe, blesses his *kyind* friends over the footlights; so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye so often? I believe that BUNN is affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with JAWKINS for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Dieman's Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomime, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—'How are you? Here we are!' But I am growing too sentimental: to return to the theme.

THE NATIONAL MIND IS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS.—The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English Vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define Wit, or Humour, or Humbug, but we *know* what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at a hospitable table, where poor old JAWKINS was holding forth in a very absurd pompous

manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask 'S—B' and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve, and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew JAWKINS was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at herself steadily in the glass, and say 'Snob.' If she tries this simple experiment, my life for it, she will smile, and own that the word becomes her mouth amazingly. A pretty little round word, all composed of soft letters, with a hiss at the beginning, just to make it piquant, as it were.

JAWKINS, meanwhile, went on blundering and bragging and boring, quite unconsciously. And so he will, no doubt, go on roaring and braying to the end of time, or at least so long as people will hear him. You cannot alter the nature of men and Snobs by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back you can't turn him into a zebra.

But we can warn the neighbourhood that the person whom they and JAWKINS admire is an impostor. We can apply the Snob test to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility—whether uncharitable and proud of his narrow soul. How does he treat a great man—how regard a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke; and how in that of SMITH, the tradesman?

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—'proper pride' she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady; and she, I mean MRS. SNOB—ELIZA—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin the Captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somer's Town. And though I believe in her heart MRS. WHISKERINGTON is fonder of us than of her cousins, the SMIGSMAGS, you should hear how she goes on prattling about LADY SMIGSMAG—and 'I said to SIR JOHN, my dear JOHN;' and about the SMIGSMAGS' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

LADY SMIGSMAG, when she meets ELIZA—who is a sort of a

kind of a species of a connexion of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But, oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when LORD and LADY LONGEARS come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organise EQUALITY in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man-worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the STUARTS back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory.

If ever our cousins the SMIGSMAGS asked me to meet LORD LONGEARS, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world:—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, FITZ-HEEHAW, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the DE BRAYS, will kindly condescend to be post captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts, or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, etc.) pronounces to be your due: without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot); dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No—and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, SMITH and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, etc.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superi-

ority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees. May be we would rally round the Corn-Laws; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill; we would die rather than repeal the acts against Catholics and Dissenters; we would, by our noble system of class-legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

But SMITH and I are not Earls as yet. We don't believe that it is for the interest of SMITH's army that young DE BRAY should be a Colonel at five-and-twenty—of SMITH's diplomatic relations that LORD LONGEARS should go Ambassador to Constantinople—of our politics, that LONGEARS should put his hereditary foot into them—any more than we believe it is for the interest of science that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DR. PRINCE ALBERT should be Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. SMITH says that, as a chief of a University, he will have a SMITH's prizeman.

When DR. PRINCE BLUCHER was complimented with a degree, the old dragoon burst out laughing, and said—'Me a Doctor? They ought to make GNEISENAU an apothecary;' but, though a better General, was not a Prince; it was the Prince that the Snobs worshipped, and invested with their tomfoolish diploma.

This booing and cringing SMITH believes to be the act of Snobs; and he will do all in his might and main to be a Snob and to submit to Snobs no longer. To LONGEARS, he says, 'I can't help seeing, LONGEARS, that I am as good as you. I can spell even better; I can think quite as rightly; I will not have you for my master, or black your shoes any more. Your footmen do it, but they are paid; and the fellow who comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet or a dancing breakfast at Longueoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for myself, thank you for nothing, LONGEARS, my boy, and I don't wish to pay you any more than I owe. I will take off my hat to WELLINGTON because he is WELLINGTON, but to you—who are you?'

I am sick of *Court Circulars*. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like to be wicked unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system, that sends men of genius to the second-table, I hold to be a Snobbish system. A Society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are

ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob ; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON
ENGLISH HISTORY

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

A CHARACTER

(To Introduce Another Character).



WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. Butler, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part, by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the three per cents, which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine; to assemble

about him 'the great spirits of the age,' as he called them ; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, *The Lady's Lute*, then being for sale,—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead,—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the *Lute* ; and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQ., has been secured, at an immense expense, for *The Lady's Lute* ; that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular ; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors ; and it is a known truth, that one India paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his *Ghoul*, a poem in Lord Byron's style ; his *Leila*, after the manner of Thomas Moore : his *Idiosyncrasy*, a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth ; and his *Gondola, A Venetian Lay*, that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L.E.L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called *Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons*, of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the magazine.

Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was, as that there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humourous, commenced romances,

and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, *The Lady's Lute* fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy, went forth a wretched and heartbroken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade *robe-de-chambre*, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned, in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletooby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the *Magazines*, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of *The Lady's Lute* as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—*Lyrics of the Soul* they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of *Lyrics of the Soul* has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called *The Downy Dragsman*, or, *Love in Liquorpond Street*. This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that on the contrary meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the Globe, in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat, in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—'His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearily years—his "vain ambition"' (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

'Halfred,' said he, 'you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ("ere's to er," said he, draining his glass solemnly, 'who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!') Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

'Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—



she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most

simple puff, for me and mine ; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletooby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The Hage, the Hargus, the Hera, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful.'

'My dear fellow, if you will write verse,' said I—

'It's not verse,' answered Adolphus, 'it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle.'

'I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*,' said I.

'Hush, *Punch* !' shouted he, 'Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write in *Punch* ! Gracious powers ! In *Punch*—in *Punch* !'

'Rum or brandy, sir ?' said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

'*Rum*,' said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind) ; and as he drank the steaming liquor took my hand. 'Halfred,' said he, 'tell me this one thing—does *Punch* pay ? for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletooby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill.'

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletooby's lectures.

LECTURE I.

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible ; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked : such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletooby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears ; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say, that pursuant to her announcements in the

public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English history to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg of Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips—(would that they could have likewise trans-



ferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoy's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regarding Miss Tickletoy *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an

edition ; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Hamer*, AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONoured LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletohy's feet.

Miss Tickletohy believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletohy's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but remembering their effects, in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder ?

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletohy was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind

them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our task is over.* Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE.

MY LOVES,

With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mama, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's *Medulla* before me, never thought of looking to see whether Mother Goose was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, if I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletooby. (Great sensation.)

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the Seven Champions of Christendom, about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses, (Let Miss Biggs spell the word 'hypothesis,' and remember not to confound it with 'apothecary,') they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about the dates there would speedily be—you

who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's History of England have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black ; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papa's evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain ; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. (*'Hear, hear,' from LORD ABINGER and SIR ROBERT PEEL.*)

The ancient Britons were of a warlike rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets ; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them ; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger ; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people ; for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait.

(*Immense sensation.*)

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the Opera of Norma, which relates to these very Druids, that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*.

It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the Blue Postesses (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfastesses*, as I have heard the Duchess of —— often do. Remember then, Priests, singular Priest. 'Blue Post' (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens), singular—Blue Post. 'Breakfasts,' singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith (delighted and eager). I know.

Miss Tickletohy. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of 'breakfasts.'

Master Smith (clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose). The most singular breakfast I know, is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! (Master SMITH was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by Miss TICKLETOBY, who resumed her discourse.)

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find, (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority), that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebrates, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scare-crow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsy and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the follow-

ing Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.



IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQRE., author of the 'Ghoul,' 'Leila,' 'Idiosyncracy,' etc., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July, at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain. 1. On

the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.—2. The disposition of the human mind to avow such a study.—3. The *mystic* and the *historic*: their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.—6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume, (8) its singular resemblances with that of the transatlantic savage, (9) a passing word or reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the state ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons. — 15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin. 17. Fanciful simile.

18. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

19. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith, absurd blunder of the latter.

20. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—21. The character of Cæsar.—22. Of his successors.—23. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing and not an evil.—24. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

25. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletohy to her pupils:—

EXAMINATION PAPER.

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London.
Superintended by Wilhelmina Maria Tickletohy.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed!

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul!

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *invaders*!

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion).

The ali-campane prize to Miss Parminster (for answering this).

LECTURE II.

PERSONAGES PRESENT.

MISS WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.

MASTER SPRY, (*a quarrelsome boy.*)MISS PONTIFEX, (*a good girl.*)MASTER MAXIMUS PONTIFEX, (*her brother,
a worthy though not brilliant lad.*)MASTER DELANEY MORTIMER, (*says nothing.*)

} Pupils

MR. DESBOROUGH MORTIMER, *footman in the service of*SIR GEORGE GOLLOP, Bart., *and father of the above.*MISS BUDGE, *an assistant, (says nothing).*

Boys, girls, parents, etc.

SCENE AS BEFORE.

THE PICTS, THE SCOTS, THE DANES ; GREGORY THE SATIRIST, THE
CONVERSION OF THE BRITONS, THE CHARACTER OF ALFRED.

I DID not in my former lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them as I take it is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans) that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories: *real* scandal too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion*: for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump

on the nose instead ; and what was the consequence ? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

(*To Master Spry*). How did I punish you, my dear ?—tell the company.

(*Master Spry*). You kept the gingerbread.

(*Miss T., severely*). I don't mean that ; how *else* did I punish you ?

(*Master Spry*). You vipped me : but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy !—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations ; we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors ! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—(immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present)—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy ?

(*Master Spry*). Is there any schools there ? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

(*Miss T.*) Yes, sir, there *are* schools, and RODS.

(*Immense uproar. Cries of 'shame ! no flogging ! serve him right ! no tyranny ! horse him this instant !' With admirable presence of mind, however, Miss TICKLETOBY stopped the disturbance by unfolding her GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE !—of which we give the outline below.*)

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation !

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin !¹

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market, with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

¹ Albin, the ancient name of England : not to be confounded with Albin, hair-dresser and wig-maker to the bar, Essex Court, Temple.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?



The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

'Angles,' said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, 'they are not Angles, but Angels;' and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.¹

Miss Pontifex (one of the little girls). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

'Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome——'

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

¹ Miss Tickletohy did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so : and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo- or English-Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then : but about the year 830, the King called Egbert became the master of the whole country ; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe ; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

(Miss TICKLETOBY here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.)

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore, for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun, I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred ; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he : but who cares for one of them (except Harry V. and I think Shakespeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sung and played in the Danes' camp ?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look how, when the people love a man, how grateful they are ! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred

in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart, when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap if we get so far, to one George——

Mr. Mortimer (aloud, and with much confidence). George the Fourth, you mean, Miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (sternly). No, Sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, Sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—De Lancey, my dear, come with me. Mem!—I shall withdraw my son from your academy.

(*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Sr. and Jr.)

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkies choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming *these* lectures.

(*Punch*, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.)

LECTURE III.

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND.



IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and, when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the Bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

'ÆTHELFRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE.'

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.-XXVII.

A reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,
 Sate Æthelfred of England | and took his tea and toast ;
 Sate Æthelfred of England | and read *The Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,
 At Margate on the twentieth | his Majesty King Swayn,
 Of Denmark with a retinue | of horseman | and of Dane !

Loud laugh'd King Æthelfred, | and laid the paper down ;
 'Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown.'

'Take care,' said the Chancellor, | '*he doesn't come to town.*'

'This King Swayn,' said Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
 'Sea-king as he is | a boat-swain ought to be.'

'It is none of *our seeking*,' | says the Chancellor, says he.

'Let him come,' said the King (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),

'At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping.'

'Take care,' says Chancellor Wigfrid, | 'he don't give *you* a wapping.'

'I'm certain,' says wise Wigfrid, | 'the Sea-king means us evilly,

Herald, go to Margate, | and speak unto him civilly ;

And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli.'

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,

Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the Pier ;

Says he, 'King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here ?'

Swayn the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,

Walk'd on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—

Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologist, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs !), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald ; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

'Nay, I cannot go,' said Swayn, | 'for my ships are leaking.'

'You shall have a fleet,' says the herald, | 'if that be what you're seeking.'

'Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat,' | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms ; says that he will make his back into a football, and employ his nose for a bell-rope ; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—twopence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. ‘Well,’ says the Chronicler pathetically, ‘well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*’ A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew !

A battle, as is natural, ensues ; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian’s ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas !*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred’s defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn’s death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute’s reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak ; however, on Edmund’s death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated GODWIN (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wolstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know ; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletooby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS., *Claud.* xxvii., xxviii., 'The Song of King Canute.'¹

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score ;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and robbing more ;
And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with step sedate ;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks
great ;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws ;
If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him | that was clear to old and young ;
Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—
Once the Queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her
tongue.

'Something ails my royal master,' | cried the Keeper of the Seal ;
'Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call your Grace's doctor ?' | 'Psha, it is not *that* I feel.

'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool ! that doth my rest impair ;
Can a king be great as I am | prithee, and yet know no care ?
Oh ! I'm sick, and tired, and weary.' | Some one cried, 'The King's arm-
chair !'

Then towards the lackeys turning, | quick my lord the Keeper nodded ;
Straight the king's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-
bodied ;
Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' | cried he, 'over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd ; | where is glory like to mine ?'
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | 'Where is glory like to thine ?'

'What avail me all my kingdoms ? | I am weary now and old ;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold ;
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

¹ The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, Esq., author of *Perdition*, *The Ghoul*, editor of *The Lady's Lute*, etc.

'Oh, remorse ! the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites ;
Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires ;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires.'—
'Such a tender conscience,' cries the | Bishop, 'every one admires.

'But for such unpleasant by-gones | cease, my gracious Lord, to search ;
They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother Church.
Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

'Look, the land is crown'd with ministers | whom your Grace's bounty
raises ;

Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised ;—
You, my Lord, to think of dying ! | on my honour I'm amazed.'

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, | 'that my end is drawing near.'
'Don't say so,' exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear) ;
Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year !'

'Live these fifty years !' the Bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit) ;
'Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper | thus to speak of King Canute ?
Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure his Majesty will do't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece ; and | is not he as good as they ?'
'Fervently,' exclaimed the Keeper, | 'fervently I trust he may.'

'He to die !' resumed the Bishop ; | 'he, a mortal like to us ?
Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete ;
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet ;
Surely he could raise the dead up | did his Highness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon stand still ?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir Bishop,' Canute cried,
'Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride ?
If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make the sign ?'
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | 'Land and sea, my Lord, are thine.'
Canute look'd toward the ocean, | 'Back,' he said, 'thou foaming brine !

'From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat,
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat ;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet.'

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer | falling sounding on the shore,—
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop | back the King and courtiers bore.



And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
 But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey ;
 And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
 King Canute is dead and gone ; | parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR.



ING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Graves-end, I think, where the king grew so thoughtful.

(Here Miss T. was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun ; the fact is, that Miss BUDGE, the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.)

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the king's crown on the saint's head ; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the king paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a Pope two hundred years after his death—his holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally ; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat (*immense sensation*), is the only word to characterise this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near ; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong, gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been

fighting King Edward's enemies while the king was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly king staid at home in a hair shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late king, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be),¹ who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it? for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't, and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers, (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him, (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well, and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did.—(*Cries of 'Never mind, we've given it 'em since.'*)—Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletohy, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify.—(The lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.)—But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose

¹ Miss Tickletohy's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

they are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe—(*A voice, 'And no police neither.'*)

Harold being dead, His Majesty, King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the king managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with her Majesty the Queen, and the young Princes, at one of his castles in Normandy, (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young princes sitting at tea with their papa and mama, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William, and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

H.R. Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him; that his papa and mama favoured them, and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Court-hose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young Prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befel, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side



doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him sword in hand, and engaged him. Their vizors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. (*Hear, hear.*)

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow, that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried ‘Oh, murder!’ or ‘Oh, I’m done for!’ or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised

the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The king took the horse, but I'm sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good-humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

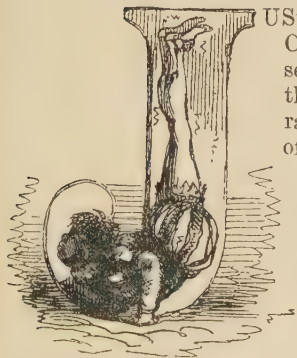
So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great Prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual, after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great king's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the king's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom! (*Much sensation, in the midst of which the lecturer retired.*)

LECTURE V.

WILLIAM RUFUS.



UST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends

meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him king instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before! (*Cries of 'Shame!'*)

At these exclamations Miss Tickletoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out 'Shame' in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame indeed! Shame on *you*, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all, every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such

premature rebellion. (*The children being silent, Miss T. put on a less severe countenance and continued*)—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying I have no doubt that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder, was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the king would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the king made them a speech.

‘Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea-voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. (*Cries of ‘Down with Robert Shorthose!’ ‘No Tyranny!’ ‘No Normans!’*) In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery, and even if it please Heaven to crown my first cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. (*Immense sensation.*)

‘Now I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. (*Hear, hear.*) I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings a-piece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army.’

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down; and what was the consequence of his affecting

appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the king said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the holy city, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

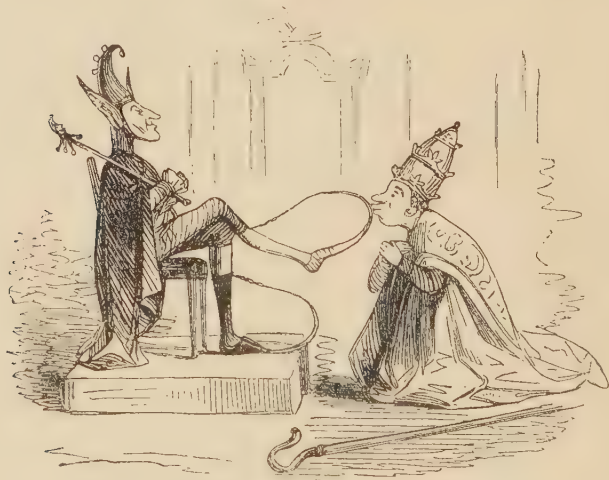
That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest in Hampshire, which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burnt down; orchards and corn-fields he laid waste; men, women, and children, he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period, our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his

royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of his Majesty's person and race) that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in the year 1100, when his Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.



He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it; and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the king when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes*. It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh! It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and

priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope ; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

LECTURE VI.

HENRY I.—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II.

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem, a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown ; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted ; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches. (*Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which Miss TICKLETOBY pronounced the fatal word 'breeches.'*)

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank, open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him ; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise ; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him ! We shall hear no more of him ; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling, tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great things ; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did) surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear, amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms, which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable ; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling, and cleverness, and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen ; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said, that they fought for the crown, like the devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted ; and he would have done much for his country too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—(*a blush covered Miss T.'s countenance with roses as she spoke*)—the subject which I am now called upon to treat, is—ahem !—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the king had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—(*a great sensation in the school*)—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned, than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and, when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled too ;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy king had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh ! I am ashamed

to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this instance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitted!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious:¹ do not people marry 'for better, for worse?' Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married her majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so! (*Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that Mrs. BINKS looked particularly hard at Mr. BINKS, saying, 'B., do you hear that?' and BINKS, on his part, looked particularly foolish.*)

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us: but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connexion could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth; but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? (*No, no!*)

It can't be to buy gloves—thought her injured majesty, Queen Eleanor—that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:—and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about—but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock, as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid,

¹ We grieve to remark, that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. (*Cries of 'Shame!'*) Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude



character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT! (*'Hear, hear!'* from the ladies; *'No, no!'* from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.)

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them

together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops,—take care never to *offend your wives*. (*Hear, hear!*) Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

'Nobody wants you, Sir,' said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

LECTURE VII.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

THE danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—to women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

THIS is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I daresay, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would, no doubt, be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

Master Spry.—Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat-ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now, suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who

would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry.—Pa'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would ; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer : the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Buonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters ! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Buonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him ! My loves, I would have flung myself off London-bridge first. (*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*)

Such—such is war ! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kind of glory ; and hope for the days when cocked hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professes to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all : as, alas ! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight ; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,¹ and indeed historians differ about it ; but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must

¹ Miss Tickletohy's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived ; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To



batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade ; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes ; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist ; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous ? Oh, very.

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the city of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan ; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly ; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that* ! if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I daresay, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home overland, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison ;—fancy him, in a prison-dress, very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a-day ; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to



wine ! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary ! Where was his army ? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them* : they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane ; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families ; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the King that he was allowed his piano ; for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the King's palace in St. James's Street—for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off,—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune ; so he began that sweet one, 'Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y' ; and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, '*Potztausend was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?*'

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,¹ he replied at once on the piano with 'Home, sweet Home.'

'Hullo !' says Blondell, or Blundell, 'there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up 'Rule Britannia'—'When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command,' etc., to which the King answered by 'God save the King.'

Can it be—is it possible—no—yes—is it really our august monarch ? thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, 'Who are you ?'

To which the King answered by a fantasia composed of the

¹ This settles the great question mooted every week in *The Sunday Times* as to the age of that lady.

two tunes, 'The King, God bless him,' and 'Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man'—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by 'Charlie is my Darling,' 'All's Well,' 'We only part to meet again,' and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made



to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner; and I believe His Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were!—I daresay he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures?—Fiddlestick!—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in

England in the whole course of his four years' reign : he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do ; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry ; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play. (*Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which Miss T. retires.*)

LECTURE VIII.

As it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of His late Majesty King John as briefly as possible ; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the History of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakespeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, His Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid ; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for His Royal Highness was the son of His Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and which didn't ; and I daresay, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman (hear, hear) ; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholemew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome, who lived in those days, was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have

spoken ; and what do you think he did ? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France ! (immense laughter) : then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly ; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French king's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten ; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was king for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another ; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy* ; when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft, effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them ; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives ; for the king, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the king in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own Royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say that a good wife was

the very best doctor in the world. Look how the great artist I employ has represented the scene!

This good queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses



to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there

in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor !

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. In being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it ; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !' But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, 'At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards ?'

Miss Binge.—Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am ?

Miss T.—Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs ; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing 'Poor Mary Ann' played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry.—Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits ? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily. (*A laugh, which Miss TICKLETOBY severely checks, and continues.*)

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

'Llhwllwyn pdwldwll cwmllwm.'—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.

'Let Wales attend ! the bard prophetic said :

I. V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z.'—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh Sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle ; he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the King had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots

he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation!

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

On the regular line of the Scotch kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is



a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphrey Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out

by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year ; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. Here is one representing John of Baliol on the North Road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the Royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate.

He retired, then ; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX.

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS.



COTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in PUNCH, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero ; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has

been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him '*quidam latro publicus*,' a certain common thief; another, writing his family, says he was '*ex infimâ gente procreatus*'—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable; in the case of these Scots especially, for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock—that he was a freebooter once, it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom—so much the more creditable to him then was it, that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward, but these nobles, though they conspired against the English king, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the king's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the king himself, when Edward, hearing of his Lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the king gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read *The*

History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a



flounce to his petticoat ; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott ; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived ; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time ;

and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all, were accused of 'sickly sentimentality,' just as they are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the Longshanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for amongst other causes they had to take sides against their country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune; not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The king, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, you will see what a

hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen ! these Scotchmen ! how they *do* stand by one another !

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce ; but it was not so ordained ; the old king was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any bare-legged Scot ; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307-1327) had not the energy of his father ; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots ; and you may hear sailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears ; we can afford it. (*Great sensation.*) As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland : but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant, idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas ! that I should have to say it), an infamous, disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched king's reign, with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels, they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots ; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny ; the king was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for

ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain ; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farm-houses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poitiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. ‘Heaven help us,’ said his Royal Highness ; ‘it only remains for us to fight bravely.’

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French king, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness ‘indignantly rejected.’

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off ; he killed his friends who came to help the king, he drove the king’s servants away ; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon heaven to defend the right ! Ah, my dears, there is not, a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the king was marched to supper in the conqueror’s tent, the Prince complimented him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the king ought to have won it (and so he ought and no mistake), and that his majesty was the ‘garland of chivalry.’ Nor would he sit down in his majesty’s presence—not he—he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the king (to wait upon him and rob him), so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks and performed all the duties of his Majesty’s yellow-plush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry ; the king being placed on a great horse, the prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting ‘Long live the prince.’ What

humility! cry the historians, what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride; if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings why didn't the prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poitiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then) died leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age, had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Perrers by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The king gave to this good-for-nothing creature



all the queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the court, and behaved in such a way that the parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after, his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward III., felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Perrers to come and console him ere he died. She seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the king's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof, the priest alone had the power of saying 'Amen.'

Here Miss Tickletooby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X.

EDWARD III.

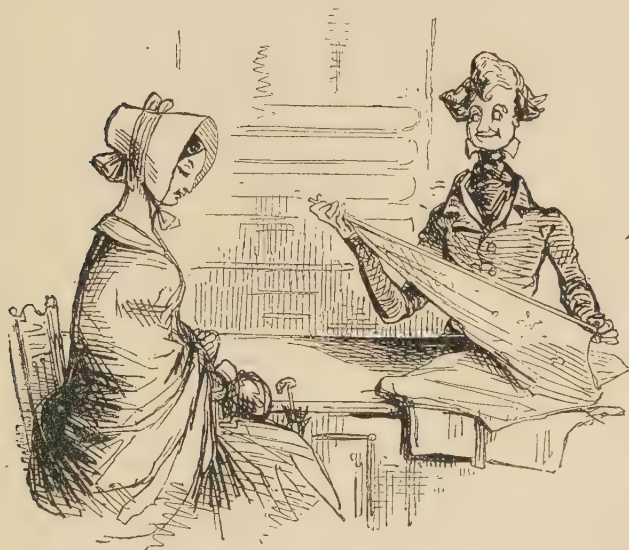
THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of these absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for a historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lovely and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean, and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing; yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good-humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—‘Fair Sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed virgin of heaven, cut each other's head off?’ ‘I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you,’ replies the other, and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses, covered also with gay housings, and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. ‘A Manny! a Manny! our Lady for Alençon,’ says one or the other:—‘For the love of the saints parry me that cut, Sir,’ says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. ‘*Par le Sambleu, beau Sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée,*’ says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek:—and the common people go to work just as genteelly:—whizz! how the bow-strings thrum, as the English archers, crying ‘St. George for England,’ send their arrows forth!

Montjoie Saint Denis!—how the Frenchmen at arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corslets shining

in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I fancy myself for a moment or two Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

(Here Miss TICKLETOBY, seizing playfully hold of Master TIMSON, lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in a heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad,—while



ENGLISHMAN WITH CLOTH-YARD SHAFT

Master TIMSON, who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.)

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who

ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the King's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than 500 towns and villages in the south of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown, —such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men. I don't know if the French wore 'wooden shoes' in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the King money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth! — a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French King's armies — for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing, that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging Edward's troops, had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense

French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!) who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.



ENGLISH ROLL-MAN

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the

resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him 'in their shirts, with halters round their necks,' the old chroniclers say, and as, in fact, is proved by the following portraits of



THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS.

The Queen interceded for their lives; the Monarch granted her prayer, and her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

'I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER,' here remarked an intelligent pupil.

'Of course, they must have done so, my dear,' answered Miss Tickletohy; 'but for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the King and Queen; indeed, as you will see by the picture, neither of them can help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burghesses cut.'

(The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.)

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH
REVOLUTION



THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING HISTORY OF EUROPE.)¹

CHAPTER I.

It is seldom that the historian has to record events more singular than those which occurred during this year, when the Crown of France was battled for by no less than four pretenders, with equal claims, merits, bravery, and popularity. First in the list we place—

His Royal Highness, LOUIS ANTONY FREDERIC SAMUEL ANNA-MARIA, DUKE OF BRITTANY, and son of LOUIS XVI. The unhappy Prince, when a prisoner with his unfortunate parents in the Temple, was enabled to escape from that place of confinement, hidden (for the treatment of the ruffians who guarded him had caused the young Prince to dwindle down astonishingly) in the cocked hat of the representative Roederer. It is well known that, in the troublous, revolutionary times, cocked hats were worn of a considerable size.

He passed a considerable part of his life in Germany; was confined there for thirty years in the dungeons of Spielberg; and, escaping thence to England, was, under pretence of debt, but in reality from political hatred, imprisoned there also in the Tower of London. He must not be confounded with any other of the persons who laid claim to be children of the unfortunate victim of the first revolution.

The next claimant, HENRI of BORDEAUX, is better known. In the year 1843, he held his little fugitive Court in furnished lodgings, in a forgotten district of London, called Belgrave Square. Many of the nobles of France flocked thither to him, despising

¹ [This *History* appeared in *Punch* during 1844.]

the persecutions of the occupant of the throne ; and some of the chiefs of the British nobility, among whom may be reckoned the celebrated and chivalrous Duke of Jenkins, aided the adventurous young Prince with their counsels, their wealth, and their valour.

The third candidate was his Imperial Highness PRINCE JOHN THOMAS NAPOLEON—a fourteenth cousin of the late emperor ; and said by some to be a Prince of the House of Gomersal. He argued justly, that, as the immediate relatives of the celebrated Corsican had declined to compete for the Crown which was their right, he, Prince JOHN THOMAS, being next in succession, was, undoubtedly, heir to the vacant Imperial throne. And in support of his claim, he appealed to the fidelity of Frenchmen and the strength of his good sword.

His Majesty LOUIS PHILIPPE was, it need not be said, the illustrious wielder of the sceptre which the three above-named princes desired to wrest from him. It does not appear that the sagacious monarch was esteemed by his subjects, as such a prince should have been esteemed. The light-minded people, on the contrary, were rather weary than otherwise of his sway. They were not in the least attached to his amiable family, for whom his Majesty with characteristic thrift had endeavoured to procure satisfactory allowances. And the leading statesmen of the country, whom his Majesty had disgusted, were suspected of entertaining any but feelings of loyalty towards his house and person.

It was against the three above-named pretenders that LOUIS PHILIPPE (now nearly a hundred years old), a prince amongst sovereigns, was called upon to defend his crown.

The city of Paris was guarded, as we all know, by a hundred and twenty-four forts, of a thousand guns each ; provisioned for a considerable time, and all so constructed as to fire, if need were, upon the Palace of the Tuileries. Thus, should the mob attack it, as in August 1792, and July 1830, the building could be razed to the ground in an hour ; thus, too, the capital was quite secure from foreign invasion. Another defence against the foreigners was the state of the roads ; since the English companies had retired, half a mile only of railroad had been completed in France, and thus any army accustomed, as those of Europe, now are, to move at sixty miles an hour, would have been *ennuyé*d to death before they could have marched from the Rhenish, the Maritime, the Alpine, or the Pyrenean frontier upon the capital of France. The French people, however, were indignant at this

¹ [*Punch* invented Jenkins to personify *The Morning*. *Post* Jenkins was raised to the peerage and dukedom of France by the French king, Henry V. See *Important Promotions ! Merit Rewarded !* (p. 406).]

defect of communication in their territory, and said, without the least show of reason, that they would have preferred that the five hundred and seventy-five thousand millions of francs which had been expended upon the fortifications should have been laid out in a more peaceful manner. However, behind his forts, the king lay secure.

As it is our aim to depict in as vivid a manner as possible the strange events of the period, the actions, the passions of individuals, and parties engaged, we cannot better describe them than by referring to contemporary documents, of which there is no lack. It is amusing at the present day to read in the pages of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats* the accounts of the strange scenes which took place.

The year 1834 had opened very tranquilly. The Court of the Tuileries had been extremely gay. The three-and-twenty youngest Princes of England, sons of her Majesty Victoria, had enlivened the balls by their presence. The Emperor of Russia and family had paid their accustomed visit; and the King of the Belgians had, as usual, made his visit to his royal father-in-law, under pretence of duty and pleasure, but really to demand payment of the Queen of the Belgians' dowry, which Louis Philippe of Orleans still resolutely declined to pay. Who would have thought that in the midst of such festivity danger was lurking rife; in the midst of such quiet rebellion?

Charenton was the great lunatic asylum of Paris, and it was to this repository that the scornful journalist consigned the pretender to the throne of Louis XVI.

But on the next day, viz. Saturday the 29th Feb., the same journal contained a paragraph of a much more startling and serious import; in which, although under a mask of carelessness, it was easy to see the Government alarm.

On Friday, the 28th Feb., the *Journal des Débats* contained a paragraph, which did not occasion much sensation at the Bourse, so absurd did its contents seem. It ran as follows:—

‘ENCORE UN LOUIS XVII. ! A letter from Calais tells us that a strange personage lately landed from England (from Bedlam we believe) has been giving himself out to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. This is the twenty-fourth pretender of the species who has asserted that his father was the august victim of the Temple. Beyond his pretensions, the poor creature is said to be pretty harmless; he is accompanied by one or two old women, who declare they recognise in him the Dauphin; he does not make any attempt to seize upon his throne by

force of arms, but waits until Heaven shall conduct him to it.

‘If his Majesty comes to Paris, we presume he will *take up* his quarters in the palace of *Charenton*.

‘We have not before alluded to certain rumours which have been afloat (among the lowest *canaille*, and the vilest *estaminets* of the Metropolis), that a notorious personage—why should we hesitate to mention the name of the PRINCE JOHN THOMAS NAPOLEON?—has entered France with culpable intentions and revolutionary views. The *Moniteur* of this morning, however, confirms the disgraceful fact. A pretender is on our shores; an armed assassin is threatening our peaceful liberties; a wandering, homeless cut-throat, is robbing on our highways, and the punishment of his crime awaits him.’ Let no consideration of the past deter that just punishment; it is the duty of the legislator to provide for *the future*. Let the full powers of the law be brought against him, aided by the stern justice of the public force. Let him be tracked, like a wild beast, to his lair, and meet the fate of one. But the sentence has, ere this, been certainly executed. The brigand, we hear, has been distributing (without any effect) pamphlets among the low ale-houses and peasantry of the department of the Upper Rhine (in which he lurks); and the police have an easy means of tracking his footsteps.

‘Corporal Crâne, of the Gendarmerie, is on the track of the unfortunate young man. His attempt will only serve to show the folly of Pretenders, and the love, respect, regard, fidelity, admiration, reverence and passionate personal attachment in which we hold our beloved Sovereign.’

SECOND EDITION!—CAPTURE OF THE PRINCE! .

‘A courier has just arrived at the Tuileries with a report, that after a scuffle between Corporal Crâne and the “Imperial Army” in a water-barrel, whither the latter had retreated, victory has remained with the former. A desperate combat ensued in the first place in a hay-loft, whence the Pretender was ejected with immense loss. He is now a prisoner—and we dread to think what his fate may be! It will warn future aspirants, and give Europe a lesson which it is not likely to forget. Above all, it will set beyond a doubt the regard, respect, admiration, reverence and adoration which we all feel for our Sovereign.’

THIRD EDITION!

‘A second courier has arrived—the infatuated Crâne has made common cause with the Prince, and for ever forfeited the respect

of Frenchmen. A detachment of the 520th Leger has marched in pursuit of the Pretender and his dupes. Go, Frenchmen, go and conquer! Remember that it is our rights you guard, our homes which you march to defend; our laws which are confided to the points of your unsullied bayonets—above all, our dear, dear Sovereign, around whose throne you rally!

‘Our feelings overpower us. Men of the 520th remember your watchword is GEMAPPES,—your countersign, VALMY.’

‘The Emperor of Russia and his distinguished family quitted the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty embraced his Majesty the King of the French with tears in his eyes, and conferred upon their RR.HH., the Princes of Nemours and Joinville, the grand cross of the Order of the Blue Eagle.’

‘His Majesty passed a review of the Police force—the venerable monarch was received with deafening cheers by this admirable and disinterested body of men. Those cheers were echoed in all French hearts: long, long may our beloved Prince be among us to receive them!’

CHAPTER II.

HENRY V. AND NAPOLEON III.

Sunday, February 30th.

WE resume our quotations from the *Débats*, which thus introduces a third Pretender to the throne.

‘Is this distracted country never to have peace? While on Friday we recorded the pretensions of a maniac to the great throne of France; while on Saturday we were compelled to register the culpable attempts of one whom we regard as a ruffian, murderer, swindler, forger, burglar, and common pickpocket, to gain over the allegiance of Frenchmen—it is to-day our painful duty to announce a *third* invasion—yes, a third invasion. The wretched, superstitious, fanatic Duke of Bordeaux, has landed at Nantz, and has summoned the Vendéans and the Bretons to mount the white cockade.

‘*Grand Dieu!* are we not happy, under the tricolour? Do we not repose under the majestic shadow of the best of kings? Is there any name prouder than that of Frenchman; any subject more happy than that of our sovereign? Does not the whole French family adore their father? Yes. Our lives, our hearts,

our blood, our fortune, are at his disposal. It was not in vain that we raised, it is not the first time we have rallied round, the august throne of July. The unhappy duke is most likely a prisoner by this time; and the martial court which shall be called upon to judge one infamous traitor and Pretender, may at the same moment judge another. Away with both! let the ditch of Vincennes (which has been already fatal to his race) receive his body too, and with it the corpse of the other Pretender. Thus will a great crime be wiped out of history, and the manes of a slaughtered martyr avenged!

‘One word more. We hear that the DUKE of JENKINS accompanies the descendant of Caroline of Naples—an *English Duke, entendez-vous!* an English Duke, great Heaven! and the princes of England still dancing in our royal halls! Where, where will the perfidy of Albion end?’

‘The King reviewed the third and fourth battalions of police. The usual heartrending cheers accompanied the monarch, who looked younger than ever we saw him—ay, as young as when he faced the Austrian cannon at Valmy, and scattered their squadrons at Gemmapes.

‘Rations of liquor, and crosses of the Legion of Honour, were distributed to all the men.’

‘The English princes quitted the Tuileries in twenty-three coaches and four. They were not rewarded with crosses of the Legion of Honour. This is significant.’

‘The Dukes of Joinville and Nemours left the palace for the departments of the Loire and Upper Rhine, where they will take the command of the troops. The Joinville regiment, *cavalerie de la marine*, is one of the finest in the service.’

‘Orders have been given to arrest the fanatic who calls himself Duke of Brittany, and who has been making some disturbances in the *Pas de Calais*.’

‘ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.—At the review of troops (police) yesterday, His Majesty going up to one old *grognaard*, and pulling him by the ear, said, “Wilt thou have a cross or another ration of wine?” The old hero, smiling archly, answered, “Sire, a brave man can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.” We need not say that he had his drink, and the generous Sovereign sent him the cross and ribbon too.’

On the next day the government journals begin to write in rather a despondent tone, regarding the progress of the Pretenders to the throne. In spite of their big talking, anxiety is clearly manifested, as appears from the following remarks of the *Débats* :—

‘The courier from the Rhine departments,’ says the *Débats*, ‘brings us the following astounding proclamation :—



“ ‘Strasburg, *xxii. Nivose : Décadi ; 92nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible.*

“ ‘WE, JOHN THOMAS NAPOLEON, by the Constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French Republic, to our marshals, generals, officers and soldiers, greeting :

“ ‘Soldiers !

“ ‘From the summit of the Pyramids, forty centuries look

down upon you. The sun of Austerlitz has risen once more. The guard dies, but never surrenders. My eagles, flying from steeple to steeple, never shall droop till they perch on the towers of Notre Dame.

“Soldiers! the child of *your Father* has remained long in exile. I have seen the fields of Europe where your laurels are now withering, and I have communed with the dead who repose beneath them. They ask where are our children! Where is France! Europe no longer glitters with the shine of its triumphant bayonets—echoes no more with the shouts of its victorious cannon. Who could reply to such a question, save with a blush?—And does a blush become the cheeks of Frenchmen?

“No, let us wipe from our faces that degrading mark of shame. Come, as of old, and rally round my eagles! You have been subject to fiddling prudence long enough. Come, worship now at the shrine of Glory! You have been promised liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free? Yes: free to conquer. Let us imitate the example of those indomitable myriads; and, flinging a defiance to Europe, once more trample over her; march in triumph into her prostrate capitals, and bring her kings with her treasures at our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

“Frenchmen! I promise you that the Rhine shall be restored to you; and that England shall rank no more among the nations. I will have a marine that shall drive her ships from the seas; a few of my brave regiments will do the rest. Henceforth, the traveller in that desert island shall ask, “Was it this wretched corner of the world that for a thousand years defied Frenchmen?”

“Frenchmen, up and rally!—I have flung my banner to the breezes; ’tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave:—up, and let our motto be, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD!

“NAPOLEON III.

“*The Marshal of the Empire*, HARICOT.”

“Such is the Proclamation! such the hopes that a brutal-minded and bloody adventurer holds out to our country. “War all over the world” is the cry of the savage demon; and the fiends who have rallied round him echo it in concert. We were not, it appears, correct in stating that a corporal’s guard had been sufficient to seize upon the marauder, when the first fire would have served to conclude his miserable life. But, like a

hideous disease, the contagion has spread; the remedy must be dreadful. Woe to those on whom it will fall!

His Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, Admiral of France, has hastened, as we before stated, to the disturbed districts, and takes with him his *cavalerie de la marine*. It is hard to think that the blades of those chivalrous heroes must be buried in the bosoms of Frenchmen; but so be it; it is those monsters who have asked for blood; not we. It is those ruffians who have begun to quarrel; not we. We remain calm and hopeful, reposing under the protection of the dearest and best of sovereigns.

The wretched Pretender, who called himself Duke of Brittany, has been seized, according to our prophecy; he was brought before the Prefect of Police yesterday, and his insanity being proved beyond a doubt, he has been consigned to a strait-waistcoat at Charenton. So may all incendiary enemies of our Government be overcome!

His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours is gone into the department of the Loire, where he will speedily put an end to the troubles in the disturbed districts of the Bocage and La Vendée. The foolish young Prince, who has there raised his standard, is followed, we hear, by a small number of wretched persons, of whose massacre we expect every moment to receive the news. He too has issued his proclamation, and our readers will smile at its contents:

“WE, HENRY, Fifth of the Name, King of France and Navarre, to all whom it may concern, greeting:

“After years of exile we have once more unfurled in France the banner of the lilies. Once more the white plume of Henri IV. floats in the crest of his little son! (*petit fils*). Gallant nobles! worthy burgesses! honest commons of my realm, I call upon you to rally round the oriflamme of France, and summon the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of my kingdoms. To my faithful Bretons I need no appeal. The country of Duguesclin has loyalty for an heirloom. To the rest of my subjects, my atheist misguided subjects, their father makes one last appeal. Come to me, my children! your errors shall be forgiven. Our holy Father, the Pope, shall intercede for you. He promised it when, before my deparature on this expedition, I kissed his inviolable toe!

“Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. All

the venerable institutions of our country shall be restored as they existed before 1788. Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country—the calm nurseries of saints and holy women! Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity and our country shall be free once more.

“His Majesty the King of Ireland, my august ally, has sent, under the command of His Royal Highness Prince Daniel, his Majesty’s youngest son, an irresistible IRISH BRIGADE, to co-operate in the good work. His Grace the Lion of Judah, the canonised patriarch of Tuam, blessed their green banner before they set forth. Henceforth may the lilies and the harp be ever twined together. Together we will make a crusade against the infidels of Albion, and raze their heretic domes to the ground. Let our cry be Vive France! down with England! Montjoie St. Denis!

“BY THE KING.

“The Secretary of State and
Grand Inquisitor.
The Marshal of France.
The General Commander-in-
Chief of the Irish Brigade
in the service of his Most
Christian Majesty.

LA ROUE.

POMPADOUR DE L’AILE DE PIGEON.

DANIEL, PRINCE OF BALLYBUNION.

“HENRI.”

‘His Majesty reviewed the admirable police force and held a council of ministers in the afternoon. Measures were concerted for the instant putting down of the disturbances in the departments of the Rhine and Loire, and it is arranged that on the capture of the Pretenders they shall be lodged in separate cells in the prison of the Luxembourg; the apartments are already prepared, and the officers at their post.

‘The grand banquet that was to be given at the palace to-day to the diplomatic body, has been put off; all the ambassadors being attacked with illness, which compels them to stay at home.’

‘The ambassadors despatched couriers to their various governments.’

‘His Majesty, the King of Belgium, left the Palace of the Tuileries.’

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDERS—HISTORICAL REVIEW.

WE will now resume the narrative, and endeavour to compress, in a few comprehensive pages, the facts which are more diffusely described in the print from which we have quoted.

It was manifest, then, that the troubles in the department were of a serious nature, and that the forces gathered round the two Pretenders to the crown were considerable. They had their supporters too in Paris,—as what party indeed has not? and the venerable occupant of the throne was in a state of considerable anxiety, and found his declining years by no means so comfortable as his virtues and great age might have warranted.

His paternal heart was the more grieved when he thought of the fate reserved to his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, now sprung up round him in vast numbers. The king's grandson, the prince-royal, married to a princess of the house of Schlippen Schloppen, was the father of fourteen children, all handsomely endowed with pensions by the state. His brother, the Count D'Eu, was similarly blessed with a multitudinous offspring. The Duke of Nemours had no children; but the Princes of Joinville, Aumale, and Montpensier (married to the Princesses Januaria and Februardia, of Brazil, and the Princess of the United States of America, erected into a monarchy 4th July 1856, under the Emperor Duff Green I.), were the happy fathers of immense families—all liberally apportioned by the Chambers, which had long been entirely subservient to His Majesty Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Aumale was King of Algeria, having married (in the first instance) the Princess Badroulboudour, a daughter of His Highness Abd-El-Kader. The Prince of Joinville was adored by the nation, on account of his famous victory over the English fleet, under the command of Admiral the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the *Richard Cobden*, of 120 guns, was taken by the *Belle-Poule*, frigate of 36, on which occasion forty-five other ships of war and seventy-nine steam frigates, struck their colours to about one-fourth the number of the heroic French navy. The victory was mainly owing to the gallantry of the celebrated French Horse-marines, who executed several brilliant charges under the orders of the intrepid Joinville; and though the Irish brigade,

with their ordinary modesty, claimed the honours of the day, yet, as only three of that nation were present in the action, impartial history must award the palm to the intrepid sons of Gaul.

With so numerous a family quartered on the nation, the solicitude of the admirable King may be conceived lest a revolution should ensue, and fling them on the world once more. How could he support so numerous a family? Considerable as his wealth was (for he was known to have amassed about a hundred and thirteen billions, which were lying in the caves of the



Tuileries), yet such a sum was quite insignificant when divided among his progeny—and, besides, he naturally preferred getting from the nation as much as his faithful people could possibly afford.

Seeing the imminency of the danger, and that money, well applied is often more efficacious than the conqueror's sword, the King's ministers were anxious that he should devote a part of his savings to the carrying on of the war. But, with the cautiousness of age, the monarch declined this offer; he preferred, he said, throwing himself upon his faithful people, who, he was sure, would meet, as became them, the coming exigency. The Chambers met his appeal with their usual devotion. At a solemn convocation of those legislative bodies, the King, surrounded by his family, explained the circumstances and the danger. His Majesty, his

family, his Ministers, and the two Chambers, then burst into tears, according to immemorial usage, and raising their hands to the ceiling, swore eternal fidelity to the dynasty and to France, and embraced each other affectingly all round.

It need not be said that in the course of that evening, two hundred deputies of the Left left Paris, and joined the Prince John Thomas Napoleon, who was now advanced as far as Dijon—two hundred and fifty-three (of the Right, the centre, and round the corner), similarly quitted the Capital to pay their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux—they were followed, according to their several political predilections, by the various Ministers and dignitaries of state. The only Minister who remained in Paris was Marshal Thiers, Prince of Waterloo (he had defeated the English in the very field where they had obtained formerly a success, though the victory was as usual claimed by the Irish Brigade); but age had ruined the health, and diminished the immense strength of that gigantic leader, and it is said his only reason for remaining in Paris was because a fit of the gout kept him in bed.

The Capital was entirely tranquil. The theatres and *cafés* were open as usual, and the masked balls attended with great enthusiasm—confiding in their hundred and twenty-four forts, the fight-minded people had nothing to fear.

Except in the way of money, the king left nothing undone to conciliate his people. He even went among them with his umbrella, but they were little touched with that mark of confidence. He shook hands with everybody; he distributed crosses of the legion of honour in such multitudes, that red ribband rose two hundred per cent in the market (by which his Majesty, who speculated in the article, cleared a tolerable some of money). But these blandishments and honours had little effect upon an apathetic people; and the enemy of the Orleans Dynasty, the fashionable young nobles of the Henriquinquiste party, wore gloves perpetually, for fear (they said) they should be obliged to shake hands with the best of kings; while the Republicans adopted coats without button-holes, lest they should be forced to hang red ribbons in them. The funds did not fluctuate in the least.

The proclamation of the several pretenders had had their effect. The young men of the schools and the *estaminets* (celebrated places of public education), allured by the noble words of Prince Napoleon, 'Liberty, equality, war all over the world!' flocked to his standard in considerable numbers; while the noblesse naturally hastened to offer their allegiance to the legitimate descendant of Saint Louis.

And truly, never was there seen a more brilliant chivalry

than that collected round the gallant Prince Henry! There was not a man in his army but had lacquered boots and fresh white kid gloves at morning and evening parade. The fantastic and effeminate, but brave and faithful troops, were numbered off into different legions—there was the Fleur d'Orange regiment; the Eau de Rose battalion; the Violet-pomatum Volunteers; the Eau de Cologne cavalry—according to the different scents which they affected. Most of the warriors wore lace ruffles; all powder and pig-tails, as in the real days of chivalry. A band of heavy dragoons under the command of Count Alfred de Horsay, made themselves conspicuous for their discipline, cruelty, and the admirable cut of their coats; and with these celebrated horsemen came from England the illustrious Duke of Jenkins with his superb footmen. They were all six feet high. They all wore



bouquets of the richest flowers. They wore bags, their hair slightly powdered, brilliant shoulder-knots, and cocked hats laced with gold. They wore the tight knee-pantaloons of velveteen, peculiar to this portion of the British infantry; and their legs were so superb, that the Duke of Bordeaux embracing with tears their admirable leader on parade, said, 'Jenkins, France never saw such calves until now.' The weapon of this tremendous militia was an immense club or cane, reaching from the sole of the foot to the nose, and heavily mounted with gold. Nothing could stand before this terrific weapon, and the breastplates and plumed morions of the French Cuirassiers would have been undoubtedly crushed beneath them, had they ever met in mortal combat. Between this part of the Prince's forces and the Irish auxiliaries there was a deadly animosity. Alas, there always is such in camps! The sons of Albion had not forgotten the day when the children of Erin had been subject to their devastating sway.

The uniform of the latter was various—the rich stuff called *corps-du-roy* (worn by Cœur-de-Lion at Agincourt) formed their lower habiliments for the most part: the national frieze¹ yielded them tail coats. The latter were generally torn in a fantastic manner at the elbows, skirts, and collars, and fastened with every variety of button, tape and string. Their weapons were the caubeen, the alpeen, and the doodeen, of the country—the latter a short but dreadful weapon of offence. At the demise of the venerable Theobald Mathew, the nation had laid aside its habit of temperance, and universal intoxication betokened their grief; it became afterwards their constant habit. Thus do men ever return to the haunts of their childhood, such a power has fond memory over us! The leaders of this host seem to have been, however, an effeminate race; they are represented by contemporary historians as being passionately fond of flying kites. Others say they went into battle armed with ‘bills,’ no doubt rude weapons; for it is stated that foreigners could never be got to accept them in lieu of their own arms. The Princes of Mayo, Sligo, and Connemara, marched by the side of their young and royal chieftain, the Prince of Ballybunion, fourth son of Daniel the First, King of the Emerald Isle.

Two hosts then, one under the Eagles, and surrounded by the republican imperialists, the other under the antique French Lilies, were marching on the French capital. The Duke of Brittany, too, confined in the Lunatic Asylum of Charenton, found means to issue a protest against his captivity which caused only derision in the capital. Such was the state of the empire, and such the clouds that were gathering round the Sun of Orleans!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF RHEIMS.

It was not the first time that the king had had to undergo misfortunes; and now, as then, he met them like a man. The Prince of Joinville was not successful in his campaign against the Imperial Pretender; and that bravery which had put the British fleets to flight, was found, as might be expected, insufficient against the irresistible courage of native Frenchmen. The Horse-Marines, not being on their own element, could not act with their usual

¹ Were these in any way related to the *chevaux de frise*, on which the French cavalry were mounted?

effect. Accustomed to the tumult of the swelling seas, they were easily unsaddled on *terra firma* and in the Champagne country.

It was literally in the Champagne country that the meeting between the troops under Joinville and Prince Napoleon took place; for both armies had reached Rheims, and a terrific battle was fought underneath the walls. For some time nothing could dislodge the army of Joinville, entrenched in the champagne cellars of Messrs. Ruinart, Moët, and others; but making too free with the fascinating liquor, the army at length became entirely drunk; on which the Imperialists, rushing into the cellars,



had an easy victory over them; and, this done, proceeded to intoxicate themselves likewise.

The Prince of Joinville, seeing the *déroute* of his troops, was compelled with a few faithful followers to fly towards Paris, and Prince Napoleon remained master of the field of battle. It is needless to recapitulate the bulletin which he published the day after the occasion, so soon as he and his secretaries were in a condition to write. Eagles, pyramids, rainbows, the Sun of Austerlitz, etc., figured in the proclamation, in close imitation of his illustrious uncle. But the great benefit of the action was this: on arousing from their intoxication, the late soldiers of Joinville kissed and embraced their comrades of the Imperial army, and made common cause with them.

‘Soldiers!’ said the Prince, on reviewing them the second day after the action. ‘The Cock is a gallant bird; but he makes way for the Eagle! your colours are not changed. Ours floated on the walls of Moscow—yours on the ramparts of Constantine; both are glorious. Soldiers of Joinville! we give you welcome, as we would welcome your illustrious leader, who destroyed the fleets of Albion. Let him join us! We will march together against that perfidious enemy!’

‘But, Soldiers! intoxication dimmed the laurels of yesterday’s glorious day! Let us drink no more of the fascinating liquors of our native Champagne. Let us remember Hannibal and Capua; and, before we plunge into dissipation, that we have Rome still to conquer!’

‘Soldiers! Seltzer water is good after too much drink. Wait a while, and your Emperor will lead you into a Seltzer-water country. Frenchmen! it lies BEYOND THE RHINE!’

Deafening shouts of ‘*Vive l’Empereur!*’ saluted this allusion of the Prince, and the army knew that their natural boundary should be restored to them. The compliments to the gallantry of the Prince of Joinville likewise won all hearts, and immensely advanced the Prince’s cause. The *Journal des Débats* did not know which way to turn. In one paragraph it called the Emperor ‘a sanguinary tyrant, murderer and pickpocket’; in a second it owned he was ‘a magnanimous rebel, and worthy of forgiveness’; and, after proclaiming ‘the brilliant victory of the Prince of Joinville,’ presently denominated it a *funeste journée*.

The next day the Emperor, as we may now call him, was about to march on Paris, when Messrs. Ruinart and Moët were presented, and requested to be paid for 300,000 bottles of wine. ‘Send three hundred thousand more to the Tuileries,’ said the Prince, sternly; ‘our soldiers will be thirsty when they reach Paris;’ and taking Moët with him as a hostage, and promising Ruinart that he would have him shot unless he obeyed—with trumpets playing and eagles glancing in the sun, the gallant Imperial army marched on their triumphant way.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

WE have now to record the expedition of the Prince of Nemours against his advancing cousin, Henry V. His Royal Highness

could not march against the enemy with such a force as he would have desired to bring against them, for his royal father, wisely remembering the vast amount of property he had stowed away under the Tuileries, refused to allow a single soldier to quit the forts round the Capital, which thus was defended by one hundred and forty-four thousand guns (eighty-four pounders), and four hundred and thirty-two thousand men:—little enough, when one considers that there were but three men to a gun. To provision this immense army, and a population of double the amount within the walls, his Majesty caused the country to be scoured for fifty miles round, and left neither ox, nor ass, nor blade of grass. When appealed to by the inhabitants of the plundered district, the Royal Philip replied, with tears in his eyes, that his heart bled for them—that they were his children—that every cow taken from the meanest peasant was like a limb torn from his own body; but that duty must be done, that the interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, and that in fact they might go to the deuce—this the unfortunate creatures certainly did.

The theatres went on as usual within the walls. The *Journal des Débats* stated every day that the Pretenders were taken; the Chambers sat—such as remained, and talked immensely about honour, dignity, and the glorious revolution of July; and the King, as his power was now pretty nigh absolute over them, thought this a good opportunity to bring in a Bill for doubling his children's allowances all round.

Meanwhile the Duke of Nemours proceeded on his march; and as there was nothing left within fifty miles of Paris wherewith to support his famished troops, it may be imagined that he was forced to ransack the next fifty miles in order to maintain them. He did so. But the troops were not such as they should have been, considering the enemy with whom they had to engage.

The fact is, that most of the Duke's army consisted of the National Guard; who, in a fit of enthusiasm, and at the cry of '*LA PATRIE EN DANGER*' having been induced to volunteer, had been eagerly accepted by his Majesty, anxious to lessen as much as possible the number of food-consumers in his beleaguered capital. It is said even that he selected the most gormandising battalions of the civic force to send forth against the enemy; viz. the grocers, the rich bankers, the lawyers, etc. Their parting with their families was very affecting. They would have been very willing to recall their offer of marching, but companies of stern veterans closing round them, marched them to the city gates, which were closed upon them; and thus perforce they were compelled to move on. As long as he had a bottle of

brandy and a couple of sausages in his holsters, the general of the National Guard, Odillon Barrot, talked with tremendous courage. Such was the power of his eloquence over the troops, that, could he have come up with the enemy while his victuals lasted, the issue of the combat might have been very different. But in the course of the first day's march he finished both the sausages and the brandy, and became quite uneasy, silent, and crest-fallen.

It was on the fair plains of Touraine, by the banks of silver Loire, that the armies sate down before each other, and the battle was to take place which had such an effect upon the fortunes of France. 'Twas a brisk day of March; the practised valour of Nemours showed him at once what use to make of the army under his orders, and having enfiladed his National Guard battalions, and placed his artillery in *échelons*, he formed his cavalry into hollow squares on the right and left of his line, flinging out a cloud of howitzers to fall back upon the main column. His veteran infantry he formed behind his National Guard—politely hinting to Odillon Barrot, who wished to retire under pretence of being exceedingly unwell, that the regular troops would bayonet the National Guard if they gave way an inch—on which their general turning very pale, demurely went back to his post. His men were dreadfully discouraged; they had slept on the ground all night; they regretted their homes and their comfortable night-caps in the Rue St. Honoré; they had luckily fallen in with a flock of sheep and a drove of oxen at Tours the day before; but what were these, compared to the delicacies of Chevet's or three courses at Véfour's? They mournfully cooked their steaks and cutlets on their ram-rods, and passed a most wretched night.

The army of Henry was encamped opposite to them, for the most part in better order. The noble cavalry regiments found a village, in which they made themselves pretty comfortable, JENKINS's Foot taking possession of the kitchens and garrets of the buildings. The Irish brigade, accustomed to lie abroad, were quartered in some potato fields, where they sang Moore's melodies



all night. There were, besides, the troops regular and irregular, about three thousand priests and *abbés* with the army; armed with scourging whips, and chanting the most lugubrious canticles; these reverend men were found to be a hindrance than otherwise to the operations of the regular forces.

It was a touching sight, in the morning before the battle, to see the alacrity with which JENKINS's regiment sprung up at the first *réveillé* of the bell, and engaged (the honest fellows!) in offices almost menial for the benefit of their French allies. The duke himself set the example, and blacked to a nicety the boots of HENRI. At half-past ten, after coffee, the brilliant warriors of the cavalry were ready; their clarions rung to horse, their banners were given to the wind, their shirt-collars were exquisitely starched, and the whole air was scented with the odours of their pomatums and pocket-handkerchiefs.

JENKINS had the honour of holding the stirrup for HENRI. 'My faithful duke!' said the prince, pulling him by the shoulder-knot, 'thou art always at *thy Post*.' 'Here, as in Wellington Street, sire,' said the hero, blushing—and the prince made an appropriate speech to his chivalry, in which allusions to the lilies, Saint Louis, Bayard, and Henri Quatre, were, as may be imagined, not spared. 'Ho! standard-bearer!' the prince concluded, 'Fling out my oriflamme. Noble gents of France, your King is among you to-day!'

Then, turning to the Prince of Ballybunion, who had been drinking whisky-punch all night, with the Princes of Sligo and Connemara, 'Prince,' he said, 'the Irish brigade has won every battle in the French history—we will not deprive you of the honour of winning this. You will please to commence the attack with your brigade.' Bending his head until the green plumes of his beaver mingled with the mane of the Shetland pony which he rode, the Prince of Ireland trotted off with his *aides-de-camp*, who rode the same horse, a powerful grey, with which a dealer at Nantes had supplied them on their and the prince's joint bill at three months.

The gallant sons of Erin had wisely slept until the last minute in their potato-trenches, but rose at once at the summons of their beloved prince. Their toilet was the work of a moment—a single shake and it was done. Rapidly forming into a line, they advanced headed by their generals, who, turning their steeds into a grass-field, wisely determined to fight on foot. Behind them came the line of British foot under the illustrious Jenkins, who marched in advance perfectly collected, and smoking a Manilla cigar. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry,

prepared to act in *pontoon*, in *échelon*, or in *ricochet*, as occasion might demand. The prince rode behind, supported by his staff, who were almost all of them bishops, archdeacons, or *abbés*, and the body of ecclesiastics followed, singing to the sound, or rather howl, of serpents and trombones, the Latin canticles of the revered Franciscus O'Mahony, lately canonised under the name of Saint Francis of Cork.

The advanced lines of the two contending armies were now in presence—the national guard of Orleans, and the Irish brigade. The white belts and fat paunches of the guard presented a terrific appearance, but it might have been remarked by the close observer, that their faces were as white as their belts and the long line of their bayonets might be seen to quiver. General Odillon Bartot, with a cockade as large as a pancake, endeavoured to make a speech—the words, *honneur, patrie, Français, champ-de-bataille*, might be distinguished, but the general was dreadfully flustered, and was evidently more at home in the Chamber of Deputies than in the field of war.

The Prince of Ballybunion, for a wonder, did not make a speech. ‘Boys,’ said he, ‘we’ve enough talking at the Corn Exchange; bating’s the word now.’ The Green-Islanders replied with a tremendous hurroo which sent terror into the fat bosoms of the French.

‘Gentlemen of the National Guard,’ said the prince, taking off his hat, and bowing to Odillon Bartot, ‘will ye be so igsthramely obleeing as to fire first.’ This he said because it had been said at Fontenoy, but chiefly because his own men were only armed with shillelaghs, and therefore could not fire.

But this proposal was very unpalatable to the National Guardsmen; for though they understood the musket-exercise pretty well, firing was the thing of all others they detested, the noise and the kick of the gun and the smell of the powder being very unpleasant to them. ‘We won’t fire,’ said Odillon Barrot, turning round to Colonel Saugrenue and his regiment of the line—which, it may be remembered, was formed behind the National Guard.

‘Then give them bayonet,’ said the colonel with a terrific oath. ‘Charge, *corbleu*!’

At this moment, and with the most dreadful howl that ever was heard, the National Guard was seen to rush forwards wildly, and with immense velocity towards the foe. The fact is, that the line-regiment behind them, each selecting his man, gave a poke with his bayonet between the coat tails of the Nationals, and those troops bounded forwards with an irresistible swiftness.

Nothing could withstand the tremendous impetus of that

manœuvre. The Irish brigade was scattered before it, as chaff before the wind. The Prince of Ballybunion had barely time to run Odillon Barrot through the body, when he too was borne away in the 'swift route. They scattered tumultuously, and fled for twenty miles without stopping. The Princes of Donegal and Connemara were taken prisoners, but though they offered to give bills at three months, and for a hundred thousand pounds, for their ransom, the offer was refused, and they were sent to the rear when the Duke of Nemours, hearing they were Irish generals, and that they had been robbed of their ready money by his



troops, who had taken them prisoners, caused a comfortable breakfast to be supplied to them, and lent them each a sum of money. How generous are men in success! the Prince of Orleans was charmed with the conduct of his National Guards, and thought his victory secure. He despatched a courier to Paris with the brief words, 'We met the enemy before Tours. The National Guard has done its duty. The troops of the Pretender are routed. *Vive le Roi!*' The note, you may be sure, appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, and the Editor who only that morning had called Henri V. 'a great Prince, an august exile,' denominated him instantly a murderer, slave, thief, cut-throat, pickpocket, and burglar.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENGLISH UNDER JENKINS.

BUT the prince had not calculated that there was a line of BRITISH INFANTRY behind the routed Irish brigade. Borne on with the hurry of the *melée*, flushed with triumph, puffing and blowing with running, and forgetting, in the intoxication of victory, the trifling bayonet-pricks which had impelled them to the charge, the conquering National Guardsmen found themselves suddenly in presence of JENKINS'S FOOT.

They halted all in a huddle, like a flock of sheep.

'*Up, Foot, and at them!*' were the memorable words of the Duke Jenkins, as, waving his baton, he pointed towards the enemy, and with a tremendous shout the stalwart sons of England rushed on! Down went plume and cocked hat, down went corporal and captain, down went grocer and tailor, under the long staves of the indomitable English Footmen. 'A Jenkins! a Jenkins!' roared the Duke, planting a blow which broke the aquiline nose of Major Arago, the celebrated astronomer. 'St. George for Mayfair!' shouted his followers, strewing the plain with carcasses. Not a man of the Guard escaped; they fell like grass before the mower.

'They are gallant troops, those yellow-plushed Anglais,' said the Duke of Nemours, surveying them with his opera-glass; 'tis a pity they will all be cut up in half an hour. Concombre! take your dragoons, and do it!' 'Remember, Waterloo, boys!' said Colonel Concombre, twirling his moustache, and a thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and the gallant hussars prepared to attack the Englishmen.

JENKINS, his gigantic form leaning on his staff, and surveying the havoc of the field, was instantly aware of the enemy's manœuvre. His people were employed rifling the pockets of the National Guard, and had made a tolerable booty when the great duke, taking a bell out of his pocket (it was used for signals in his battalion in place of fife or bugle) speedily called his scattered warriors together. 'Take the muskets of the Nationals,' said he. They did so. 'Form in square, and prepare to receive cavalry!' By the time Concombre's regiment arrived, he found a square of bristling bayonets with Britons behind them!

The colonel did not care to attempt to break that tremendous body. 'Halt!' said he to his men.

‘FIRE!’ screamed Jenkins, with eagle swiftness; but the guns of the National Guard not being loaded did not in consequence go off. The hussars gave a jeer of derision, but nevertheless did not return to the attack, and seeing some of the Legitimist cavalry at hand, prepared to charge upon them.

The fate of those carpet warriors was soon decided. The Millefleur regiment broke before Concombre’s hussars instantaneously; the Eau de Rose dragoons stuck spurs into their blood horses, and galloped far out of reach of the opposing cavalry; the Eau de Cologne lancers fainted to a man, and the regiment of Concombre, pursuing its course, had actually reached the prince



and his *aides-de-camp*, when the clergymen coming up formed gallantly round the oriflamme, and the bassoons and serpents braying again, set up such a shout of canticles, and anathemas, and excommunications, that the horses of Concombre’s dragoons in turn took fright, and those warriors in their turn broke and fled. As soon as they turned, the Vendean riflemen fired amongst them, and finished them—the gallant Concombre fell; the intrepid though diminutive Cornichon, his major, was cut down; Cardon was wounded *à la moelle*, and the wife of the fiery Navet was that day a widow. Peace to the souls of the brave! In defeat or in victory, where can the soldier find a more fitting resting-place than the glorious field of carnage? Only a few disorderly and dispirited riders of Concombre’s regiment reached Tours at night. They had left it

but the day before, a thousand disciplined and high-spirited men!

Knowing how irresistible a weapon is the bayonet in British hands, the intrepid JENKINS determined to carry on his advantage and charged the Saugrenue Light Infantry (now before him) with *cold steel*. The Frenchmen delivered a volley, of which a shot took effect in Jenkins's cockade, but did not abide the crossing of the weapons. 'A Frenchman dies, but never surrenders,' said Saugrenue, yielding up his sword, and his whole regiment were stabbed, trampled down, or made prisoner. The blood of the Englishmen rose in the hot encounter. Their curses were horrible; their courage tremendous. 'On, on,' hoarsely screamed they, and a second regiment met them and was crushed, pounded, in the hurtling grinding encounter. 'A Jenkins, a Jenkins!' still roared the heroic duke; 'St. George for Mayfair!' The Footmen of



England still yelled their terrific battle-cry, 'Hurra, hurra!' On they went, regiment after regiment was annihilated, until scared at the very trample of the advancing warriors, the dismayed troops of France screaming, fled. Gathering his last warriors round about him, Nemours determined to make a last desperate effort. 'Twas vain; the ranks met; the next moment the truncheon of the Prince of Orleans was dashed from his hand by the irresistible mace of the Duke Jenkins; his horse's shins were broken by the same weapon. Screaming with agony, the animal fell. Jenkins's hand was at the duke's collar in a moment, and had he not gasped out '*Je me rends,*' he would have been throttled in that dreadful grasp!

Three hundred and forty-two standards, seventy-nine regiments, their baggage, ammunition, and treasure-chests, fell into the hands of the victorious duke. He had avenged the honour of Old England, and himself presenting the sword of the conquered Nemours to Prince Henri, who now came up, the prince, bursting into tears, fell on his neck, and said, 'Duke, I owe my crown to

my patron saint and you.' It was indeed a glorious victory, but what will not British valour attain?

The Duke of Nemours, having despatched a brief note to Paris, saying, 'Sire, all is lost except honour!' was sent off in confinement, and, in spite of the entreaties of his captor, was hardly treated with decent politeness. The priests and the noble regiments who rode back when the affair was over were for having the Prince shot at once, and murmured loudly against '*cet Anglais brutal*,' who interposed in behalf of his prisoner. Henry V. granted the Prince his life, but, no doubt misguided by the advice of his noble and ecclesiastical councillors, treated the illustrious English Duke with marked coldness, and did not even ask him to supper that night.

'Well!' said Jenkins, 'I and my merry men can sup alone;' and, indeed having had the pick of the plunder of about 28,000 men, they had wherewithal to make themselves pretty comfortable. The prisoners (25,403) were all without difficulty induced to assume the white cockade. Most of them had those marks of loyalty ready sewn in their flannel waistcoats, where they swore they had worn them ever since 1830. This we may believe, and we will; but the Prince Henri was too politic or too good-humoured in the moment of victory to doubt the sincerity of his new subjects' protestations, and received the Colonels and Generals affably at his table.

The next morning a proclamation was issued to the united armies:

'Faithful soldiers of France and Navarre,' said the Prince, 'the Saints have won for us a great victory—the enemies of our religion have been overcome—the lilies are restored to their native soil. Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock the army under my command engaged that which was led by his *Serene* Highness the Duke de Nemours. Our forces were but a third in number when compared with those of the enemy. My faithful chivalry and nobles made the strength, however, equal.

'The regiments of Fleur d'Orange, Millefleur, and Eau de Cologne, covered themselves with glory—they sabred many thousands of the enemy's troops. Their valour was ably seconded by the gallantry of my ecclesiastical friends; at a moment of danger they rallied round my banner, and, forsaking the crosier for the sword, showed that they were of the church militant indeed.

'My faithful Irish auxiliaries conducted themselves with becoming heroism—but why particularize when all did their duty? How remember individual acts when all were heroes?'

The Marshal of France, Sucre d'Orgeville, Commander of the army of H.M. Christian Majesty, recommended about three thousand persons for promotion, and the indignation of Jenkins and his brave companions may be imagined when it is stated that they were not even mentioned in the despatch!

As for the Princes of Ballybunion, Donegal, and Connemara, they wrote off despatches to their government, saying, 'The Duke of Nemours is beaten, and a prisoner!' 'The Irish brigade has done it all!' on which His Majesty the King of the Irish, convoking his Parliament at the Corn Exchange Palace, Dublin, made a speech, in which he called Louis Philippe an 'old miscreant,' and paid the highest compliments to his son and his troops. The King on this occasion knighted Sir Henry Sheehan, Sir Gavan Duffy (whose journals had published the news), and was so delighted with the valour of his son, that he despatched him his Order of the Pig and Whistle (1st class) and a munificent present of five hundred thousand pounds—in a bill at three months. All Dublin was illuminated; and at a ball at the Castle, the Lord Chancellor Smith (Earl of Smithereens), getting extremely intoxicated, called out the Lord Bishop of Galway (the Dove) and they fought in the Phoenix Park. Having shot the Right Reverend Bishop through the body, Smithereens apologized. He was the same practitioner who had rendered himself so celebrated in the memorable trial of the King—before the Act of Independence.

Meanwhile, the army of Prince Henri advanced with rapid strides towards Paris, whither the History likewise must hasten; for extraordinary were the events preparing in that capital.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEAGUER OF PARIS

By a singular coincidence, on the very same day, when the armies of Henri V. appeared before Paris from the Western Road, those of the Emperor John Thomas Napoleon arrived from the North. Skirmishes took place between the advanced guards of the two parties, and much slaughter ensued.

'*Bon!*' thought King Louis Philippe, who examined them from his tower; 'they will kill each other; this is by far the most economical way of getting rid of them.' The astute monarch's calculations were admirably exposed by a clever remark of the Prince of Ballybunion. 'Faix, Harry,' says he (with

a familiarity which the punctilious son of Saint Louis resented), 'you and him yandther, the Emperor I mane, are like the Kilkenny cats, dear.'

'*Et que font-ils ces chats de Kilkigny, Monsieur le Prince de Ballybunion ?*' asked the most Christian King haughtily.

Prince Daniel replied by narrating the well-known apologue of the animals, 'ating each other all up but their *teels*, and that's what you and Imparial Pop yondther will do, blazing away as ye are,' added the jocose and royal boy.

'*Je prie votre Altesse Royale de vaguer à ses propres affaires,*' answered Prince Henri sternly, for he was an enemy to anything like a joke ; but there is always wisdom in real wit, and it would have been well for His Most Christian Majesty had he followed the facetious counsels of his Irish ally.

The fact is, the King, Henri, had an understanding with the garrisons of some of the forts, and expected all would declare for him. However, of the twenty-four forts which we have described, eight only, and by the means of Marshal Soult, who had grown extremely devout of late years, declared for Henri, and raised the white flag ; while eight others, seeing Prince John Thomas Napoleon before them in the costume of his revered predecessor, at once flung open their gates to him, and mounted the tricolour with the eagle ; the remaining eight, into which the Princes of the blood of Orleans had thrown themselves, remained constant to Louis Philippe. Nothing could induce that Prince to quit the Tuileries. His money was there, and he swore he would remain by it. In vain his sons offered to bring him into one of the forts, he would not stir without his treasure ; they said they would transport it thither ; but no, no ; the patriarchal monarch, putting his finger to his aged nose, and winking archly, said, 'he knew a trick worth two of that,' and resolved to abide by his bags.

The theatres and *cafés* remained open as usual ; the funds rose three centimes. The *Journal des Débats* published three editions of different tones of politics ; one, the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the Napoleonites ; the *Journal de la Légimité*, another very complimentary to the legitimate monarch, and finally, the original edition bound heart and soul to the dynasty of July. The poor editor, who had to write all three, complained not a little that his salary was not raised ; but the truth is, that, by altering the names, one article did indifferently for either paper. The Duke of Brittany, under the title of Louis XVII., was always issuing manifestoes from Charenton, but of these the Parisians took little heed—the *Charivari* proclaimed itself his gazette, and was allowed to be very witty at the expense of the three Pretenders.

As the country had been ravaged for a hundred miles round, the respective Princes of course were for throwing themselves into the forts, where there was plenty of provision, and when once there, they speedily began to turn out such of the garrison as were disagreeable to them, or had an inconvenient appetite, or were of a doubtful fidelity. These poor fellows, turned into the road, had no choice but starvation; as to getting into Paris, that was impossible. A mouse could not have got into the place, so admirably were the forts guarded, without having his head taken



off by a cannon ball. Thus the three conflicting parties stood close to each other, hating each other, 'willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,'—the victuals in the forts, from the prodigious increase of the garrisons, getting smaller every day. As for Louis Philippe in his palace, in the centre of the twenty-four forts, knowing that a spark from one might set them all blazing away, and that he and his money-bags might be blown into eternity in ten minutes, you may fancy his situation was not very comfortable.

But his safety lay in his treasure. Neither the Imperialists nor the Bourbonites were willing to relinquish the two hundred and fifty billions in gold; nor would the Princes of Orleans dare

to fire upon that considerable sum of money, and its possessor, their revered father. How was this state of things to end! The Emperor sent a note to His Most Christian Majesty (for they always styled each other in this manner in their communications), proposing that they should turn out and decide the quarrel sword in hand, to which proposition Henri would have acceded, but that the priests, his ghostly counsellors, threatened to excommunicate him should he do so. Hence this simple way of settling the dispute was impossible.

The presence of the holy fathers caused considerable annoyance in the forts. Especially the poor English, as Protestants were



subject to much petty persecutions, to the no small anger of JENKINS, their commander. And it must be confessed that these intrepid footmen were not so amenable to discipline as they might have been. Remembering the usages of merry England, they clubbed together, and swore they would have four meals of meat a day, wax candles in the casemates, and their porter. These demands were laughed at. The priests even called upon them to fast on Fridays, on which a general mutiny broke out in the regiment; and they would have had a *fourth* standard raised before Paris—viz. that of England—but the garrison proving too strong for them, they were compelled to lay down their sticks; and, in consideration of past services, were permitted to leave the forts. 'Twas well for them! as you shall hear.

The Prince of Ballybunion and the Irish force were quartered in the fort which, in compliment to them, was called Fort Potato, and where they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The Princes had as much brandy as they liked, and passed their time on the ramparts playing at dice or pitch and toss (with the halfpenny that one of them somehow had) for vast sums of money, for which they gave their notes of hand. The warriors of their legion would stand round delighted; and it was 'Musha, Masther Dan, but that's a good throw!' 'Good luck to you, Misther Pat, and throw thirteen this time!' and so forth. But this sort of inaction could not last long. They had heard of the treasures amassed in the Palace of the Tuileries; they sighed when they thought of the lack of bullion in their green and beautiful country. They panted for war! They formed their plan.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE FORTS.

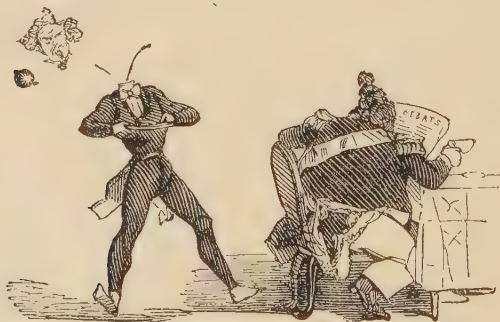
ON the morning of the 26th October 1884, as his Majesty Louis Philippe was at breakfast, reading the *Débats* newspaper, and wishing that what the journal said about, 'Cholera Morbus in the Camp of the Pretender Henri'—'Chicken-pox raging in the forts of the Traitor Bonaparte,'—might be true, what was his surprise to hear the report of a gun; and at the same instant—whizz! came an eighty-four pound ball through the window, and took off the head of the faithful Monsieur de Montalivet, who was coming in with a plate of muffins.

'Three francs for the window,' said the monarch; 'and the muffins of course spoiled;' and he sate down to breakfast very peevishly. Ah, King Louis Philippe, that shot cost thee more than a window-pane—more than a plate of muffins—it cost thee a fair kingdom and fifty millions of tax-payers.

The shot had been fired from FORT POTATO. 'Gracious Heavens!' said the commander of the place to the Irish prince, in a fury. 'What has your Highness done?' 'Faix,' replied the other, 'Donegal and I saw a sparrow on the Tuileries, and we thought we'd have a shot at it, that's all.' 'Horroo! look out for squalls,' here cried the intrepid Hibernian, for at this moment one of Paixhans' shells fell into the counterscarp of the demilune

on which they were standing, and sent a ravelin and a couple of embrasures flying about their ears.

Fort Twenty-three, which held out for Louis Philippe, seeing Fort Twenty-four, or Potato, open a fire on the Tuileries, instantly replied by its guns, with which it blazed away at the Bourbonite Fort. On seeing this, Fort Twenty-two, occupied by the Imperialists, began pummelling Twenty-three; Twenty-one began at Twenty-two; and in a quarter of an hour the whole of this vast line of fortification was in a blaze of flame, flashing, roaring, cannonading, rocketing, bombing, in the most tremendous manner. The world has never, perhaps, before or since, heard such an uproar. Fancy twenty-four thousand guns thundering at each other.



Fancy the sky red with the fires of hundreds of thousands of blazing, brazen meteors; the air thick with impenetrable smoke—the universe almost in a flame! for the noise of the cannonading was heard on the peaks of the Andes, and broke three windows in the English factory at Canton. Boom, boom, boom! for three days incessantly the gigantic, I may say, Cyclopean battle went on; boom, boom, bong! The air was thick with cannon balls; they hurled, they jostled each other in the heavens, and fell whizzing, whirling, crashing, back into the very forts from which they came. Boom, boom, boom, bong, brrrrrrrrr!

On the second day a band might have been seen (had the smoke permitted it) assembling at the sally-port of Fort Potato, and have been heard (if the tremendous clang of the cannonading had allowed it) giving mysterious signs and countersigns. 'Tom' was the word whispered, 'Steele' was the sibilated response—(it is astonishing how, in the roar of elements, the *human whisper* hisses above all!)—it was the Irish brigades assembling. 'Now

or never, boys,' said their leaders, and sticking their doodeens into their mouths, they dropped stealthily into the trenches, heedless of the broken glass and sword-blades; rose from those trenches; formed in silent order; and marched to Paris. They knew they could arrive there unobserved—nobody, indeed, remarked their absence.

The frivolous Parisians were, in the meanwhile, amusing themselves at their theatres and *cafés* as usual; and a new piece, in which Arnal performed, was the universal talk of the foyers; while a new *feuilleton*, by Monsieur Eugène Sue, kept the attention of the reader so fascinated to the journal, that they did not care in the least for the *vacarme* without the walls.

CHAPTER IX.

LOUIS XVII.

THE tremendous cannonading, however, had a singular effect upon the inhabitants of the great public hospital of Charenton, in which it may be remembered Louis XVII. had been, as in mockery, confined. His majesty of demeanour, his calm deportment, the reasonableness of his pretensions, had not failed to strike with awe and respect his four thousand comrades of captivity. The Emperor of China, the Princess of the Moon; Julius Cæsar; Saint Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, the Pope of Rome; the Cacique of Mexico; and several singular and illustrious personages, who happened to be confined there, all held a council with Louis XVII., and all agreed that now or never was the time to support his legitimate pretensions to the Crown of France. As the cannons roared around them, they howled with furious delight in response—they took counsel together—Doctor Pinel and the infamous jailers who, under the name of keepers, held them in horrible captivity, were pounced upon and overcome in a twinkling. The strait-waistcoats were taken off from the wretched captives languishing in the dungeons; the guardians were invested in these shameful garments, and with triumphant laughter plunged under the *douches*. The gates of the prison were flung open, and they marched forth in the blackness of the storm!

On the third day the cannonading was observed to decrease; only a gun went off fitfully now and then.

On the fourth day the Parisians said to one another, '*Tiens ! ils sont fatigués, les canoniers des forts !*—and why ? Because there was no more powder !—Ay, truly, there was no more powder.

There was no more powder, no more guns, no more gunners, no more forts, no more nothing. *The forts had blown each other up.* The battle-roar ceased. The battle-clouds rolled off. The silver moon, the twinkling stars, looked blandly down from the serene azure,—and all was peace—stillness—the stillness of death. Holy, holy silence !



Yes, the battle of Paris was over. And where were the combatants ? All gone—not one left !—And where was Louis Philippe ? The venerable Prince was a captive in the Tuileries. The Irish brigade was encamped around it. They had reached the palace a little too late ; it was already occupied by the partisans of his Majesty Louis XVII.

That respectable monarch and his followers better knew the way to the Tuileries than the ignorant sons of Erin. They burst through the feeble barriers of the guards ; they rushed triumphant into the kingly halls of the palace ; they seated the seventeenth Louis on the throne of his ancestors ; and the Parisians read in the *Journal des Débats* of the fifth of November, an important article, which proclaimed that the civil war was concluded :

‘The troubles which distracted the greatest empire in the world are at an end. Europe, which marked with sorrow the disturbances which agitated the bosom of the Queen of Nations, the great leader of Civilisation, may now rest in peace. That monarch whom we have long been sighing for ; whose image has lain hidden, and yet, oh ! how passionately worshipped in every French heart, is with us once more. Blessings be on him ; blessings—a thousand blessings upon the happy country which is at length restored to his beneficent, his legitimate, his reasonable sway !

‘His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XVII., yesterday arrived at his palace of the Tuileries, accompanied by his august allies. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans has resigned his post as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and will return speedily to take up his abode at the Palais Royal. It is a great mercy that the children of his Royal Highness, who happened to be in the late forts round Paris (before the bombardment which has so happily ended in their destruction), had returned to their father before the commencement of the cannonading. They will continue, as heretofore, to be the most loyal supporters of order and the throne.

‘None can read without tears in their eyes our august monarch’s proclamation.

““Louis, by etc.—

““My children. After nine hundred and ninety-nine years of captivity, I am restored to you. The cycle of events predicted by the ancient magi, and the planetary convolutions mentioned in the lost Sibylline books, have fulfilled their respective idiosyncracies, and ended (as always in the depths of my dungeons I confidently expected) in the triumph of the good angel, and the utter discomfiture of the abominable Blue Dragon.

““When the bombarding began, and the powers of darkness commenced their hellish gunpowder-evolutions, I was close by—in my palace of Charenton, three hundred and thirty-three thousand miles off, in the ring of Saturn—I witnessed your misery. My heart was affected by it, and I said, ‘Is the multiplication table a fiction ? are the signs of the Zodiac mere astronomers’ prattle ?’

““I clapped chains, shrieking and darkness, on my physician, Dr. Pinel. The keepers I shall cause to be roasted alive. I summoned my allies round about me. The high contracting powers came to my bidding. Monarchs, from all parts of the earth ; sovereigns, from the moon and other illumined orbits ; the white necromancers, and the pale imprisoned genii : I whispered

the mystic sign, and the doors flew open. We entered Paris in triumph, by the Charenton bridge. Our luggage was not examined at the Octroi. The bottle-green ones were scared at our shouts, and retreated howling; they knew us, and trembled.

“My faithful peers and deputies will rally around me. I have a friend in Turkey—the grand vizier of the Musselmans—he was a Protestant once, Lore Brougham, by name. I have sent to him to legislate for us: he is wise in the law, and astrology, and all sciences; he shall aid my ministers in their councils. I have written to him by the post. There shall be no more infamous madhouses in France, where poor souls shiver in strait-waistcoats.

“I recognised Louis Philippe, my good cousin. He was in his counting-house, counting out his money, as the old prophecy warned me. He gave me up the keys of his gold; I shall know well how to use it. Taught by adversity, I am not a spendthrift, neither am I a miser. I will endow the land with noble institutions, instead of diabolical forts. I will have no more cannon founded. They are a curse, and shall be melted—the iron ones into railroads; the bronze ones into statues of beautiful saints, angels, and wise men; the copper ones into money, to be distributed among my poor. I was poor once, and I love them.

“There shall be no more poverty; no more wars; no more avarice; no more passports; no more custom-houses; no more lying; no more physic.

“My Chambers will put the seal to these reforms. I will it. I am the King.

(Signed)

“LOUIS.”



“Some alarm was created yesterday by the arrival of a body of the English foot-guard under the Duke of JENKINS; they were at first about to sack the city, but on hearing that the banner of the

lilies was once more raised in France, the Duke hastened to the Tuileries, and offered his allegiance to his Majesty. It was accepted; and the PLUSH-GUARD has been established in place of the Swiss, who waited on former sovereigns.'

'The Irish brigade quartered in the Tuileries are to enter our service. Their commander states that they took every one of the forts round Paris, and having blown them up, were proceeding to release Louis XVII. when they found that august monarch, happily, free. News of their glorious victory has been conveyed to Dublin, to his Majesty the King of the Irish. It will be a new laurel to add to his green crown!'

And thus have we brought to a conclusion our history of the great French Revolution of 1884. It records the actions of great and various characters; the deeds of various valour; it narrates wonderful reverses of fortune; it affords the moralist scope for his philosophy; perhaps it gives amusement to the merely idle reader. Nor must the latter imagine, because there is not a precise moral affixed to the story, that its tendency is otherwise than good. He is a poor reader, for whom his author is obliged to supply a moral application. It is well in spelling-books and for children; it is needless for the reflecting spirit. The drama of *Punch* himself is not moral; but that drama has had audiences all over the world. Happy he who in our dark times can cause a smile! Let us laugh then, and gladden in the sunshine, though it be but as the ray upon the pool, that flickers only over the cold black depths below!

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

I.

[THE fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.]

There were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation book. 'If you eat two more, you are in for apoplexy, GLAUBER,' said my medical man. 'But MISS TWADDLINGS is to be at the MACKWHIRTERS' on Thursday,' I expostulated, 'and you know what money she has.' 'She'll be a widow before she's married,' says GLAUBER, 'if you don't mind. Away with you. Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences. You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa . . .

It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners, and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton. I went on the 18th July. The day before the blow-up.¹ I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw LORD BROUGHAM in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw

¹ [A trial of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea, which took place on July 23, 1844.]

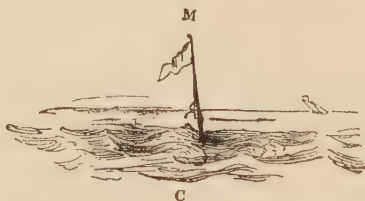
the chain pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke. I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us



ruthlessly. CAPTAIN WARNER *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then MISS BOGLE said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of GRANT'S *Visit to Paris*.¹

While we were at FOLTHORPE'S, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out for hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was this—



C is the sea; M a mast sticking up in it.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion.

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it.

¹ [*Paris and its People*. By James Grant.]

'I will go to Dover to-morrow,' I said, 'and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere.'

I *am* at Dover, This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge, if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Great London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a Theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says 'No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go.'

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil*; or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first class, of course—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the Ship, under another proprietor (pray Heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—'Now, GENTS, THE GUN!' roared one monster, I turned sickening away from him. 'Take me to the Ship,' I faintly gasped.

On proposing for dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever, 'Whiting, Sir! Nice fried Sole?'

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way, by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole. Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. 'You great ass,' I felt inclined to exclaim, 'I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!' . . .

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many, many times—the same old tough stiff leathery tasteless choky dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears, 'Why do you haunt me,' I said, 'you *demand* old toast! What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffers torture': and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

'Gents' are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young 'gent' was dining in the coffee-room?

'No,' says the waiter.

'How is that?' thinks I, 'am I not a young gent myself?' He continues, 'There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a MIDDLE-AGED gent in the Coffee-room.*'

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover Bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover.

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at 7 for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at 6.



II.

THE SEA.

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see TOWZER, my tailor, of St. James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe TOWZER £203.

'Good-bye, TOWZER,' I said. 'I shall be back in four years.' And I laughed a demoniac yell, and tumbled chattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the 'Mosaic Arabs,' as CONINGSBY calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling TOMMY home. I will rather publish the following—



That man is studying LEVIZAC's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases

out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (he bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. ‘*Parly voo Fransis,*’ says he, or ‘*Pranny garde de mong tait.*’ He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of superiority—

‘Wall, Eliza, are ye batter noo?’

It was his wife. She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited, but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen’s Servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. LORD MUFFINGTON was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his Lordship—a noble looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, ‘Yes, my Lord,’ to a fellow I never should have suspected to a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunky.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

Ostend, August 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me! ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands: six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing. Get a reading of MURRAY'S Guide Book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the HON. JAMES JILLYFLOWER, was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a teapot, and a ham, which he accepted.

LADY SCRAMJAW—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave JILLYFLOWER a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy, 'only deeds upon her honour,' and deeds they were, but with six pairs of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares LADY SCRAMJAW? Let all travellers beware then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

III.

I WAS not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidons of tyrants:—

Man in the Cap—'Monsieur, votre passeport.'

Fat Contributor—‘*Monsieur, j’en’en ai pas.*’

Man in the Cap—‘*Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.*’

Fat Contributor—‘*Bonjour, Monsieur*’ (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap—‘*Monsieur, je vous salue.*’

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order Champagne for dinner. It is the worst Champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than Champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good Heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this! To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world; and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an ale-house opposite, with ‘*HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN*’ over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She had a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approached their father—a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child’s face because ’tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint*: if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! let us hasten on the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All



Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters!



—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun.

She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandizer. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English Oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean, snug bed, and another snooze of half an hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom LADY LONDONDERRY calls REUBEN.¹

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of REUBEN (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! 'What did the Noble Marquis think about REUBEN?' we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion: and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table-d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha! My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—'Ha, my fine fellow! you are down.' The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to entrust the thunderbolts of *Punch*. There they sit, poor, simple lambs! all browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent, silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife?

Come,



Gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

¹ [See 'Lady L.'s Journal of a Visit to Foreign Courts,' page 417 of this volume.]

IV.

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence ; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship Tagus, we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend ; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life ; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn 'a small forgotten account.' As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our Office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.]



HAVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the Universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, GEORGE BORROW, CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, or MUNGO PARK. I therefore

pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the *Ariadne* steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so

excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horse-hair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

‘What is yonder steamer?’ I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour, a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow, on one mast; a blue peter (signal of departure) at another.

‘That,’ said the steward, ‘is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company’s ship, *Lady Mary Wood*. She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon and Cadiz.’

I quitted the *Ariadne*—JASON did the same in Lemprière’s Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

‘Lisbon!’ I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast)—‘Lisbon!’ I exclaimed, ‘the fleuve der Tage! the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?’ I took another cut at the beef.

‘What!’ continued I (my mouth full of muffin), ‘is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, shining o’er the dark blue sea, to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the puchera, the muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to ALMAVIVA’s guitar, as it tinkles under the balcony of ROSINA?—What time does the *Mary Wood* go, waiter?’ I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

‘And does she make Gibraltar?’ I continued. ‘Say, JOHN, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do

you mean to say, THOMAS, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by ROOK, and guarded by ELLIOT? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?’

‘Would you like anything for dinner before you go?’ WILLIAM here rather sulkily interrupted me; ‘I can’t be a listening to you all day—there’s the bell of 24 ringing like mad.’

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the



OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel, tripped lightly up the ladder of the *Lady Mary Wood*.

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. COOKE do it on the stage. ‘Avast there, my hearty,’ I said; ‘can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?’

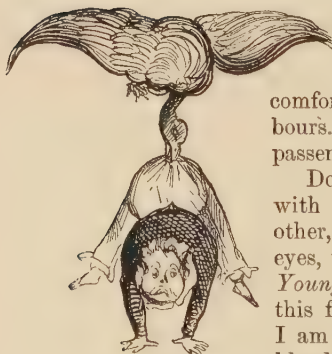
'I am the Captain,' said the gentleman, rather surprised.

'Tip us your daddle, then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase.'

'Twas a bank note for 100*l.* and the number was 33769.

V.

THE SHIP AT SEA.—DOLORES !



HE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on ship-board is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, 'Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?' *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction—I am old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger.

I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather—if there are ladies, I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation; above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, 'a leetle hot sherry and water!' All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, 'How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is.'

'It's a pity he's so fat,' says one.

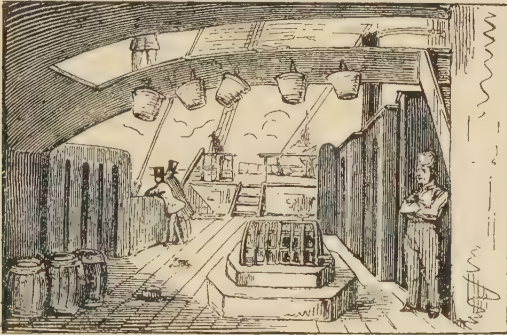
'Yes, but then he's so active,' ejaculates another.

And thus you, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically

to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the *Lady Mary Wood*. I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship's sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.

There! I flatter myself that is a master-piece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or MR. MOON would publish



a large five guinea plate of the 'main-deck of a steamer,' how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of MR. JONES, the third engineer; to the left and running along the side of the paddle-boxes are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's-assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust

they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Far away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of MESSRS. MAC WHIRTER and MAC MURDO, of Oporto and St. Mary's, wine-merchants ; and far, far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him (it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart !—you see DOLORES !

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers, or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high



DOLORES—A SKETCH TAKEN IN ROUGH WEATHER.

in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES !

She is a little far off in the picture ; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world ! Did you ever see anything like that ankle ?—those thin, open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe ; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me ! that I should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness ; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so, that—would you believe it ?—this is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world !

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly ; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke ! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MAC WHIRTER was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MAC MURDO was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

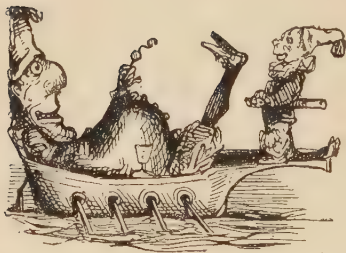
DOLORES was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence ; and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how DOLORES ate too ! Our table was served four times a-day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beef-steaks, bubble and squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, twice-laid, etc.,—of all which trifles little DOLORES would have her share—the same at dinner when she was well : and —when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl ; and it would be 'Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir ?'—'rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin'—'Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady.' And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my DOLORES which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss JONES or Miss SMITH making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a tooth-pick after dinner, what would have been my feelings ?

But I only saw perfection in DOLORES.

VI.

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA.



are at sea—yonder is Finis-terre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple

on the water—and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed, caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many, many hours?

I think it must be my love for DOLORES that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask FRANK, the Steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear, dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the Champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast!—O horror! I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been

lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I *was* on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! What do I want with boots and razors? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty and would not cut clean. O DOLORES, DOLORES!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips: and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be Champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

Captain. MR. JONES, may I have honour of a glass of wine? FRANK, some Champagne to MR. JONES.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver, may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. Mac Murdo (of St. Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Providore get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in St. Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. Mac Whirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More Champagne, FRANK—MR. BUNG, try the maccaroni. MR. PERKINS, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for MRS. BIGBODY in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. MR. SMITH jocularly inquires, How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day? Meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest SMITH.

Friday.—Vigo ; its bay ; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly ; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. DOLORES is on deck ; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing ? DOLORES is the sun, I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white-ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My moustachios have come on wonderfully ; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for DOLORES but smoke with her ; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it ! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world) ; but I was ill, and getting a little sleep ; and when it is known as a fact that a NELSON was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness ?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner ; by other, and I think wiser persons, simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by DON MIGUEL, the rightful king, who, although he had MARSHAL BOURMONT and Justice on his side, was defeated by DON PEDRO and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph ! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

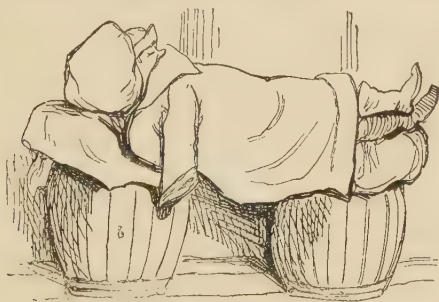
New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us.

They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was ; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in the very attitudes here depicted by me.



They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service ; and I wished that a better hand than mine —viz., one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognizance of these strange children of the South—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers ; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom here



is the accurate Portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove*.

Again the same individual, but ah how changed ! He is suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt



is yearning for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark ! 'tis the bell for lunch !¹

¹ Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted ; he is melancholy ; he is desperate ; he rejects his victuals ; he grows hungry, but dares not eat ; he mends ; his spirits rise ; all his faculties are restored to him ; and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

*On board the P. & O. Company's Ship,
Burrumpooter, Off Alexandria.*

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smiling in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began. It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of DOLORES—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ULYSSES, MONCKTON MILNES, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear, dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and Canary silk lining, that the Author of the *Spirit of the Age*¹ used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return

¹ [R. H. Horne.]

from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart ; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with BUCKSHEESH PASHA at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect GUY. I am wasted away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern Travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. BYRON (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar?—nonsense!—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. WADDILOVE, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit COLONEL SOURCILLON plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman . . . But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at BUCKSHEESH PASHA's, fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour, as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink*. It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea, the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito, with his mellow-sounding-horn, rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country,

the attention is rather annoying. Here, for instance, is my miniature—



F. C. ON GOING TO BED AT
GIBRALTAR.



F. C. ON GETTING UP THE
NEXT MORNING.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the Bull, in poor dear old MRS. NELSON'S time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for TIFFIN, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*, I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions— but everything as neat, sweet, fresh and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the night-cap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white night-gown and my favourite pink silk cap, on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that

calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank Champagne, and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum Futtighur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, COLONEL SOURCILLON, in the service of the RAJAH OF LAHORE, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—of a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole, of course, and large black mustachios, curling up to his eyes—to one eye, that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

'*Vous regardez ma cicatrice,*' said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. '*Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin de Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de la Frrrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez moi le poivre-rouge, s'il vous plait.*'

The Colonel emptied the cayenne pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *éccrrrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin; had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting-pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-

place ; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

'*Qui va là ?*' roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. '*Ah ! c'est vous, Monsieur, pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit ? J'ai une petite santé ; laissez moi dormir en paix.*'

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home ; but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money ; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

II.

ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of Punch (Confidential).

MY DEAR SIR

In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the



ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS,

to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that

you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between CAPTAIN TAGUS and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. 'What's the news?' exclaimed the other Captain. 'Here's *Punch*,' was the immediate reply of TAGUS, handing it out—and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of LEECH. At Athens, MR. SMITH, second cousin of the respected Vice-Consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, 'I'm told we've got *Punch* on board.' I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) MR. WADDILOVE, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), MR. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of SOCRATES and PERICLES.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of THEMISTOCLES,—what, sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning SAPPHO? Was it a thrilling ode of ALCÆUS? No; it was—

Had I an ass averse to speed,
Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed, &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your Vol. 6! (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestriden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very

much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge, likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the



ALBANIAN ON HIS CHARGER.

Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of HERO and LEANDER must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in LEMPRIÈRE'S delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Miestre's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good: kabobs are also excellent; my friend, MECHMET EFFENDI, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half hour. I did not hear what the SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria, there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burruntollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to

England per *Burrumpooter*), rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlege, and from the Sutlege to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. DOST MAHOMED never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of LORD BROUGHAM and his Scotch trowsers, as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his Lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked BUCKSHEESH PASHA (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. And AT THE PYRAMIDS—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counter-balance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than URQUHART ever did, and to this SIR STRATFORD CANNING can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! '*Subjectis parcere superbos debellare,*' be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*Poste Restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,

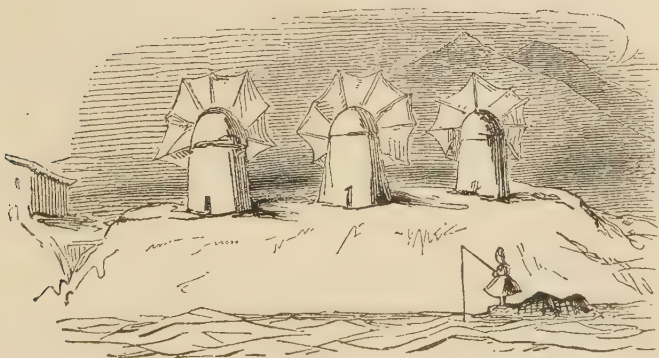
Believe me to be, Sir,

Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,

The F— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilet; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at —.

[This letter was addressed 'strictly private and confidential' to us: but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding 'the cradle of civilisation' is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains are so important and startling—our correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and, we hope, of deep future meditation.]



III.

ATHENS.

THE above is a picture of some beautiful windmills near Athens, not I believe depicted by any other artist, and which I daresay

some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—SIR WALTER SCOTT, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I daresay, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as coarse-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with, 'τύτω, I thrash!' We were all made to begin it in that way.

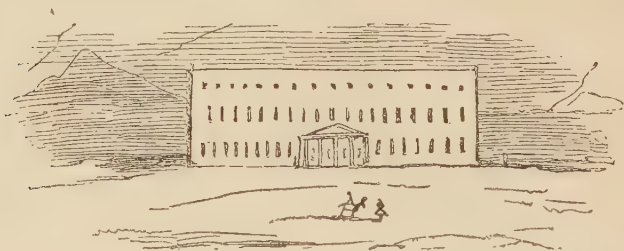
When then I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher and beadle-belaboured—and say 'there is no flogging where we are.' From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish-Street-Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well-known in England, the famous *chevaux de frize* being carried off by LORD ELGIN, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erectheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of St. James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards 'MR. JONES, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club.'—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

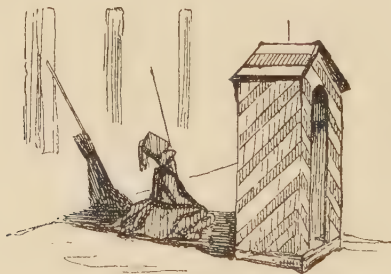
As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from St. Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ*, I am a Dutchman. 'The Tower of the Winds' may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of MR. DRUMMOND. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road Caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The temple of the Scotch winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

When I say of the temple of Theseus (quoting MURRAY'S *Guide-Book*) that 'it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum and two columns between the antæ,' the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

As for the modern buildings—there is a beautiful design of the Royal Palace,



built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and resembling Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.



The KING's German guards ($\Sigma\pi\iota\tau\zeta\beta\omicron\nu\beta\omicron\iota$) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward, who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides OTHO'S palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the KING drives up and down over the mangy plain before-mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkstone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend SCRATCHLEY, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half an hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with MEHEMET ALI—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend BUCKSHEESH PASHA, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like MR. JAMES,¹ write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my great ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronization there.

IV.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudj mudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo) is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of GENERAL BONAPARTE'S battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivose of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say THE 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in

¹ [G. P. R. James?]

the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation ; it couples the brethren of WATT and COBDEN with the dusky family of PHARAOH and SESOSTRIS ; it fuses HERODOTUS with THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY ; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the Needle of the Abyssinian CLEOPATRA ; it weds the tunnel of the sub-aqueous BRUNEL with the mystic edifice of CHEOPS. Strange play of wayward fancy ! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure, 'tis true ; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

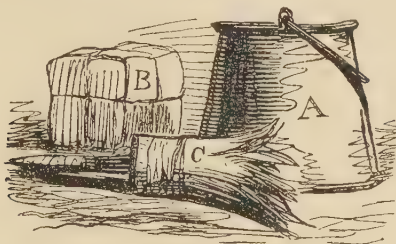
If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply ; it is because I have not read TOM MACAULAY in vain ; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify ; it is because I have seen the Reverend MR. MILMAN preach in a black gown at St. Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation* ; I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as BONAPARTE remarks, all I can say is, *I did not see them*. But *Punch* has really been there ; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic ?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit ; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner ; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations ; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands ; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which

shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return.



A is tin pot, holding about a pint, B a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and C a pig-skin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about 5 piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed,—I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys,—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of MEHEMET ALI. My excellent friend BUCKSHEESH PASHA would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the latter as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters

were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs,



who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus :—Cairo Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice-fields—Maize-fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice—

fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumble down again—Inundations—Hérons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

V.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS—(*Concluded*).

It is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs; *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. PHARAOH or CLEOPATRA, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce *Punch* to CHEOPS—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camel's dung at the North-East corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo! The embers began to glow, water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 A.M. (by one of DOLLOND'S Chronometers), *the water began to boil*.

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush bought for the purpose, and SCHMAKLEK BEG, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 A.M.

At 7 THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, SCHMAKLEK tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7 I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, 'Let us mount.' I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—*Punch* pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the MESSIEURS FOGGO would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty: about 5 feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze!—with a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste pot, and smeared the back of the placard, then I pasted up the Standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was *Punch*—familiar old *Punch*—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

'Bless him!' I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along be his size never so consider-

able. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the



eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for *Punch*, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramids.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say in confidence that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjuror, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Free-Masons every day.

AN EASTERN ADVENTURE OF THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN our friend, the Fat Contributor, arrived from the East, he was the object of a good deal of curiosity, especially among the younger artists and writers connected with the facetious little periodical called *Punch*; and his collection of Oriental curiosities, his beard (which, though originally red, he wore dyed of a rich purple), his pipes, narghilés, yataghans and papooshes made him a personage of no small importance. The crimson satin dressing-gown and red tarboosh, arrayed in which he used to lie on a sofa and smoke a long pipe all day, caused the greatest sensation in the neighbourhood of the New Cut, Lambeth, where the Contributor lived; nor can a finer sight be imagined than our fat friend in this magnificent costume, ogling and smiling, and kissing his hand, to the six young ladies at Miss Runt's, the straw-bonnet makers over the way. Frank Delamere, the actor at the Victoria Theatre (his real name is Snoggin, by the way), got an old cotton robe covered with faded spangles, and used to attempt the same manœuvres out of his window; but he was voted an impostor, and our friend Bluebeard, as we used to call him from the peculiar dye of his whiskers, was the Lion of Lambeth for 1845.

His stories about the East and his personal adventures were so outrageous that we all laughed at the fellow's gasconading, with the exception of young Speck, the artist, a credulous little creature, who swallowed all these legends with the most extraordinary good faith, smoked his long pipes, although tobacco disagreed wofully with his poor little chest, and absolutely began to grow *his* beard and moustachios forsooth; just as if he had a beard to grow. Such are the foolish vanities indulged in by weak minds.

Over the Contributor's mantel-piece was an immense silver-mounted yataghan, of Damascus steel, in an embroidered filligree-case, with texts from the Koran engraved upon the hilt. Of this weapon the owner was excessively proud; he read off the sentences

of the handle with perfect ease (though he might have been reading gibberish for anything we knew to the contrary), and Speck came back from supping with him one night in a state of great consternation. 'What do you think he told me?' Mr. Speck said. 'We had a ham for supper (*we ad an am for supper*, S. pronounces it), and the knife being blunt, the Contributor took down his yataghan, and carved with it. He sliced off the meat as if he'd been bred to Woxall,' Speck continued; 'and as I took my last slice, "Speck, my boy," says he, "what do you think I used that knife for last?"—"Well, mayap to cut beef with," Speck said. "Beef? ha! ha! When I drew that knife last it was to cut off the head of Soliman Effendi!"

'I eard this,' Speck said, 'I laid down my knife and fork, and thought I should have fainted. I pressed him for further particulars; which he not only refused, but his countenance assumed an expression of intense agony, and he said circumstances had passed connected with that tragedy which he never, never could relate; and he made me solemnly promise never to reveal a single word even of that half-confidence which he had made.'

Speck of course called upon every one of the Contributors to *Punch* the next day, and told them this terrific story, on which we rallied our fat friend remorselessly the next time we met.

Some fifteen days afterwards Messrs. Bradbury & Evans were greatly surprised by receiving a letter with the Alexandria postmark, and containing the following extraordinary document:—

'CAIRO, the fourth day of the month Nishan, year 1234
of the Hegira. Sept. 25, 1844.

'Three months after sight, please to pay the sum of one thousand tomauns on account of

'Your obedient Servant,

'THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

'Messrs. Bradbury & Evans,
'Whitefriars, London.'

This extraordinary draft was crossed to the house of Ossum Hoosein and Company, Alexandria; and a note scrawled in pencil at the back of it, said, '*For Heaven's sake pay it: my life depends on it. F. C.*'

As the Contributor was back among us—as the draft came by the post, and was presented by nobody—of course Messrs. B. & E. did not pay the thousand tomauns, but sent over a printer's devil to the New Cut, requesting the Contributor to call in Whitefriars, and explain the meaning of this strange transaction.

He called. And now indeed we *did* begin to stare. 'Gentle-

men,' said he, blushing and seeming very much agitated, 'that paper was extracted from me by an Egyptian Bey, at the risk of my life. An unfortunate affair, which I can't particularise, put me into his power, and I only escaped by—*by killing him*. Don't ask me any more.' Every one of our gents was amazed at this mystery, and our Contributor rose so much in importance that he instantly demanded an increase of his salary. He gave the law to our Society about all matters of fashion, about duelling, horse-flesh, &c. 'That's a nice nag,' he would say, while swaggering in the Park with us; 'but you should see what horses I rode at the Etmeidan at Constantinople.' 'What do *you* know about the East?' he would exclaim, if any of us talked about our Eastern victories; and in fact became a perfect bully and nuisance to the Society.

One day, in Rotten Row, two very smart, though rather yellow-faced gentlemen, moustached and with a military look, came riding up, and seeing our fat friend, hailed him with loud voices and the utmost cordiality.

The Contributor sprang over the railings to salute them, and shaking hands with the pair turned round with a beaming face towards us, as much as to say, 'There, my boys, do *you* know any such swells as these, mounted on thorough-bred horses, who will shake hands with you in the full Park?'

My friends, Bob Farcy and Frank Glanders, of the Bengal Cavalry,' said he afterwards, tapping his boot with an easy air; 'devilish good fellow, Bob; made that brilliant charge at Ferozeshah; met him in the East;'—and he swelled and swaggered about more pompously than ever.

That very day some of us had made a little conspiracy to dine at Greenwich, and we were just sitting down to dinner at the Trafalgar, when who should enter the Coffee Room but the Contributor's Park friends? They singled him out in a moment. His countenance fell. 'Can you and these gentlemen make room for us, Poddy, my boy?' they said. The tables were everywhere quite full; and besides, these military gentlemen very likely were anxious to make the acquaintance of persons, I may say, *not* altogether disagreeable or unknown.

We congratulated these officers upon their achievements in the East, and they received our compliments with a great deal of manliness and modesty. The whole party speedily became very talkative and intimate. All the room was enlivened by our sallies, until, to tell the truth, we ordered in so many cool cups and tankards and bottles of claret, that at last we had the apartment to ourselves, and sat in great contentment looking out

at the river and the shipping, and the moon rising as the sun sank away.

And now a history was revealed about our Fat Contributor, which was so terrible and instructive that we cannot do better than record it here.

It must be premised that the individual in question had in the early stage of the dinner been particularly loud and brilliant; that his loudness increased with the courses of the banquet; that somehow during the dessert he insisted upon making a speech, remarkable for its energetic incoherency; that then he proposed, without the least desire upon anybody else's part, to sing a song—a very sentimental one—which finished abruptly in a most melancholy falsetto; that he sat down affected to tears by something unknown, and was now sound asleep in his chair.

'Has he told you his adventures in the East?' Captain Glanders said, 'and his famous night in the Harem?'

'La!' exclaimed Speck.

'In the Harem of Osman Effendi. We used to call him the Harem Scarum: a joke which, though old, we thought was pretty fair for a professional man.' 'Do tell it us,' we all exclaimed, and a snore from the poor Contributor seemed to encourage the Captain to go on.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Farcy here, and I, had the pleasure of making your friend's acquaintance on board the *Burrumpooter* steamer, which we found at Gibraltar on our way to our regiment in India. Your fat little friend got the name of Poddy, I don't know how; we found him christened when we came on board, and he was at that time in a great state of despondency, having just parted with a lady at Cadiz with whom he was violently smitten.'

'Dolores!' we all exclaimed in chorus.

'The very same. Well, I am inclined to think that Poddy's heart was as fickle as it was inflammable; for during the course of our voyage to Alexandria he was in love with more than one person. He proposed to Miss Nokes, who was going to Bombay to be married to Livermore, of the Civil Service; had grown uncommonly sweet upon Colonel Hustler's daughter before we left Malta, and was ready to throw himself into the river when she refused him on the Nile. Tom Hustler, a young lad fresh from Addiscombe, was always the chief of the jokes against him, in which, indeed, every one of the passengers joined.

'When we arrived at Cairo I had the pleasure of accompanying your friend to the Pyramids, and saw him stick up the placard of *Punch* there, which I have no doubt may still be seen there; but

all the way on the journey he was particularly anxious and reserved. At last he broke out to me in confidence :—

“Captain Glanders,” said he, “do you know the language of



APPROACHING THE DISGUISED LADY, WITH A SUDDEN JERK HE TORE OFF HER VEIL, AND THE CONTRIBUTOR STOOD BEFORE HIM AGHAST.

flowers?” and of course, from my long residence in the East, I am acquainted with that elegant mode of orthography.

“Look here,” says he, taking a bunch out of his bosom and thrusting it into my hand ; “what do you think of *that* ?”

“Hallo! this *is* a declaration indeed. A polyanthus, eternal constancy; a rhododendron, my heart pines for you; a magnolia, I am imprisoned by a wall; a withered rose, I pine for my bulbul; two tulips—upon my word you’re a lucky fellow!”

“The finest eyes you ever saw in the *world*!” Poddy exclaimed. “The most extraordinary circumstance! I was riding yesterday through the Frank Bazaar with young Hustler, when Soliman Effendi’s harem passed—fourteen of them, mounted on donkeys, all covered over with hoods like cab-heads, and black masks concealing everything but their eyes—but Oh, such eyes! Four hideous black slaves accompanied the procession, which was going to the Bath opposite the Mosque of Sultan Hassan; and, seeing me gazing rather too eagerly, one brute rode up and actually handled his whip, when my servant Paolo dragged me away. The dear disguised creature rode on in the procession, throwing me back a glance—one glance of those delicious orbs.

“Last night Paolo came to me with an air of mystery, and thrust that bouquet into my hand. One old woman, he said, bring me this—you see Egyptian lady—She love you—Soliman Effendi’s daughter. Don’t you go: he cut you head off. I was at a loss for the mystery. I showed the flowers to Farcy, and he read them *exactly as you do*.”

“But, my dear fellow, recollect it’s a dangerous matter entering a Turkish Harem—death threatens you.”

“Death!” said Poddy: “Ha, ha! I’m *armed*, Glanders”; and he showed me a pair of pistols and a knife that he had got. “I’ll run away with her, and take her to the Consul’s and marry her. I’m told she’s jewels to the amount of millions. I’m going to meet her to-night, I tell you, and (whispers) disguised as a woman.”

“You know what a figure your friend is; and sure enough, on our return from the Pyramids, he dressed himself in a woman’s dress and trowsers, put a veil over his face, and one of those enormous hoods which the Egyptian ladies wear; and though we could not help laughing at the absurdity of his appearance, yet, knowing the danger he was about to incur, we entreated him to give up his attempt. Go, however, he would.

‘A black slave with a lantern, an old woman veiled, another slave holding a pair of donkeys, were in waiting at the door of the hotel, and on one of these beasts the undaunted Contributor mounted, taking rather a mournful farewell of half-a-dozen of us who were there to wish him goodby. The streets of Cairo are quite dark at night. He and his people threaded through the lonely alleys environed by enormous masses of black houses, and

were presently lost in the labyrinths of the city. But this is what, as we heard from him, afterwards took place.

“After winding and winding through the city for half-an-hour, the party came to a garden gate; and the guide knocking and uttering some words, the gate was cautiously unbarred. Poddy must have had good pluck, it must be owned, to pass that barrier alone.

“He was carried into a court, where he descended from his animal; then into another court, where there was a garden and a fountain; then into a gallery, where everything was dark; and at last—at last into the room, the harem itself, an ancient chamber ornamented with carved arabesques, and on a divan at the end of which, with a single faint lamp near her, sat—a lady.

““Bring the lady to the divan,” said the veiled one, in the Egyptian language, “and bring pipes and coffee.”

“Poddy shuffled up in his double yellow slippers and sate down opposite his charmer.

““Gudge mudge gurru bang hubaloo?” says he, after the slaves who brought the refreshment had retired. It is the Turkish for “What is your elegant name, darling of my heart?”

“The fair replied—“Emina.”

““Chow row, wackyboss, coctaloo!” continues Poddy, repeating his lesson of the morning—meaning, angel of my soul, let me kiss your lily finger. She gave him her hand, glittering with rings, and tinged with hennah.

““I can speak English well,” said she, with ever so little foreign accent. “I was born there. My poor mother was drowned in the Regent’s Canal by my father, who was chief secretary to the Ottoman Embassy. I love your country, Christian. Emina pines here.”

““Let us fly thither!” exclaimed the enraptured Contributor. “My boat is on the sea, and my bark is on the shore. Pack up your jewels, and hasten with me to the Consul’s. My palace at home awaits thee; thou shalt be the ornament of London society; thou shalt share my heart and my fame.” And who knows how much farther the enraptured Contributor might have carried his eloquence, when the black slave came rushing in, crying—“The Effendi! the Effendi!”

““Gosh guroo!” cried Emina, “my father!” Poddy let his veil down in a twinkling, crossed his legs, and puffed away at his pipe in the utmost trepidation, and a most ferocious Turk entered the room.

““The English lady, my father,” Emina said, recovering from her perturbation. “She came by the *Burrumpooter*. We—we

met in the bazaar. Speak to her in her Northern language, father of my heart!"

"The English lady is welcome—the light of the sun is welcome—the Northern rose is beautiful in the Eastern garden. What a figure she has! as round as the full moon; and what eyes! as brilliant as carbuncles. Mashallah, the English lady is welcome. Will she not unveil?"

"Before a stranger, my father!"

"I have seen English ladies at Almack's unveiled before strangers—and shall not this one?" Soliman Effendi said; and, approaching the disguised lady, with a sudden jerk he tore off her veil, and the Contributor stood before him aghast.

"Ha! by Mahomet," roared the Effendi, "have English ladies beards?—Dog of an unbeliever! Disgrace of my house! Ho! Hassan, Muley, Hokey, Ibrahim, eunuchs of my guard!" and, clapping his hands, a body of slaves ran in, just as, rushing upon Emina, he dashed a dagger into the poor girl's side, and she fell to the ground with a horrible hysteric scream!

'At the sight of this, Poddy, who had some courage, fell roaring on his knees, and cried out—"Amaun! amaun! Mercy! mercy! I'll write to the Consul. I'm enormously rich. I'll pay any ransom."

"Give me an order for a thousand tomauns!" said the Effendi, gloomily; and, pointing to his daughter's body, "Fling that piece of carrion into the Nile." Poddy wrote a note for a thousand tomauns, which was prepared by the Effendi in the regular Oriental manner. "And now," said he, putting it into his waistcoat pocket,—“now, Christian, prepare to die! Bring the sack, mutes!” And they brought in a large one, in which they invited him to enter.

"I'll turn Turk—I'll do anything," screamed frantically the Fat Contributor.'

Here Captain Glanders' story was interrupted by the subject of it, the Fat Contributor, bouncing up from his chair, and screaming out, 'It is an infernal lie! I did *not* say I would turn Turk.' And he rushed out of the room like a madman.

Captain Glanders then explained to us the whole circumstances of the hoax. Young Tom Hustler acted Emina. Glanders himself was Soliman Effendi; all that had been done was to lead the Contributor up and down the street for half-an-hour, and bring him in at the back part of the hotel, which was still a Turkish house.

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS
TO PUNCH

1842-1844

THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE.¹



HERE once lived a king in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zubberdust, or, the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like Bulwer-Khan, Monck-toun-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancient race, or his personal beauty (all which,

'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved Letters all his life long. It was said, that, at fourteen, he had

¹ [June 18, 1842.]

[In this *Legend* Thackeray orientalised many well-known English names. Most of these are easily recognisable; such as Bulwer-Khan, Monck-toun-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, Byroon, Dervish Wordswoorth-el-Muddee (or of the Lake), and Buntlee's Mugazeen. A few, however, are not so obvious. Thanaz the Moor stands for Thomas Moore; Bulwer-Khan's *Siamee-Geminee* for Bulwer's poem *The Siamese Twins*; *Aurora-Po* for *The Morning Post*; Mollah Moongoomerce and his poem *Eblis* for Robert Montgomery and his poem *Satan*; Ulphabeet-Baylee for F. W. N. Bayley, called 'Alphabet' Bayley, a contributor to *Punch*. Years before, Thackeray had succeeded Bayley in the editorship of *The National Standard*, a periodical in which he reviewed Montgomery's earlier poem, *Woman: the Angel of Life* (see vol. ix. of this edition: *Burlesques . . . Juvenilia*).]

copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory ; and it is related of him, that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamee-Geminee (or, Twins of Siam), His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory could repeat every single word of it.

Now, all great men have their weaknesses ; and King Pouf-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Hafiz or Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

The king, as a man of Letters himself, pretended to be a great patron of all persons of that profession, inviting them to his Court, receiving them at first with smiles, and filling their mouths with sugar-candy and so forth. But smiles and sugar-candy do not cost much ; and, in return for his compliments, His Majesty made the poets pay him very handsomely ; for he sucked their brains, learned their beautiful poems of them, and then showed them the door. In fact, when he had heard their poems once read to him, he could repeat them without missing a word ; and then he would pretend to be violently angry with the bards for daring to deceive him. ‘This an original poem!’ he would cry ; ‘Oh, shame-faced rogues ! I have heard it this score of years’ ; and repeating it, would forthwith call for his furoshes to beat the poets’ heels into jelly. Thus he learned a great deal of delightful poetry, and at small charges. Now, strange to say, the king had a female slave, the far-famed moon of beauty, surnamed, for the slimness of her shape, Roolee-Poolee, who had almost as wonderful a memory as himself, and would sit and cap verses with him for weeks together. She knew the works of all sorts of authors, and could repeat you a little lively erotic ditty of Thamaz the Moor, or a passionate tale by Byroon, or a long sanctimonious, philosophic, reflective poem by the famous old Dervish Wordsworth-el-Muddee (or of the lake), and never miss one single word. To be brief, she was the next person in the kingdom, after the king, for memory ; for though she could not, like His Majesty, repeat a poem on hearing it *once*, after hearing it twice she was perfect in it, and would repeat it off without missing a word. And as the poet touchingly observes, that ‘Birds of one and the same feather will frequently be found in one and the

same company,' so likewise the Court of Armenia boasted a kindred spirit to that of Poof-Allee and Roolee-Poolee, in the person of the chief of the eunuchs, Samboo Beg. Samboo had been a Shaitan or printer's devil in the printing-office of Buntlee's Mugazeen (the fashionable periodical of Constantinople), and thence, after acquiring a love of Letters and a great power of memory, had been transported to the Armenian Court, where he held the important post before-named. After hearing a thing *thrice*, Samboo Beg would repeat it without a fault, as he had been frequently known to do with the leading articles of the *Aurora-Po* (the fashionable Court newspaper of Armenia), which he would have read to him while he was being shaved in the morning, before he waited upon his Sovereign.

Thus, then, the matter stood in this singular court :—

King Poof-Allee	} could repeat a thing after hearing it {	once,
Princess Roolee-Poolee		twice,
Samboo Beg		thrice,

and now you must be informed how they put this strange talent of theirs out to interest.

The king gave out that he believed there were no more original poems left in the world, that he believed men of letters were impostors, but that he would give its weight in gold for any original work which a poet should bring him. Those who failed were to suffer the penalty of the bastinado, and were to pay a fine to the crown.

Now what did he do? When any poet came to recite, Poof-Allee received him with courtesy sitting on his throne, with his eunuch, Samboo Beg, waiting behind him.



As soon as the poet had done his verses he would assume a terrible air and say 'Bankillah, Bismillah, Rotee-Muckun, Hurrumzadeh! (Mahomet is the true prophet, and Mecca the Holy City). Slave of a poet, thou hast deceived me! this poem, too, is borrowed'; and then he would repeat it himself, and bid Samboo go and fetch Roolee-Poolee (who had been standing all the while behind a curtain and had heard every syllable)—and Roolee-Poolee appearing would also repeat the poem; and as if to put the matter beyond all doubt, Samboo himself would step forward saying, 'Nay, I myself have known the verses for years

past! and would repeat them'; as well he might, having heard them 'thrice repeated already, viz., by the inventor, by his Majesty, and by Roolee-Poolee. Then if the poor bard could not pay a handsome fine, he was bastinadoed; in fact, to use the monarch's own vile pun, he was completely *Bamboozled*.

It was a wonder then after some time, when the fate of all poets at King Poof-Allee's court came to be known, that still literary men could be found to spout their verses, and to brave the inevitable bastinado, which was their reward; but such is the infatuation of men of letters in Armenia, Persia, and elsewhere, that they will make poems be they never so much belaboured for them, and there was never a lack of bards to come and sing before the Armenian throne. There was, for instance, the celebrated writer, Mollah Moongoomeree, who recited his poem of Eblis, and was beaten accordingly; there was Ulphabeet-Baylee, who sung his little verses to the guitar, and whose heels were sacrificed for his pains; and a hundred others whose names might be mentioned, but that the heart grows sick at thinking of the fate which attended these geniuses, and at the atrocious manner in which Poof-Allee-Shaw treated them. His conduct you may be sure awakened the deepest indignation in all loyal bosoms, and many a conspiracy was hatched in order to put the monarch to shame.

Now there lived somewhere on the peak of Mount Caucasus a famous and wise old bard and prophet, who was chief of the Syncretick sect of philosophers, and much admired by his followers. They were, though not numerous, yet of undaunted courage, and cheerfully went down at the command of their master, the great JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE (may his shadow never be less!), to recite these poems before Poof-Allee, and assert their claims to originality. Alas! one by one they came back dreadfully bastinadoed; and the old man, revolving their wrongs in his mind, determined to avenge them. 'This king,' said he, 'who repeats a poem, when one of my faithful children has uttered it—this woman, this rascally black slave who repeats it after the king, what can be their art?—I am sure they must either take it down in short-hand, or that they must employ some other diabolical stratagem!' Accordingly Jawbrahim-Heraudée climbed up to the topmost peak of his mountain, and remained there for three weeks in tremendous meditation; he lay on his back there in the snow, not caring for the burning noon sun, nor the icy night-wind, but he fasted, and gave up his soul to the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and at the end of the three weeks came down to the huts and hermitages where the

Syncreticks inhabited, emaciated certainly, but still, to the astonishment of his disciples, wearing a cheerful aspect.

‘My children,’ said he, ‘I will go down to Armenia, and confront this wicked king, who has put our brethren to shame.’ And though the disciples clung about him, he yet resolutely determined to go forth, and girded his loins, and mounted his dromedary, and descended the rugged sides of the mountain.

He took nothing with him but a little bag of rice for himself



and his faithful animal, his night-cap, and his harp, which he slung behind him.

‘If I can’t puzzle Poof-Allee-Shaw,’ said the sage, ‘only Belzeboob himself can hope to overcome him.’

In the six-thousandth year of the Hejira, it being the day Nishti, the thirteenth day of the month Ramjam, there was great gloom and despondency in the court of Armenia—as when was there not, when the heart of Armenia’s king was sad?

He was ill, and was out of humour—no literary man had appeared before him for many days; his great soul yearned for new poetry, and there was none to be had. He called upon Roolee-Poolee to recite to him in vain; could she compose verses of her own? and did he not know every poem that ever was written? He flung his slippers at Roolee-Poolee’s head, and the faithful girl retired sobbing. Then he called upon Samboo Beg for a song; but Samboo too failed, and left the royal presence howling, after a vigorous bastinado. Then he told the slaves to bastinado each other all round—which they did; and afterwards dared not come near their august master, who sate in his divan alone. ‘By the beard of Mahomet’s grandmother,’ said he (and that oath no believer was ever known to break), ‘if I do not hear a new poem to-day, I will levy an income-tax to-morrow upon all Armenia.’

Just as evening fell, the curtain of the sacred apartment was drawn aside, and the head of the chief of the eunuchs appeared between the interstices.

‘Grinning hound of a black slave, what will thou?’ said the

king—flinging at the same time one of his top-boots in the direction in which the smiling sycophant appeared.

‘Light of the world!’ replied the faithful negro, ‘there’s a poet come! a poet of fame: no other than the great Jawbrahim-Heraudee.’

‘What! the sheikh of the Syncreteeks?’ cried the king, delighted; ‘bring sherbet and pipes—go, slaves, get a collation ready, set the fountains playing, bring flowers, perfumes, and the best of everything.’ And the delighted monarch himself rushed outside the court of the palace to welcome the illustrious stranger.

There stood indeed the great Jawbrahim; he was not on the back of his dromedary, but led the animal by the bridle: it seemed to bend under the weight of two huge baskets, which hung on either side of his humps.

‘Great bard,’ said the king, bending low before him, ‘welcome to the court of Armenia; thy fame hath long since travelled hither, and Poof-Allee’s heart yearns towards the sage of Mount Caucasus.’

Jawbrahim-Heraudee, who knew the fallacious nature of his majesty’s compliments and welcome, made a stiff salutation in reply to this oratorical flourish, and thus said: ‘The fame of Poof-Allee has reached to the summit of Mount Caucasus; the world cries that he is a lover of poetry, and a generous patron of bards—and is it so, O king?’

Jawbrahim spoke these words in such a queer satiric way, that Poof-Allee did not at first know whether he was complimenting him, or merely laughing at his beard. ‘Poetry I love,’ said he, ‘poets I respect, if I find them original: but, O Caucasus sage! many poets have come before me, who were but magpies with peacocks’ plumes; who looked like lions, but lo! when they opened their mouths, brayed like donkeys: these I chastise as they deserve; but the real poet I honour with my soul.’

‘Am I a real poet, or a false poet?’ inquired Jawbrahim.

‘That I cannot tell, except from reputation, and can only be sure of when I have heard a specimen of your art. Be it original, I promise you that, though your work be twenty cantos long, I will pay its weight in gold; but be it a copy (as I shall know, for I know by heart every known poem in the world), I shall exercise upon thy heels the wholesome rattan.’

‘May my heels be beaten into calf’s-foot jelly,’ replied Jawbrahim, ‘if the poem I shall sing before your Majesty be not entirely unknown to you. Only the moon has heard it as yet, as I lay upon the snowy peak of Caucasus—or, mayhap, an owl has

listened to a stanza or two of it, as he flapped by my midnight couch upon his pinions white.'

'Will you take a trifle of anything before you begin?' asked the king; but the sage only waved his head in scorn, and, tying up his dromedary to a post in the courtyard, said that he required no refreshment, but would commence his poem at once. Accordingly the monarch and his suite led the way, and seated themselves in the magnificent chamber of the palace which was called the golden nightingale cage, or the hall of song.

'I have, sir, a choice of works which I can recite to you. Will you have a sonata to Swedenborg, an ode to Madame Krudner, or a little didactic, enclytic, æsthetic—in a word, synthetic piece, on the harmony of the sensible and moral worlds and the symbolical schools of religion?'

'The subjects, sir, do honour to your morality,' replied the king, 'but strike us as rather tedious.'

'My ode to my country?—

O for dear Little Britain—for dear little Britain—my country,
Close to Goswell-street road,—closer to Simmary Axe,—

'Simmary, my lord, is not the real, and, so to say, organic pronunciation of the term—but rather the synthetic and popular one.

O for dear little Britain, that's near thy row Paternoster,
Near to the Post-office new, near to the Bull and the Mouth.
O for Aldersgate pump!'

'Those jaw-breaking hexameters and pentameters, O sage!' here interposed the monarch, who had already begun to yawn, 'were never much to my taste; and if you will please to confine yourself to some metre more consonant to the Armenian language'—(in which dialect it need scarcely be stated that the monarch and the poet both spoke),—'if you will condescend to try rhyme, or at the worst, blank verse, I shall listen with much greater pleasure.'

'Sire, I will enunciate a poem in sixteen cantos, if you please, and written in the Dantesque *terza-rima*.' But the unconscionable Sovereign of Armenia, knowing the extreme difficulty of hunting up the rhymes in that most puzzling of metres, begged Jawbrahim rather to confine himself to blank verse; on which the Caucasian sage, taking his harp, sung as follows:—

Eastward of Eden lies the land of Nod;
There grew an old oak in the vale of Ely—
Old as the world, in lasting marble dure.

The threefold serpents animating clasp
 The mundane egg, and wondrous trident coil'd,
 The cataracts of everlasting heaven,
 The fountains of the co-eternal deep,
 Defined anon, and growing visible,
 Undimm'd shone out clear as the hour of dawn !

Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland !
 Visions were thine wherein the sculptile mind
 Twin'd with the harmless serpent as in sport,
 Till grew his aspect spectral, and his eye
 Flitting athwart a place of sepulchres,
 Hung o'er his shoulders broad and on his breast.

Consistency, eternity's sole law,
 The indefatigable universe,
 Substance with attribute.

Then entering upon his theme, the poet after these preparatory considerations gave utterance to his sublime epic, which is far too long to be noted here. He spoke of the vision of Noah, and the Book of Enoch ; he spoke of the children of Cain, of Satan, Judael, Azazel ; and when he arrived at that splendid part of his work in which he cries—

Oh, Amazarah ! most majestic
 Of women, wisest and most amorous !

he looked up at the king and paused, expecting no doubt that applause would ensue.

The king bounced up on his seat—the black eunuch suddenly started and opened his great goggling black eyes—the lovely Roolee-Poolee stretched out her fair arms and gave a yawn. The fact is, they had all been asleep for hours.

'Sambou—Roolee-Poolee,' cried the Monarch, 'I was a little overtaken and did not hear that awful long poem, but you can repeat it, can't ye?' Sambou and the lady could not repeat one word of it. They began to stammer, 'the catechisms of everlasting Heaven,'—'the mundane egg in wondrous trident boiled'—'the harmless spectral serpent with his eye flitting athwart a pair of spectacles'—but as for repeating the whole of the lines, that was impossible. The king was obliged fairly to give in, and to confess for the first time in his life that the poem he had heard was original.

'O sage,' said he (in quite a new compliment), 'your poem does equal credit to your head and heart. I cannot reward you

as you merit, but that poor guerdon which my straitened circumstances permit me to offer to the original poet is justly thine. Take thy poem to my treasurer, have the book in which it is written weighed against the purest gold, and by the beard of the prophet's relative, the gold shall be thine.'

'Will it not please you to hear the rest of the poem, sire?' said the sage, 'there are but forty thousand lines more, and having vouchsafed to give me a patient hearing since yesterday——'

'Since *when?*' exclaimed Poof-Allee.

'Since yesterday at sunset, when I began; and the stars came out, and still my song continued; and the moon rose, and lo! my voice never faltered; and the cock crew, but we were singing before him; and the skies were red, and I, like the rising sun, was unwearied; and the noontide came and Jawbrahim-Heraudee still spake of Azazael and Samiasa.'

'Mercy upon us, the man has been talking and we have been asleep for four-and-twenty hours,' cried lovely little Roolee-Poollee.

'Your Majesty paid me a compliment not to notice how the hours flew,' said Jawbrahim, 'and I will now proceed, by your leave, with the 44th canto; beginning with an account of the birds'—

Then came the birds that fly, perch, walk, or swim,
On trees the Incessorial station hold,
The Gallinaceous tribes must feed and walk;
The Waders. . . .

'Hold your intolerable tongue, O poet with a burned father!' roared King Poof-Allee in a fury. 'I can bear no more of thy cursed prate, and will call my slaves with bamboo cases if thou utterest another word.'

'Thou promisedst me gold and not a beating, O king!' cried the sage, scornfully. 'Is it thus that the Armenian monarchs keep their word?'

'Take thy gold in the name of the prophet!' replied the king—'go to my treasurer and he shall pay it to thee.'

'He will doubtless not pay without a draft from thy royal hand.'

'I can't write!' shouted the king; and then recollecting himself, and his reputation as a literary genius, blushed profusely, and said, 'that is, I *can* write, but I do not choose to have my signature in the hand of every rogue who may take a fancy to forge it. Here, take my ring, and Samboo, go thou with Jawbrahim; see his poem weighed by the treasurer, and its weight in

gold counted out to the poet (may dirt be flung on his mother's grave).^a Go, Samboo, and execute my commission.'

'On my eyes be it!' replied the faithful negro; and, with Jawbrahim, whose face wore a look of exulting malignity, quitted the royal presence.

Some two hours afterwards, the hoofs of Jawbrahim's dromedary were heard clattering over the paving-stones of the court, and the king, going to the window, had the satisfaction of beholding that renowned chief of the Syncreteeks pacing solemnly by the side of the animal which he led by the bridle.

'May I never see his ugly nose again!' cried Poof-Allee, 'the rascal's unconscionable poem must have weighed twenty guineas at least.'

At this moment, and looking rather frightened, in came Samboo. He made a low salaam to his master and restored to him his private signet.

'How much did the old wretch's poem weigh?' asked Poof-Allee.

'O, him weighed a berry good deal,' answered Samboo, still salaaming; 'but, massa, treasurer had a plenty of money, and him paid him poet, and sent him about him business.'

'Did it weigh twenty guineas?'

'O berry much more—him poem in two columns.'

'Two columns? two *volumes* you mean, you black antigram-marian.'

'Well, two bolumns two columns, two columns two bolumns, him all de same.'

'How do you mean, ruffian?' shrieked the monarch, when with some hesitation the negro handed him a paper, thus written:—

'SIRE—I acknowledge to have received from your treasurer, Cashee Beg, the sum of two hundred and fifty-five billions four hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and six tomauns, two rupees, and sixpence, being the weight of mysplendid epic poem, "The Descent into Jericho," recited to your Majesty last night.

'And lest, Sire, you should be astonished that such a sum should be paid for a poem (for which, in fact, no money can pay), learn, that I had no paper whatever to write (which would have rendered the bargain a much cheaper one to your Majesty), but that I was compelled, at much pains, to engrave my epic upon two pillars which I found in the ruins of Persepolis, and which now lie in your august treasury.—I have the honour to be, Sire, with the utmost respect, your Majesty's most faithul Servant,

'JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE SYNCRETEEK.'

Fancy how poor Samboo Beg was bamboosed that night! how the treasurer was fustigated, how all the clerks of the treasury were horsed and swished!



Anything like the rage of Poof-Allee was never known since the days when Achilles Khan grew furious whilst laying siege to the town of Shah Priam. As for Jawbrahim-Herawdee, he returned safely among the Syncreteeks, and spent his money in publishing several immortal works which have rendered his name beloved and celebrated; and never after that did Poof-Allee pretend to be a man of letters, or try to swindle poor literary gentlemen any more.

This story is taken from the ancient Chronicles, written in the Armenian language, and sung by the shepherds of the Caucasus as they drive down their flocks to water by the Red Sea. Praise be to Mahomet and the twelve Imaums!

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE.¹

SIR,

From the Door Steps.

Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile, how am I to exist? How, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold,—cold, and without pickles,—icy cold for 'twas

¹ [February 11, 1843.]

grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him, and by all the world, I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, *Illustrations of Aldgate Pump*. All the world knows it. It is published, in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec, before-mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say Nobility? **KINGS**, sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon*! It may be seen in the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarotti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the *Illustrations*; but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beef-steak to my lips any day of the week; and 'Fine words,' as the poet says, 'butter no parsneps.' Parsneps!—I have not even parsneps to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Phillippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our ambassador, offered the author of the *Illustrations* the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *officier d'ordonnance*, who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good-will.

'Go, count,' said he, 'to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him

to accept, as a testimony of the respect *of one artist for another*, my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER.

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy-Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton ; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond-box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.



Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the India-rubber!* 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous

publication ; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond-hill !

I send you a couple of designs—they are not humorous, but simple representations of common life—a lovely child—a young and modest girl, and your unhappy servant, are here depicted. They were done in happier times, and in St. James's Park. The other is the boy—



I paid for the beer which she is drinking in a tavern (or 'clachan,' as I called it in compliment to the Highland garb of the little smiling cherub, who burnt his fingers with a cheroot which I was smoking) near Pimlico. 'Twas a balmy summer eve, and I had beer, and money. But the money is gone and the summer is gone, and the beer is gone—when, when will they return ?

Heaven bless you ! Send me out something and succour the unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,
Historical Painter.

A TURKISH LETTER CONCERNING THE DIVERTISSEMENT 'LES HOURIS.'¹

(Translated by Our Own Dragoman.)

HADJI HEER TO HADJI THAIR.

LONDON, A.H. 1222.



ADJI THAIR, thou friend of my youth. Long had I been in this miserable city of the Giaours, before I could discover that there was any place to which the faithful could resort to the comfort of their souls and the praise of the great Prophet. Yea, the sound of the mufti's voice was not

heard from the minaret, the cupola of the mosque did not present itself to the thirsting eye of the Mussulman, and at the corner of every street were vast palaces called the palaces of Djinn, where the forbidden liquor and other liquors even more abominable were sold to the infidels. The atmosphere of the whole city was a stench in the nostrils of the faithful, and my soul was cast down.

But ALLAH is great, and Mahomet is his prophet. I have found refreshment for my soul, I have discovered the green place in the desert, where the faithful may water the camels of their hearts and eat the dates of consolation. For after sunset yesterday I was taken to a splendid palace, called the Hop-Rah, and then did I see the doctrines of the Prophet set forth in a most sublime fashion. Yea, the truth of the Koran was realised, and would that the venerable Imaum Big-Phul, who instructed both me and thee, friend of my youth, in our infancy, had been present. He would have stroked his white beard with delight, and privily murmured Allah Bismilla.

This Hop-rah belongs to the powerful Ameer, whom they call Ben Lomli, and who endeavoureth to instil into hearts of the perverse Giaours a few drops of the only true doctrine. Oh! a faithful Mussulman must he be, for it is said that, once, when he was told the Hop-rah was full of guests, he exclaimed, 'Then great is the Prophet.' By a living picture had he shown the blessed effects of abstaining from the forbidden liquor, and woe to the Giaours if their hearts now remained unchanged. For he

¹ [May 13, 1843.]

hast set forth the delights of Paradise, and the fascination of the Hquris, and how they were awarded to a youth who spurned the intoxicating drink. He hast represented Paradise full of clouds, which shine brightly, as the smoke from the pipe of the Commander of the faithful. And the principal Houri is called Doom-y-lateer, whose eyes shine like the tiger's, whose skin is fair as the snow of Caucasus, tinged with the roses of the setting sun, and whose face is like the brightness of the moon.

This fair Houri floats among the clouds, spreading delight around her, and even the Giaours, who frequent the palace, do exclaim with delight, when they see how she droppeth into the arms of the faithful youth. And there are many other Houris, who inhabit the happy realm, and of these the leaders be called Ka-Meel, Shay-Fer and Plan-Kai. And in Paradise do these eternal maidens disport themselves, and await the coming of true believers, whom they will crown with celestial joy. Friend of my youth, I still think on the young Ka-Meel, whose feet are as those of the antelope, when he prances to the music that the



bulbul uttereth when he singeth to the rose. This picture, as I am told, is the work of a holy man, a spinning dervish, named Pey-Roh. Oh Hadji Thair, remember the Koran, and the precepts of Big-Phul, the preceptor of our infancy, and in future times, when the Giaours shall have fallen from the narrow bridge into the endless abyss, we shall live with the lovely Houris, Doom-y-lateer, Ka-Meel, Shay-Fer, and Plan-Kai. Ever thine,

HADJI HEER,

SECOND TURKISH LETTER CONCERNING THE DIVERTISSEMENT 'LES HOURIS.'¹

(*Translated by Our Own Dragoman.*)

HADJI HEER TO HADJI THAIR.

LONDON, A.H. 1222.

FRIEND of my soul, the first letter, wherein I poured out to thee the raptures of my heart, was translated into the English tongue by the Dragoman of one *Punch*, a holy man of small stature, who teacheth the people wisdom from a pulpit, which his Imaums erect in the corners of the streets, and who every week setteth forth on a scroll, in a pleasant style, such truths as the unenlightened Giaours are able to bear. The translation he hath inserted in his scroll, so that if any accident should prevent the letter reaching thee, thou wilt find it in the scroll, which is read in all parts of the world, particularly at our beloved Constantinople.

At first I was sorry to find that the infidels, when they read the translation of my letter, put on it so perverse a meaning, that they thought the Imaum Big-Phul merely signified 'big fool,' which signifieth in their language, one whose brain Allah hath not enlightened. The night-traveller doth not shrink with more horror from the ravenous Goule, than I shrink from this profane interpretation; but a second visit to the Hop-Rah hast convinced me, that the Giaours were not so far wrong, and that the Imaum is not such a light of the faithful as we have considered, but hath grievously misled both thee and me, O friend of my youth! For the Imaum Big-Phul instructed us that the paradise of the faithful was perfect, and was no more susceptible of improvement than the sword of the Prophet. But this is false, O Hadji; for the Paradise which I saw on my second visit to the Hop-Rah surpassed that which I before told thee of, as the song of Hafiz surpasseth that of Yezid, the son of Moawiyah. The Houri Doom-y-lateer hath left Paradise, and the Imaum Lomli hath put in her stead another Houri, whom they call Chai-ree-toh. O Hadji, to this Houri are all other Houris but vanity and delusion; not Zuleika, who tried to lure the Young Yusuf from the paths of wisdom, of whom Hafiz hath so often sung, may be compared to the new Houri. She doth not look as a passing cloud, lightly floating before the west-wind as did the Houri Doom-y-lateer; she doth not appear as one of the dreams, with which Eblis often tantalizeth

¹ [May 20, 1843.]

even the Faithful : but she is a reality of perfection. The first tint of the morning sun doth not beam more softly on the mountain-tops than the faithful youth who supported her, and the eagle doth not dart more swiftly on his prey, than doth the new Houri amid the clouds of Paradise. Yea, O Hadji, the new Houri not only danceth, but, by the beard of my father, she can fly, and without wings. Mighty is the power of Chai-ree-toh ! The rush of the torrent is strong, when it sweepeth down the trees and the hut of the shepherd—the bound of the young lion is strong, when he seizeth on the traveller ; but, oh, their might is as nothing to the might of Chai-ree-toh ! Yet doth not fierceness dwell within her heart, for she useth her might as it were a pleasant sport, and boundeth along, laughing, and rejoicing in her own wonder. And when she resteth she smileth on the guests, and their hearts beat lightly within their bosoms, for the soft breath of the west-wind doth not diffuse such joy as the smile of Chai-ree-toh.

Friend of my youth, tell the Imaum Big-Phul how well I employ my time, while in this infidel town, and pray enlighten him in the point of doctrine to which I have alluded, that he may not mislead the sons of Islam. And show him the enclosed Ghazul, which I have writ in the Persian tongue.—Ever yours,

HADJI HEER.

GHAZUL.

TO THE HOURI CHAI-REE-TOH.

Fair as the moon, when on tall cedar-trees brightly gleaming,
Houri, art thou, when upon mortals so gladly beaming.
When the seba¹ stirs thy locks, Houri, they are more fragrant
Than the young rose, or the musk, which with its sweets is
teeming.

No ; not the rays, by Zahrah² cast from the skies of evening
Are as the light from the black eyes of the Houri streaming.
And when she smiles, on her lips joys without end are dwelling :
Joys which she sheds on the faithful, and the Giaour blaspheming.
Sunn'd by thy smile, Houri fair, oh ! I would live for ever,
For I should feel life was past, Paradise present seeming.
Sorrows and cares, haste away, quick, to the halls of Eblis ;
Haste where the Goule foully dwells, where evil Djins are
screaming.

Here³ would I bask, free from care, gazing upon the Houri,
And when I leave, still would I be of the Houri dreaming.

¹ The Zephyr. Dragoman.

² The planet Venus. D.

³ I presume by 'here' he means his box or stall.

PUNCH'S PARTING TRIBUTE TO JENKINS.¹

THE illustrious nobody who has long afforded our readers much amusement, cannot be consigned to the obscurity from which we reluctantly dragged him, without some appropriate memorial of his value and pretension. The annexed engraving, intended for that purpose, is a magnified design for a tobacco-stopper, to be cast—need we add—in brass. The inscription in Jenkins-French has been submitted to the Editor of *The Morning Post*, who perfectly reciprocates the sentiments expressed in it.

Oh ! Jenkins homme du peuple—mangez bien,²
 Désormais avec toi nous ferons rien,
 Vous êtes tout usé—chose qui montre la corde,³
 Nos lecteurs étaient mal de toi d'abord :
 Allez-vous-en—votre bâton coupez vite,
 En Ponch jamais votre nom—désormais sera dite.

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT
OF SPAIN.⁴

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by His Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in *The Times* of December 7th :—

'The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked* ; and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest.'

¹ [September 16, 1843.]

[Punch invented 'Jenkins' to personify *The Morning Post*.]

² *Mangez bien* is a Jenkinsonian French expression signifying literally—farewell.

³ A threadbare subject. The Jenkinsonian French for 'threadbare' being *qui montre la corde*.

⁴ [December 16, 1843]

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks Punch, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let Punch, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain, at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him. A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask.



‘SHERRY, PERHAPS,’

is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country).



‘RUM, I HOPE,’

he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But ah! Englishmen! fancy



‘TRACTS, BY JINGO’

his agonising feelings in withdrawing from the flask a Spanish

translation of *The Cowboy of Kennington Common*, or *The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville*.

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No, His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion, he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed the designs which accompany this bando, so as to render its contents more intelligible to the British public; and, in conclusion, His Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed)

BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

Regent's Park, December 7th.

IMPORTANT PROMOTIONS! MERIT REWARDED!¹

(Express from 194 Strand.)

PUNCH OFFICE, *Half-Past Five O'Clock.*



FROM exclusive sources, we announce, with unfeigned delight, that a celebrated public servant has received at the hands of a great prince an honour which the press and the nation will alike applaud. We, for our parts, are none of those who grudge to a deserving contemporary the reward of his labour and his genius. We cordially felicitate him on his advancement, and trust that the example so given will be one by which *other foreign Potentates* will profit.

In one word, JENKINS has been promoted to the peerage and dukedom of France by the French King, Henry V. The Grand

¹ [January 6, 1844.]

Cordon of the Order of the Bell has, we understand, been sent to him, with the cane and rich plush mantle of the knights of the order. The investiture will speedily take place, and we trust to be present at that august and affecting ceremony.

We are also authorised to state that, taking into consideration the late eminent services of JAMES GRUNT, Esq., whose work on Paris and its populace has dealt the most severe blow to Louis Philippe which has ever been inflicted on that usurper, His Most Christian Majesty has made Mr. Grunt Chevalier of his Order of the Pig and Whistle.¹

This is as it should be. We hail with delight the promotion of Duke Jenkins and Sir James Grunt. Such honours honour the exalted giver.

His Grace has forwarded to us a copy of the following circular, and of his patent of nobility.

CIRCULAIRE À LA NOBLESSE FRANÇAISE.

M. le Duc Jenkins, Rédacteur du Poteau Matinal à l'honneur de vous annoncer sa nomination comme Duc et Pair de France.

Il vous invite à féliciter cette circonstance heureuse à son logement (Upper Camomile Buildings, Little Short's Gardens) au 5^{me}, avec un verre de grog au gin.

La Noblesse est priée d'apporter son propre tabac.

Rallions nous autour de Jenkins et son Roi !

NOUS HENRI ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE, À TOUS
PRESENS SALUT.

Voulant reconnaître les services de notre fidèle et aimé domestique, Jean Thomas Jennekis, envers nous et notre couronne ; NOMMONS notre dit ami, DUC ET PAIR DE FRANCE et de NAVARRE, avec les titres de Duc de la Pluche, Marquis de l'Aiguillette, Comte et Seigneur de la Sonnette-de-l'Antichambre.

HENRI.

Par le Roi, Le Secrétaire de l'Office, De la Fleur de Jasmin.

¹ [James Grant, the editor of *The Morning Advertiser*, and author of *The Great Metropolis* and *Paris and its People*, was a favourite butt in *Punch* of Thackeray. Thackeray was familiar with this writer's work. It is generally believed that he reviewed *The Great Metropolis* in *Fraser's Magazine* (December, 1836) ; and just before writing *Important Promotions* he had contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* (December 1843, vol. xxviii. pp. 702-712) a notice of *Paris and its People* entitled *Grant in Paris* (see vol. xii. : *Critical Papers in Literature*).]

THE DUCAL HAT FOR JENKINS.¹

WE hasten to lay before our readers the following ill-spelt and worse-conceived communication. It came to us by our usual express, through Lord Lowther's office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was sealed with a large, we may say an enormous, circular seal on which are emblazoned the royal arms of England, and in all respects similar to that with-some-people-very-uncommon-coin the half-crown. But though the appearance of the seal may have deceived the young gentleman in our office (who, from taking several hundred thousand half-crowns for *Punch's Pocket-Book* ought to have known the coins better), to *our* more acute eyes the flimsy deceit was at once apparent.

We unhesitatingly pronounce the letter AN AUDACIOUS FORGERY: and, in the words of the great bard, 'would whip the rascal with his clothes off through the world'—or at least down the Strand as far as Charing Cross—did we know him, and were he inclined to submit to the punishment. As, however, he would probably resist, and as we are not acquainted with him we leave him to the *pangs of his own conscience* and the opprobrium of an indignant public.—ED.²

'AN DEN HERRN PUNSCH HOCHWOHLGEBOREN, STRAND,
LONDON.

WINDSOR, *Jan. 7.*

'Fielt-Marshal his Royal Highness Brince Albert, D.C.L., bresents his gombliments to Mr. Punch.

'Having heard of the bromotion of Mr. Jenkins by H.R.H. the Comte de Chambord, the Fielt-Marshal has retired to his study and gomboxed for the use of Herzog Jenkins and the other dukes who have been greated by D. of Bordeaux, a DUCAL HAT of which the following is an aggurate design.

'The Dugal goronet, it vill be obserfed, will surmounts de hat,

¹ [January 13, 1844.]

² It has been said that Punch has not been grave enough on all occasions in the conduct of this miscellany, and therefore, ever anxious to please the public, *Mr. Punch* has engaged at an immense expense, a MORAL YOUNG MAN of great parts and eloquence, and who has been, according to his own statement, connected with *The Observer* and *The Morning Herald* newspapers. He will be employed to write upon all great public questions, and is, in fact, the author of the letter signed Philodickt, which appeared in our last.

vich may be a livery hat, a beafer hat, or vat you call a four-and-nine, at bleasure.

‘De gockade vill be vite (emblematic of videlity, burity, and de house of Bourbon). A bouquet of lilies may be vorn in de goat, and de rest of de gostume vil be left to de taste of de vearer, or of de nobel and distingirshed bersonages vid whom Duke Jenkins may dwell.

‘Ven de hat grow old (or vat you call zeedy) Brinz Albert has arranged so dat it vil make a beawdiful and ornamental flower-bot for a drawing-room vindow. Dis vas also de indention of de military hat vich has obtained so much bobularity in de army.¹

‘*B.S.*—Venever I invend any more hats, I vill send dem to you, mein dear *Bunch*.

‘*B.S.*—I bercief dat Herr Grunt, de zelebrated liderary man, has been greated Ritter of de Order of de Big (pig) and Vistle. I ave no vistles, but I can subby him from my farm vid some bigs very fine. A.’



NOTICE !²

WE mentioned, in a former Number of this periodical, that we had engaged, at an immense outlay, and in accordance with the wishes of a numerous class of British public, a MORAL YOUNG

¹ [A shako invented by Prince Albert.]

² [January 20, 1844.]

MAN, well known in the world of letters and newspapers, and enabled from his experience, his opportunities, his learning, and his peculiar turn of mind, to impart to our little journal that tone of gravity and decorum which by some it has been found to lack.

Before we gave his name to the public, we were willing to make a trial of his capabilities in private; for though we had no doubt of his talents, yet all talents are not suited to our paper. If, as the *Morning Chronicle* somewhat impertinently says of our respected confrère his Excellency Senor Gonzales Bravo, 'Punch is not fit to be prime minister of Spain,' in like manner we answer, many a prime minister is not fit to be editor of *Punch*. Sir Robert's jokes, however they make the House of Commons laugh, would hardly be suitable to the great, large jovial honest laughing loving PUBLIC of GREAT Britain.

Our moral young man has undergone his preparatory ordeal. That ordeal has satisfied his employers of the moral young man's capabilities. That capability we think is proved by the following papers; and of these papers we do not now hesitate to name the illustrious author of *Paddington and its People* as the writer.

In presenting the first series of his biographies to the public (to be completed in many scores of volumes) we unhesitatingly declare that his present work is distinguished by more than his usual accuracy of information, by more than his common splendour of diction, and characterised by a passionate, an abounding, an outpouring, a gushing, an overflowing, and overwhelming interest, such as fiction would endeavour in vain to confer, and such as truth only can command.

In his literary lives, the MORAL YOUNG MAN naturally (and gracefully, as we think) begins with the people of title who adorn both the Red Book, and the still more ennobling calendar of the Muses.

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE LORDS OF LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDINGTON AND ITS PEOPLE," "THE
GREAT NECRIPOLIS," ETC., ETC.

BLESSINGTON, THE COUNTESS MARGUERITE OF.—The author may be a proud man whose work commences with such a name as that of the above distinguished scion of the aristocracy. Sir Joshua Lawrence's portrait of her ladyship, which has been engraved several times, has rendered her form and features familiar to the British public, and therefore I need give no

portrait of them here—suffice it to say, that both are (as far as poor human nature can be, and indeed which of us is?—) faultless. Her ladyship's style of writing is ditto; and her works, both of history and fiction, are ornamented with a great number of phrases both in French and Italian, which sparkle through her English like gems in the night. To the merits of these works the whole British Press bears witness. 'Brilliant, charming, elegant, graceful,' are expressions, I may even say epithets, rung out in the fair countess's praise by every critic in these dominions. Those gents who bestow such *laudatory compliments* upon her ladyship's productions are, I observe, rather shy of quoting anything from them. And why?—from envy to be sure, as I have often found in my own case; the reviewers being afraid lest their criticisms should appear stupid and uninteresting by the side of the writer's delightful text.

My avocations as a member of the press, and a leader of public opinion, have prevented me from reading any of her ladyship's works; and as I know nobody who has, I am not enabled to furnish the reader with a catalogue of them.

Her ladyship's house is at Kensington,¹ and is named, I understand, after another fair authoress, who shall be mentioned in her place. I do not visit there, and therefore of course cannot describe the contents of the mansion: need I say I should be happy to do so?

The Countess is a Peeress in her own right, and was elevated to that dignity upon presenting one of her delightful and successful novels to his late lamented Majesty George IV. Kneeling at the royal feet to receive the Countess's Coronet (which is always placed on the head of the nobleman or lady at their investiture), the fair Countess dropped one of her gloves; on which his Majesty, picking it up, observed to Mr. Bentley, the respected publisher, who attended with a copy, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' This was the origin of the Guelphic order. I have this story from undoubted authority—from a gent indeed, who has written a good deal in Mr. B.'s Miscellany, where I should be very glad to furnish articles at the usual remuneration per line.

Her ladyship, to conclude, is Editor of the well-known *Book of Beauty*, of which I cannot help remarking that the Beauties of late years seem *rather* used up. Is it so indeed! Perish the thought, I say. And the idea of the *Book of Beauty* naturally brings us to—

BROUGHAM, LORD HENRY.—His lordship is, as the world very well knows, a political, or what the admirable *Morning*

¹ [Gore House.]

Herald calls a lego-political gent. He was educated at Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with little Jack Horner, Judge Jeffries, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Admiral the Reverend Sir Sydney Smith, of whom, more anonymously. Having finished his studies, he was brought to the bar in London, where he has distinguished himself in various ways ever since. Being born and bred in the North, his accent has stuck to him like a burr, and he has used that tongue of his to more purpose than any gent of the long robe. During the session, as the *Times* has remarked of him, his labours are tremendous. You may see him in the morning at the House of Lords, or in the Privy Council, the eagerest among the Judges there; and all the time writing off articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. In the evening, he is at the Lords again backing up his friend Lord Monteagle, to whom he is tenderly attached. At night, I have myself enjoyed the pleasure of his company many times at the Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, where he astonishes the world by his eloquence. Such is only a part of the life of this restless though brilliant genius!

His fatal attachment for Queen Caroline in early life, is well known; and his duel with Mr. Canning, another ardent admirer of that fascinating, though unfortunate, Princess. Hence his Majesty George IV. could naturally never abide him.

King William IV. was passionately fond of him. When Lord Brougham was Chancellor, he and his Sovereign corresponded regularly by the post; both shed tears when obliged to part, especially Lord Brougham, whose susceptible nature has, perhaps, never recovered the shock since.

But it is as a literary man that we are called upon to judge him; and as such he has been at everything. 'His lordship is a bird that has hopped upon every branch of the tree of knowledge,' as Goethe observes: as Mr. S-m-l R-g-rs remarks, rather coarsely, he has been at everything in the literary way, from p-tch and t-ss to mansl-ghter. A politician, a theologian, an historian; on classics, optics, physics, metaphysics, he has wrote, and with unbounded applause. All his works are to be had on all these subjects, and at immensely reduced prices.

He is corresponding member of three hundred and ninety-six philosophical societies. He is the inventor of the Brougham carriages, for which every man that uses a cab may thank him. In fact, an equestrian statue of him is to be set up in St. Martin's-lane, in a Brougham carriage, as soon as anybody will subscribe for the purpose.

Coming to London with nothing on but a common stuff gown,

he rose himself to be Lord Chancellor—a lasting monument of genius! He is a member of the Beef-steak Club, which he founded in conjunction with Mr. Wilberforce.

He is equally distinguished in France (about which country,



its capital, Paris, and its people, Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have just published a remarkable work). In France he is a member of the National Institute, and also Drum-Major of the National Guards. King Louis Philippe has had the above portrait of him put up at Versailles. He has in that country a

chateau at Cannae, where Bonaparte landed, and where Cannibal the Carthaginian was defeated by Scipio (no doubt another African) in the Roman service; and there he cultivates the olive branches which he is in the habit of presenting to King Louis Philippe and our gracious Sovereign.

Lord Brougham, unlike other great men, has no envy; no uncharitableness; no desire to get his neighbours places, or to oust his friends. Indeed, his very enemies admire him more than anybody else; and, can there be a greater proof of his disinterestedness? There is no truth in the report that, jealous of Mr. Macready's popularity, he proposed to take an opposition theatre, and play the principal tragic parts there. His talents are not dramatic. He once wrote a little comedy of intrigue, called 'The Queen has done it All,' but it was miserably hissed off the stage. And finally, to speak of him as a literary man, he has been so constant a contributor to *Punch*, and has supplied the inimitable H.B. with so many designs, that every lover of humour must admire him.

BROUN, SIR THOMAS.—I know nothing of this titled gent, except that he is secretary of the Society of Baronets of England, of which I know nothing too. This society, or this secretary, has discovered the rank of Baronetness, the right of the Baronets to wear the Ulster Badge, and what is called the collar of SS.

Sir Thomas Broun has wrote a book upon the above interesting subject, which brings him into our literary category; and which, whenever her Gracious Majesty shall please to call me to the order, I shall read with pleasure.

It is not generally known, that when the meeting of Baronets applied to our beloved Sovereign for permission to wear the collar of SS., she graciously granted the privilege, with the addition of A (the first letter in the alphabet) to be worn before the SS in question. I have not heard whether the collars have as yet been worn; but—speaking of Baronets—come naturally, as well as alphabetically, to the celebrated.

EDWARD, EARL LYTTON, BULWER, who is the next noble on my proud list of fame. As an Earl—and his title was actually conferred upon him at his baptism—he could not sit in the House of Commons, and therefore relinquished the vain rank of an hereditary aristocracy to serve his country in Parliament, which he did as member for Liskeard. He was made a Baronet for his services there; in compliment to which he wrote his eminent work, *The Last of the Baronets*. Messrs. Saunders and Ottley will, I dare say, be happy to supply any of my readers with a copy of that performance at the usual moderate charge.

Sir Edward's labours as an author have been multivariuous.

He has written history, poetry, romance, criticism, politics, the drama. He has had detractors—what great man has not? I can speak myself from bitter experience; but as long as he can get his present price, which I have no doubt is a guinea per page per novel, I think he may afford to laugh at envy. There's many a gent, I know, would undergo a deal of similar persecution for a precious deal less money.

Among the celebrated authors in this family may be also mentioned His Excellency Lord Henry Bulwer, the Ambassador to Madrid, whose work on Paris and the Parisians is, however, altogether inferior to a late work, published by Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, viz. *Paris and its People*, and which that admirable journal, the *Morning Herald*, says is to be found on every Englishman's bookshelf.

The English reader having it on his shelf, of course there is no need to recommend him (unless he wishes to present it to a friend) to purchase another copy, which he is at liberty to do. The rest of Europe, however, had better give their orders early, as above. And this information, I believe, is all that I have to give of the celebrated author of *Pelham*, *England and the English*, etc. In person, I may add, he is stout and swarthy. He wears a blue coat and brass buttons; boots named after the celebrated Prussian partisan, Prince Blucher; silver spectacles and drab trousers, very much crunkled at the knees. He is about sixty-nine years of age, and lives in Tibbald's Row, Holborn—at least a gent going into a chambers there was pointed out to me as this above-named pride of our country.

LADY L'S JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO FOREIGN COURTS.¹

As this *soul-stirring* publication is about to be continued, and as it has formed the subject of conversation in the *very highest* circles, we hasten to lay before the public a letter on the subject from a most distinguished leader of *ton* :—

LETTER FROM LADY JUDY PUNCH TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF JENKINS.

What *malheur* afflige my dear Duchess? I looked for you in vain last night at Lady Smithfield's. I sent Lord P. to all your

¹ [January 27, 1844.]

[*Lady Londonderry's Journal of a Three Months' Tour in Portugal, Spain, Africa, etc.*, which, after being serialised in *The New Monthly Magazine*, was published by J. Mitchel and Co., London, 1843.]

accustomed *séjours* of evening—Route de la Cité; la Maison de la Conduite Blanche; le Château de Jean de la Paille, à Hampstead—in vain—your Grace was absent. The nobles of the land were without their brightest ornament; and the dear Duke of Jenkins (who joined us afterwards) was seen at his club taking his ordinary *rafraîchissement* of *moitié et moitié* alone. Can it be that the *blanchissage* (as stated) required your presence elsewhere? One of your dear children told me you had sold your *mécanique à repasser*. Well, *cara mia*, as soon as that *bisogna* is completed, come to the faithful arms of your Giuditta. Lord P. shall be your *cavaliere*. With what joy does he ever receive news of the dear Duke and your Grace!

My love, I have *cent mille choses à vous dire*—a hundred thousand, positively. I wish to consult you about the *sweetest* pink bonnet, *aux carottes*; about *such a toque, en velours épinglé aux choux de Bruxelles!* Above all, to talk to you about Lady L.'s Journal. My love, the whole town is positively mad about it. I give you my *parole d'honneur* quite *folle*. If you could have heard Lady Barbican last night, quite *crévé-ing* with envy at the Marchioness's success—if you could have witnessed the enthusiasm of Percy Aldersgate (Lord Smithfield's son, you know) and poor dear Lord Billingsgate's raptures of joy. 'Her ladyship,' said he, turning round to little Frank Ludgate (of the Farrington family), who was at cards with the three odious Aldermanbury girls, 'has done honour to her country and her class. We thank her—the *noblesse* of England thank her. She has enabled us to show the vile *roturiers*, and low newspaper-creatures, that the aristocracy of England is superior to them with the pen, as in every other way. She has shown that we are of a different order of beings—a superior one—and, in so doing, has only performed the duty of a British Peeress—the duty of us all. We must stand by our order, my Lords and Ladies. I, for my part, never move without having my rank, my order, I proudly say my *caste*, in 'my eye.'

'I wonder he mentioned it,' said downright old Lady Friarbridge; at which bluff Lord St. Paul's nodded his head waggishly. In a word, my dear, it was voted that the Journal should be read instantly for the benefit of the company assembled; and, as 'tis known that your darling husband the Duke can spell the *longest* words without hesitating, he was unanimously selected to fill the office of *lecteur*. Arabella Minory gracefully brought and snuffed the *chandelle de mouton* for the dear Duke, who, refreshing himself with a sip of a delicious *sorbet au genièvre*, began as follows:—

Saturday, August 22, 1840.—Among the various vexations of life (I mean not to include the real ills, but to speak of the numberless trifles that irritate and annoy one) few things are more disagreeable than the appearance of one's maid by one's bed-side at four o'clock in the morning, with a candle in her hand.

'Admirably said, dear Lady Billingsgate,' exclaimed your darling husband. 'How pretty that way of saying "annoying one with one's maid by one's side"—one only finds people of fashion ever use one's language in the proper way—does one?' 'I call it the *unique* way,' said the Dowager of Aldgate to her daughter Blanche Pumpington. 'I think it must be more annoying for one's maid, though, than for one's self. You know one's maid must be up at three,' said stupid old Friarbridge—but her remark was told low, and the old frump, you know, is of city extraction.

His Grace continued to read:—

The town was in a great bustle, this being the Fête of Reubens. This ceremony only occurs once in a hundred years, and this is but the second time it has been celebrated. Ruben's Descent from the Cross is a magnificent picture, and the rays of the sun falling on it, showed it to great advantage. . . . The Crucifixion at the Musée, also by Rubens, claims the traveller's attention; but we, unfortunately, had not the time to examine the pictures, or to go to the Church of Saint Jacques. We paid a visit to Mr. Baillie, the great shawl merchant, and bought some of the wondrous black silk. . . .

'I thought they had no time,' said odious Friarbridge.

'To see pictures, no,' said the Duke indignantly, 'but to buy black silk is a very different thing—(Cries of 'hear!')—though, why should we say that her Ladyship had no time for pictures, when the sentence above shows such a profound knowledge of them. Does she not call the painter Rubens, Ruben, and Reubens in that single page? Does she not tell us that his Fête occurs once in a hundred years, and that the sun's beams falling on a picture, enable you to see it to the greatest advantage. Who could have told those things but a true connoisseur.'

A little dispute between two noble Dukes present, here arose as to whether the word, as applied to a lady, should be connoy-shure or connoyshuse, which was decided by Sir James Grunt stating that the first was the correct word; and as the Chevalier is fresh from Paris, his opinion of course was taken:—

The Duke resumed:—

We then drove to the railway, where we found a scene of unequalled confusion. We had great difficulty in getting places, and only succeeded after a *scuffle* between Lord L. and some *pert priest*.

Gracious Heaven! how pale the Duke of Jenkins becomes at reading this: 'A scuffle between Lord L. and a priest!—it's too bad!'

'*What's* too bad?' said St. Paul's.

'The scuffle between the noble Lord and the priest.'

'On whose side?' said St. Paul's. 'Do you mean that it is wrong of a Lord to scuffle with a clergyman, or of a clergyman to scuffle with a Lord?'

'He ought to have given way.'

'*Who* ought to have given way?' continued the persevering old nobleman. But he had evidently his *cross* look on that day; and, without deigning to answer his question, the Duke continued to read:

The railway travelling has the undoubted advantage of enabling one to move from place to place with great rapidity. ('BRAVO.') But its drawbacks are innumerable. The noise, the smell, the jar, *and above all, the being brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of people.*

Lord St. Paul's—'My dear Duke, I think, for my part, that this is rather a dangerous sort of writing now-a-days. I don't think that ladies, of however exalted rank, are quite justified in shuddering at being brought into contact with their fellow-creatures.'

The Duke—'Fellow-creatures! No, no. For Heaven's sake moderate your expressions! My Lord, this is dangerous levelling doctrine.'

Lord St. Paul's—'Lady L.'s BETTERS have condescended to mix with all sorts and conditions of people.'

The Duke—'Who are her ladyship's *bettters*?'

Lord St. Paul's—'Sir, we won't talk religion in company. Pray go on.'

A picturesque-looking man, whose appearance was that of half Spanish brigand, half player—(a half Spanish brigand is a subtle distinction, suggested some one)—also accompanied us. We dined at Liège, and posted on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived late, having passed the Prussian frontier, where the Custom House officers were civil, and did not unpack or meddle with anything we had, except a ham, on which they enforced duty. The railroad is to be continued to Cologne, which will much facilitate travelling. We remained but one night at Aix, which is full of people. I took a bath, but cannot say I liked the experiment.

The Duke—‘It is an experiment I have never tried.’ (A laugh.)

After which he continues—

We were next day picked up by the steamer, which brought the rest of our family from Rotterdam. These boats are long, narrow, and adapted to carry a great number of passengers. There were two hundred on this occasion; but as we occupied the pavilion, which is really a good-sized private room, we were well accommodated, and enjoyed plenty of air and light, *and were not molested by strangers.*

St. Paul's—‘What a pleasant frame of mind to travel in. If people do not wish to be molested by strangers, why do they not stay at home? Go on, my dear Duke of Jenkins.’

We passed Bonn, and the Drachenfels, *both of which disappointed us*, and, at four, arrived at Coblenz, which is very finely situated. A picturesque bridge of boats connects it with the citadel of Ehrenbretstein, bristling with its embrasures and lines of artillery. . . . Next morning, September 4, we continued our progress. The scenery after Coblenz becomes much more grand. We passed some old castles and many picturesque crags and hills, feathered down to the water's edge with luxuriant foliage. The prettiest seemed to me in possession of Prince Frederick of Prussia. This castle has been repaired and rendered habitable, and must be in summer a delightful residence. It is situated half way up a rocky hill, and perched like an eagle's nest in a romantic situation.

Lady Friarbridge—‘Are eagles' nests always in romantic situations.’

The Duke—‘Madam, her Ladyship knows best.’

Lord St. Paul's—‘Perhaps you are not aware that, hearing of the noble travellers' disappointment at Drachenfels, the king of Prussia had the mountain pulled down. And, Duke, what a charming expression that is, “bristling with embrasures”; it is as if we were to say, indented with spikes.’

The Duke—‘As you say—it is only the very highest nobility that can think of such expressions. By the way, I may take your word for that little anecdote about the King of Prussia? I will insert it in a proper quarter, heading it “POLITENESS TO A BRITISH NOBLEMAN”—eh?—but to proceed:—

. . . We drove through the fine free town of Frankfort . . . it is finely situated on the Maine; it is built of white stone, has wide streets and good hotels. . . . At Wurzburg, we spent the night at an *Hôtel* (mark the delicacy of that lady's—an hotel with the circumflex) which we found dear, dirty, and *the eating beyond all description bad.* Having

discovered that the waiter and the master of the inn understood French, I derived considerable comfort from informing them that we had meant to stay the next day ; but finding everything so bad, we should go on. . . . The distance from Wurzburg to Nuremberg may be accomplished in about twelve hours ; but we determined to divide this, and sleep at Langenfeldt, a small, dirty inn, where, nineteen years ago, returning from Vienna, we bought and carried off all their china, of which they neither knew the beauty nor the value, but which turned out to be the finest old Dresden, and once the property of the Margraves of Anspach. The landlord remembered us all.

Lord St. Paul's—‘And no wonder he did.’

Lord Billingsgate—‘Egad, it was a devilish good trick that—carrying off all the old fellow’s china !’

Lord St. Paul's—‘Of which he did not know the value, and for which of course the noble English party paid the utmost farthing. You would not suppose that they would *hoax* the poor fellow as to the value of his wares.’

Lord Billingsgate—‘I don’t call it *hoaxing* at all’ (cries of ‘No ! no !’)—‘it’s fair play, I say—it’s only coming Yorkshire over them—eh, Jenkins.’

Lord St. Paul's—‘That is a sweet sentence regarding the *Hôtel* at Wurzburg—“I derived considerable comfort” from abusing the landlord—or rather *dis*-abusing him ! What a graceful and good-tempered guest the Wurzbürger must have had.’

Lady Friarbridge—‘But why, if her ladyship is so angry at dirty inns, did she stop at the other “dirty inn” at What-do-ye-call-it ?—Langenfeldt ?’

Lord St. Paul's—‘My dear Lady Friarbridge—you have lived all your life in the City or on the Surrey side—I can get a peep sometimes into genteeler neighbourhoods ; and let me whisper in your ear, that there was perhaps some more *china to be had* at Langenfeldt. Her Ladyship talks of speaking French : be so kind, my dear duke of Jenkins, who know the language so well, as to give us a few specimens of her proficiency.

Duke Jenkins—‘Oh, there is plenty of it—Here Prince Metternich says—

Ecoutez, mon cher, les jeunes femmes que vous avez CONNUE sont mortes.

St. Paul's—‘The blundering German.’

Jenkins—‘We say a collection of *bijouterie* and *VIELLERIES*.’

St. Paul's—‘A pretty word, but not in the Dictionary.’

Jenkins—‘Here is a passage which I really hardly dare trust myself to read. It is the most affecting thing I ever read. The

two greatest statesmen of the age—Lord L. and Prince Metternich—are conversing together. They speak of the brilliant Congress of Verona, and the kings and heroes who assembled. “Where are they all now?” exclaims the greatest statesman (but one) of the age—I mean Prince Metternich—

‘*Que de changemens, que de monde est mort ! . . . Et pour les plénipotentiaires ils sont tous MORT aussi. Vous,*’ turning to Lord L., ‘*graces au ciel, vous voilà. Le pauvre Castlereagh, que je regretterai toujours—Talleyrand est mort—Cathcart, il est mort.*’

‘*Non, il existe toujours,*’ said Lord L.

‘*Et bien dans ce cas-là, CELUI-LÀ N’EST PAS MORT !*’

Flesh and blood could bear it no longer ; the fine eyes of your dear husband filled rapidly with tears ; his voice, always sweet, now gave way in an uncontrollable burst of emotion ; and when he came to this passage, he dropped the book, and fell lifeless into the arms of the astonished Lady Barbican. This little *circonstance atténuante* (this affecting circumstance) put an abrupt finale to our *soirée*. We asked Lord Billingsgate to lead our dear Duke home ; but his Lordship said he must be off, as he had other fish to fry ; Lord St. Paul’s left us, inviting us all to his ball ; and your darling husband was left to go home by himself. It was one o’clock ; one’s maid had been in waiting with one’s pattens, I don’t know how long ; and when one got home, one was quite glad to get to one’s bed and dream of one of the most delightful *soirées* one ever enjoyed.

A thousand compliments from Lord P. to the Duke. How is your dear Grace this morning?—one sighs to know. Write, write to one’s faithful—

GIUDITTA.

SHORT’S GARDENS,

To her Grace the Duchess of Jenkins.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY RIDDLES.¹

SIR,

Sometimes after business-hours in our establishment we while away the evening with social converse and harmless laughter. Some of our young gents are then fond of proposing riddles, and considerable applause has been excited by the following, which, perhaps, may be suited to the columns of your entertaining miscellany.

When may the late celebrated Doctor Jenner (whose memoirs

¹ [March 23, 1844.]

I have perused with unfeigned delight) be compared to a certain kind of potato?

When it's 'a vaxy natur.'

When, on the contrary, does the same favourite vegetable resemble the girl of my heart?

When its A-mealier.

But what the *other* name is I will never reveal.—Your most obedient servant,

'A YOUNG GENT. AT JOWELL & HAMES'S.'

'THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM.'¹

LITTLE HATHENAEUM CLUBB,
GOAT AND HOYSTER TAVERN,

*Upper Anna-Maria Buildings, North Caroline Place,
Association Road, Hoxton New Town, March 15, 1844.*



IND PUNCH,

SIR—Me and the frequenters of this clubb (all of littary tastes) wishes to know which is the *reel* name of a sella-brated littary barronet and Son of the Mews (has his translation of Skillers poems hamply justifies), viz. is He

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer? or

Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton? or

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton? or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl Bulwer? or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl George Bulwer or

Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George or

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Bulwer Earl? or, *vica versy*, or quite the contry, or dubble yer all round, or which ways?

Has we're going to put up his bust (hover the Duch clock) in the clubb-room, we natrally wish to have his tittles correct to be wrote under neath the work of hart.

Your obeadient servant and reglar reader,

BONOSMORES.

P.S. 1. We doant wish to be hansered in joax but *seriatim* in earnest. 2. Halso, wich do you consider the best and holdest

¹ [March 23, 1844.]

hactor, Mr. Braham or Mr. Widdicomb? or is Mr. Charles Kean the best, and is tradgidy or commady his forte or his piano?

N.B. Philosophiclike discusshn every Tuesday: me in the chair.

[For a reply to the above queries we refer our intelligent correspondent to Mr. Grant of the Great Metropolis.]

GEMS FROM JENKINS.¹

OUR dear friend has begun lately a very artful way of conciliating the aristocracy of the country, viz., by *writing bad French* in his Journal. Witness the two following paragraphs extracted from Tuesday's Journal, and profound specimens of JENKINSIAN dissimulation:—

‘Un jeune homme, age de 30 ans, parlant Francais, Allemande et Anglais, que a servie de famille destingue deseire se placer comme Valet d'chambre, ou Courier, que peura donne de bon aclemmation.’

‘Une personne Francaise, . . . elle sais faire les robes et bien coiffée; elle n'a point d'objection de prendre le soin d'une petite Demoiselle si necessaire point d'objection pour la campagne ni Londres, mais une Famille pour voyager sera preferable.’

They are copied from our fashionable contemporary with laborious accuracy, and contain specimens of a noble eccentricity of style, which we never believed to have existed in any person below the rank of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. Even he could not write worse French than the Courier of the *Post*. And little boys of six years old will remark with pleasure that out of the last twenty-two words in the paragraph, only four are right. Was it the *Morning Post* who wrote, or was it the *Courier*? Only the fashionable contemporary knows this awful secret.

The *Femme de Chambre* announcement is evidently the writing of an English person, ‘*une petite demoiselle si necessaire*,’ a little girl so necessary, and ‘*une famille pour voyager sera preferable*,’ ‘a family to travel will be preferable,’ are, we fearlessly assert, the expressions of BETTY the housemaid, not of MONON the *Femme de Chambre*. Or is there a presiding genius at the office of the *Post*, who himself composes these remarkable advertisements? and who writes about ‘*que a servie*,’ and ‘*de bon aclemmation*,’ and ‘*elle sais faire*,’ and ‘*elle sais coiffée*’?

We are inclined to think that Jenkins writes bad French,

¹ [April 6, 1844.]

not because he knows no better, but because in the fashionable world good French would not be understood. They don't like it there. They like their French loaded and doctored like their wine; and J.—knowing his public will only consume a bad article—supplies that bad article to their hearts' content. If LADY LONDONDERRY, if LADY BLESSINGTON, if LADY BULWER, if MRS. TROLLOPE, if the fashionable world in a word proves its dislike of good French by constantly practising bad, why should a journalist venture to differ from such authorities or pretend to better behaviour than his betters?

WHAT SHOULD IRISH MEMBERS DO IN REGARD TO THE TEN HOURS' BILL? ¹

*Manchester Buildings,
April 1, 1844.*

SIR,

I have perused with igsthrame astanishment the extrah-ordinary silence of the Press in ginerall respecting Misthur Sanior's femous argumint on the Faactory Quistion.

That argumint you may remimber, is, 'that the profit of the mill-owners dipinds upon the two *last* hours' labour of the twilve in the facthories; and that in cansiquince of depriving the masthers of these two hours, their ruin would infallibly inshue.'

I have discovered and intind to propose to SIR ROBERT PALE, a mains of accommodeetion by which the intherests of the leborer and the masther may be secured.

Let us take off the TWO FIRST HOURS, which are not in the laste profitable, and the matther becomes aisy and comprehensible.

I am, Sir,

Your obajient Servant,

A Mimber of Parliament for Oppressed,

Degraded, Miserable, but Beautiful

IRELAND.

¹ [April 6, 1844.]

AN ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT¹

SIR—In *The Times* of the 5th of April, I have inserted the following advertisement :—

TO PERSONS OF FORTUNE:—Any Lady or Gentleman wishing to provide handsomely for a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, of about 18 (who has no objection to go abroad), may hear of a most desirable opportunity. Personal application to be made to Mr. Thingamy, Whatd'ycallern Street, Manchester Square.

But as that journal does not give any pictures, except that of the hideous Lion and Unicorn on the title ; and as the nobility and gentry most naturally want to be personally acquainted with my appearance, you will oblige me by having the following Portrait inserted—extremely like, and from the original by Spoker.—



Yours,

AN INTERESTING INDIVIDUAL.

¹ [April 13, 1844.]

LES PREMIÈRES ARMES DE MONT- PENSIER; OR, MUNCHAUSEN OUT- DONE.¹



OR the following letter the French journals are indebted to COLONEL THIERY, the Aide-de-Camp, or tutor, or it may possibly be toady to the DUKE OF MONTPENSIER. The letter is to the Queen, on the young Prince's first affair:—

‘I am happy to have the honour of giving your Majesty some details regarding the conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of Montpensier which he could not himself give but

at the expense of his modesty.

O fie!

‘The Prince at length has found an occasion for showing that he could emulate his brothers in courage, charged to aid in the attack upon the village of Mechouneche with his guns. H.R.H. had to defile under the Arab fire at a very short distance from their guns; but his batteries were soon judiciously posted, and there the inauguration of *the royal artillery-man* (How PRETTY) took place in the face of the whole army, by a brisk cannonade, the effects of which contributed greatly to the success of the first part of the air. The Prince from this position fired his howitzers and wall guns, the discharge of which brought *several* Arabs to the ground. I applauded this *début*. I considered it as sufficient: but there was still better fortune in store for the two Princes.

‘On another point our attacks had not been so successful. A column of infantry had met with *such difficulties of ground* (only DIFFICULTIES OF GROUND, OF COURSE) that it began to falter; and the audacity of the Arabs had increased in a menacing manner. The Duke of Aumale thought proper to put an end to this by moving forward in person at the head of the Grenadiers. The Duke of Montpensier felt that his place was no longer there, where the perils he was to encounter were less than those which his brother was facing; and by an inspiration, of which the merit

¹ [April 27, 1844.]

belongs entirely to himself, he gave up the command of the guns to the lieutenants under him, and followed across a shower of balls by the side of the Duke of Aumale.

‘His devotedness was near costing him dear. He was one of the privileged in the group which followed the Princes. A ball tore the upper eyelid of his left eye. Although the pain was severe, and the blood which issued from this slight wound was at first sight alarming, H.R.H. never paused in his course; but, with his brother, was among the first to reach the height crowned by the Arabs, and considered by them as so impregnable, that those natives who were not witnesses of the action INSIST ON ITS BEING ATTESTED TO THEM BY OATH !

‘The Duke of Aumale’s resolution was heroic, and success justifies his temerity, although it was great. The Princes were not followed by twenty soldiers, worn out by fatigue when they reached the crest of the hill occupied by SEVERAL HUNDRED of the enemy. Among them were several regulars, who were at our approach *seized with a panic*, which was quite unexpected.

‘The Duke’s wound has been so slight that it will not leave the honour of a scar. His sight was never affected for a moment. As for the health of the Prince it never was more satisfactory.

‘(Signed) THIERY.’

THIERY having thus addressed his Queen: let the admiring PUNCH be allowed to address THIERY.

Now, dear THIERY; we have finished that veracious History of the-Next French Revolution (the extraordinary accuracy of which narrative will be proved when the Revolution shall come to pass), we are prepared to offer you a handsome salary to write a History of the African war.

Our historiographer is a smart chap, but without a doubt, dear Colonel, you are a better man, and we shall dispossess him and appoint you.

Beloved THIERY! it is noble to see you, in fancy, following your Princes through the shower of balls! What admirable devotedness! There is nothing of a lickspittle about you—no flattery; every word you say seems Gospel true.

What, the whole column of infantry began to falter, did they? before Mechouneche, that pretty village. And the audacity of the Arabs grew menacing! And the Princes rushed forward with twenty men only (what a compliment to the gallantry of the rest of the army), and with these twenty men upset several hundreds of the enemy, who were seized with an unaccountable panic!

Dear friend, it must have been at the sight of the young PRINCE OF MONTPENSIER, with his left upper eyelid bleeding—*bon Dieu*, what a ghastly royal artilleryman! what a blood-stained young bombardier of a Prince he must have looked.



DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

But what was the ball which tore the eyelid, dear Sir, was it a cannon ball? a great whacking, thundering, whizzing eighty-four pounder; or perhaps a bomb that went off and lodged there; or, perhaps a Congreve rocket that whisked off an eyelash—Heavens, what an escape it was. Explain it to us, dear truth-teller, more accurately in your next charming letter. Let us know how it was that the ball hit the dear Prince in the eyelid, and how it was that his nose got off unhurt, and his forehead; and how the wound which bled so terrifically, and was so painful,

won't even leave a scar.

Perhaps the ball respected the PRINCE—was seized with an unaccountable panic, like the several hundred regulars, at sight of his Royal Highness's face, and bounded back quite astonished. Amiable friend, why should not this be true? Tell us about it in your next, and mention the name of the Arabs who were killed by the rebound.

Don't say if the ball which touched the eyelid of the Royal Bombardiers was only his eyeball:—it is much better as it stands—or let us say at once that it was a red hot shot; you picked it up, cooled it, and intend to send it as a present to the QUEEN.

That is a great stroke, dear friend, about the Arabs (who did not witness the action of the Princes, and their twenty men frightening away the several hundreds)—forcing YOU TO SWEAR TO THE FACT before they will believe it. Will they believe it when you do SWEAR? O those benighted followers of ABD-EL-KADER!

Dear friend, we have some like you in England, but none *quite* so great. Our Court Circulars contain humbug and flattery, which are pretty sickening and slavish in their way; but I think we have never come near *you*, dear Thierry. We never sneered at a whole army, to exalt the bravery of two young men. His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT has undergone some handsome dangers in his time, but he never had his eyelid torn by a cannon-

ball. Be yours the palm—yours, and the country which owns you.

Let us hope, dear Sir, that in the approaching visit of the French King to this country, we may see you following at his august back. If you come to the Strand, come and see us. Come, and we will introduce you to some similar English worthies.

And we will institute an order, and it shall be called the Order of the Long Bow, and COLONEL THIERY shall have the first GRAND CORDON. Come; and, in the meantime, write more letters, dear THIERY.

To your wondering and loving,

PUNCH.

ACADEMY EXHIBITION.¹

HAVING just returned from this delicious place of entertainment,—our brains whirling with the delirious excitement of the scene,—we have scarce time to collect our scattered senses and to put down hastily our impressions of this gorgeous galaxy of talent.

Among the portraits, we remarked—

691. Portrait of the Hat of His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT; with His Royal Highness's favourite boot-jack. His Royal Highness's Persian wolf-dog, MIRZA, is lying on the latter, while the former is in the possession of His Royal Highness's diminutive spaniel, MISS KIDLUMY.—*Sandseer*, R.A.

This magnificent piece of Art has all that Mastery of execution, that chiaroscurocity of handing—above all, that thrilling, dramatic interest which distinguishes the most popular of our painters. The gallant wolf-hound of Irawn sits scowling over the utensil of the consort of England's Sovereign which seems to say, '*Nemo me impunè lacessit.*' The boot-jack is a miracle of art—had we not worn Bluchers, in good sooth we should have been tempted to try it; so marvellous is the illusion produced. As for the little spaniel, MISS KIDLUMY, what can we say, but that she is a perfect *love*? The biscuit she holds in her mouth may have been painted by a SANDSEER, but we vow must have been *designed* by a LEMANN: it is one of the sort usually sold at three a penny. The fluff of the hat is handled with a gossamer lightness, and the maker's name is a complete illusion. This work stamps MR. SANDSEER not only as a great delineator, but a noble and exquisite poet. His

¹ [May 11, 1844.]

1996. Parroquet with a Muffin (the property of the Queen of the Belgians).

1763. Grouse Shooting. Cockaleekie Castle.

2844. Salmon Leaping. (Scene from the river Snuffinull, off the heights of Whistlebinkie. *Morning*.)

25. The Highland Luncheon.

'Gin a' the binks that fa' your body,
Your bubbly Jock and winsome poddie,
Your lilting, filting, linkum doddie,
Should gar your ee.'

The words of the Ayrshire bard were never more admirably illustrated. The tail of the Kelpie in the distance, is, perhaps a *little* out of drawing; but the Stot is the very picture of life; and the mutton-ham with which the sheep-dog (both are likenesses of eminent political characters) is running away, is unparalleled.

MACLISH, R.A., has—

991, 1434, 1684, 4, 76, 1999. Subjects from that admirable novel, *Gil Blas*—a work lately published, and of the greatest humour; likewise—

802. OLIVIA curling MARIA's hair before going to Farmer FLAMBOROUGH'S.

8496. MARIA curling OLIVIA's hair before going to Farmer FLAMBOROUGH'S.

15. SQUIRE THORNHILL making love to OLIVIA in the hay-field.

1844. Hay-field. Group from *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

176, 8, 4499 and thirteen more, are from the same delightful work, upon which indeed all our artists have made an attack, for we have—

MULROWDY, R.A. with 1904, The Vicar of Wakefield smoking the pipe in the orchard with Mr. BURCHELL.

2306. Mr. BURCHELL in London, purchasing a roll of Virginia for the Vicar. (An admirable piece, with all the humour of RAPHAEL and all REMBRANDT'S correctness of design.)

316. MRS. PRIMROSE ironing her mittens—a sweet piece in the true CLAUDE manner. We counted, besides, six other designs from the same delightful work, and from the unmistakable pencil of Mr. LEDSLIE, R.A., three hundred and thirty six drawings in illustration of this most popular novel.

TRUNDLER, R.A., treats us with some magnificent pieces.

34. A Typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway, with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.

O Art, how vast thy misty wonders are,
To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep ;
Maelstrom thy hand is here.

From an unpublished poem.

4. (Great Room.) HIPPOPOTAMUSES at play in the river Scamander.

1311. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the Shrimp (Seringapatam, early suarin).

And can it be, thou hideous imp
That life is ah ! how brief, and glory but a shrimp !

From an unpublished poem.

We must protest against the Duke's likeness here ; for though his grace is short, his face is not of an emerald-green colour ; and it is his coat, not his boots, which are vermilion ; nor is it fair to make the shrimp (a blue one) taller than the conqueror of Assaye ; with this trifling difference of opinion, we are bound to express our highest admiration of the work. It is the greatest that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising over the cataract in the foreground, and the conflagration of TIPPoo's widow in the Banyan forest by the sea shore, are in the great artist's happiest manner. Our favourite,

PICKLEGILL, R.A., has fourteen admirable portraits.

47. MAJOR BULDER, and 48. MRS. MAJOR BULDER (worthy of a TINTORET).

906. Colossal figure of GEORGE BLODDER RODGMORE Esq., M.P., of Rodgmore Hall, painted on occasion of the Bill for inclosing Cowitch Common, and hung in the lower hall of that city. A grand, we had almost said, a stalactitic piece. MR. RODGMORE is represented in a white waistcoat, and pepper-and-salt trousers, pointing to a scroll of papers, and as if looking up at a picture of the late eminent WILLIAM PITT ; Rodgmore Park is seen in the distance, the trees tinted by autumn, and a whirlwind raging above them in the stormy sky. A curriole, probably containing MRS. BLODDER RODGMORE, completes the illusion. The Turkey carpet is a miracle of painting, and the seals hanging from the inexpressibles of the principal figure, are perfect wonders of pictorial skill. *Our dictum is, Bravo, MR. PICKLEGILL !*

Water-Colour Room. 1915, 1803. HECUBA parting from LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS before the battle of Lepanto ; and ARIADNE visiting DIOGENES LAERTIUS in the island of Patmos. Drawings in stick liquorice are in the well-known manner of MR. JONAS, R.A. ; but the rest of our notices must be reserved for a future day.

THE CLOCKS AGAIN.¹

(*We are authorised to publish the following Extract of a Letter from a Young Gentleman who lives in the New Road, opposite Marylebone Church.*)

16th May 1844.

GREAT Heavens! how long is the clock influenza to continue? Invited to dine yesterday with LADY MARY SCRAMJAW, at half past seven, in H-rl-y Street, I entered that street, *via* New Road, precisely as the Clock of M-ryl-b-ne Church indicated the hour to be twenty five minutes to eight. Two minutes afterwards I knocked at LADY MARY'S door—'twas opened not by the page, that youth attired in green all over yellow buttons like the cowslip meadows in May—not by her footman, a large man with scarlet whiskers and powder—not by her butler, a person whom I have frequently known to be mistaken for a dean;—but by a maidservant—a person in curl-papers and red elbows, who stared at me from either side of her smutty nose as she bade me ascend to the *salon*.

I did so, unannounced; and what was my astonishment on entering the drawing room, to find a female in a camisole with no front of hair, standing on the centre table and picking out the bits of wax candle from the chandelier that hangs in the middle of the room!

Heavens! how she screamed as she saw me. It was LADY MARY SCRAMJAW herself!!

When her fainting form was carried out of the room by the footman (who had his hair in papers) and the butler (without his coat), I found, on glancing at the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, that it was only SIX O'CLOCK. I had come too early. I had been misled by the Marylebone impostor. Is this not too bad—too gross? What *are* we to trust, if even Church Clocks deceive us?

Adieu.—Your distracted but affectionate

FREDERIC DE MONTMORENCY.

P.S. Saturday.—I shall never be asked by LADY MARY again. The Clock is still at 35 minutes past 7: (hang it!)

¹ [May 25, 1844.]

LATEST FROM AMERICA.¹

ANIMATED DISCUSSION OF THE PORK AND MOLASSES BILL. GLORIOUS DISCOMFITURE OF JER. DIDDLE'S PARTY.

*From the Correspondence of the New York Catawampus.**Washington, May 1.*

ESTERDAY the friends of liberty had a great treat; the eyes of enfeebled old Europe must 'calculate' more away abashed from the contemplation of such an august spectacle as that of the star-spangled land of independence.

SOLOMON CROWDY was great in his speech on the Pork and Molasses Bill, and showed up JER. DIDDLE of Bluenose county, as a swindling dotard, and NICK RUDGE, of Little Jericho, as, a murderous ruffian.

NICK RUDGE said SOL. CROWDY was a liar; and pretended to laugh to scorn the assertions of a forger and a bankrupt.

SAM BLOOD said that forgery was a misfortune, and bankruptcy no disgrace. He had been bankrupt twenty-three times himself. He gloried in it. (Cheers.) He would not see his friend the honourable SOL. CROWDY attacked with starving calumny for such a trifle.

JER. DIDDLE accused SOL. CROWDY of letting off a man who had helped a nigger to escape.

At this shameful charge, Sol took out a knife and cut at JER. DIDDLE, who, drawing a pistol, levelled at CROWDY, but missed him; the members on either side rushed in to the rescue; in the flurry of which knives were used freely, and blood rose above par.

ENOCH RAM, of Guinea Pig Island, was left in possession of the floor; and, unless a surgeon has doctored him up by this, I doubt will keep the floor a lengthyish time. He was knocked down in a mistake by the Hon. JOEL BRAWN, with a lead ink-stand, which came a little too handy.

As JER. DIDDLE was going home, CROWDY's son, the Major, sprung off his board where he was tailoring, and fired a pistol at the Hon. JER. DIDDLE, saying, 'Take that, you old rascal, for firing at my father.' It is said the Major is going as Secretary of Legation to one of the old courts of Europe.

¹ [May 25, 1844.]

THE PRINCE OF JOINVILLE'S AMATEUR INVASION OF ENGLAND.¹

PUNCH TO JOINVILLE.

DEAR MONSEIGNEUR,

When the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to CANTILLON for trying to assassinate the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear JOINVILLE, who were despatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of CANTILLON behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his Imperial bones. You, Gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*, were feasted with the best of wine and victuals, you were received with all the honours that such a brutal and uncivilised nation as ours could invent; our Government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships; our guns fired salutes in its honour and yours; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

The next thing we heard of you, dear JOINVILLE, was, that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard; turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns; and had made a solemn vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marlinspikes and lee-scuppers: *rather than strike to the English.*

Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy; in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal Islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of a kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilised nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel—that rancour was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

¹ [June 1, 1844.]

The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing! a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule*! You were kindly received in our perfidious Island last year. You visited our cities, towns, and country, our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the '*Etat des Forces Navales de la France*,' that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the water side. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit the easy opportunity of plunder.

Brave Prince: bold seaman: good Frenchman! You can't see your neighbour comfortable, but you long to cut his throat, Prudent Statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon war; it is the formal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspecting, the great and peaceful French nation.

You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want 'brilliant successes' any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. 'With a steam navy,' say you, 'nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto.' The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships—how they would burn. Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder? Our women are the most beautiful in the world. *Sacrebleu*! how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them.

Dear JOINVILLE, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the QUEEN perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the QUEEN smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence! Dear fellow! nice Prince! God bless you!

I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the

writer's head and heart than this:—'*Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship, PILLAGE IT, BURN IT, and be away before the war-steamers themselves could reach them!*' It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchmanlike,—it ought to be printed in large letters in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

By Heavens! the extravagances of mad old GILRAY, the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain 'the honour of France'—and how? by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace; therefore, had you not better get ready for war? '*Employ,*' the dear boy says, '*the leisures of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war.*' Of course, that is the end of peace.

Suppose His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War-office, suggesting a 'Plan for burning Cherbourg,' 'Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon,' 'Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne,' our neighbours would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne—a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

But no; *we* don't do these things, dear Prince. We are perfidious Englishers; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions: absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civilised: we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory and possesses civilisation. It is yours, dear JOINVILLE! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity, and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not Murder and Napoleon.

It is for you to do that: for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumphs your confession of

faith, that you will rob when you can ; that when at peace you are meditating aggression ; that statesmanship for you is only the organisation of robbery ; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, ‘the propagation of French ideas’—and massacre, ‘the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe.’ Go pander to the vanities, JOINVILLE, of your sage and reasonable nation ! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The King’s son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, JOINVILLE, to minister to that noble worship ; the more you insult your neighbours, the more ‘national’ your countrymen will think you. Don’t spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm assurance which renders your nation so popular all the world over. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humoured French polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant ! Do this, and you can’t fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a Statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they’ll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those, who, if not the leaders, at any rate are the Bullies of Europe.

Agréez, Monseigneur,
Les sentimens de Reconnaissance respectueuse
avec lesquels j’ai l’honneur d’être,
de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admirateur,

PONCHE.

RULES

*To be observed by the English People on occasion of the Visit of His Imperial Majesty, NICHOLAS, Emperor of all the Russias.*¹

As the Imperial Autocrat of all the Russias will doubtless make visits to numerous public institutions in this country, it behoves *Punch* to instruct the people as to their manner of behaviour.

¹ [June 8, 1844.]

Remember, the man is a stranger—his visit is a surprise (and, perhaps, not an agreeable one—but that, as the poet observes, is neither here nor there), and we must meet this surprising incident with presence of mind.

Britons! NICHOLAS is here; and as he is here, it is our duty to make the best of him.

If you love *Punch*, be peaceful. You have obeyed me as yet: listen to me now. No hissing; no rotten eggs; no cabbage stalks; no howling; no mobbing—no nothing.

Only Silence! All the institutions of the country which he is desirous to see, let him see—if he wishes to examine the *Punch* office, our boy has orders to show him over the premises. If he is hungry or athirst, beer, from the opposite public-house, buns from Messrs. Partington's the pastry-cooks, will be provided—and at our own expense. But all shall be done with a politeness so frigid, that by JUPITER AMMON! the Autocrat shall consider himself in Siberia. If he leaves money, the Order of 'the Swan with two Necks,' for the united publishers—snuff boxes and stars for our chief contributors—we shall know what to do with the same.

All ENGLAND must do as *Punch* does. Listen! When NICHOLAS comes, receive him well. Let the manufacturers open their doors, and show him where they lie, work, working, in their factories—*our* emperors of the world. Let our railway people set their engines to work as hard as they like, to convey his Imperial Majesty. Let our race-horse keepers show him their studs—even the teeth of their horses—if he have a wish to look that way. Let COLONEL BULDER be civil to him at Woolwich: let the Port-Admiral be polite to him at Portsmouth: let the Keeper of the Golden Square show him over the green labyrinths and perfumed glades of that delightful resort of enchantment. If he have a mind to eat white-bait at Greenwich, let not LOVEGROVE balk him.

But mark! he will be dropping his money, snuff boxes, brooches, orders, and what not, wherever he goes. Money costs him nothing, remember, and he can afford to lavish it. Friends, Countrymen, swear with *Punch*!—Carry every shilling the man leaves to the Polish Fund. Remember what is the hand that offers those honours. Don't touch his money; hand it over to LORD DUDLEY STUART.

But why speak? I *know* you won't touch his money. You are not mercenary; you never traffic money against honour: you don't care for titles—no, nor your wives either: the caution is quite needless in our country.

At Ascot, in the Park Reviews, at the Opera, wherever people congregate, the order of behaviour to be laid down is simply this: Any person who hisses or hoots, is to be held as a snob—he does not understand good manners, nor the decencies of hospitality; but if any person hurras, or takes off his hat, you have *Punch's* instant orders to lick him. ‘Bonnet’ that miscreant! Flatten his beaver over his miserable eyes. Tear his coat tails up to his cowardly shoulders. Seize brethren, seize his trembling legs, and away with him. Ducking was meant by Nature for that man. Pumps long for that man—why call him a man?—that thing that KICKSHAW, in a word. Friends! you understand what I mean!

You must not be inveigled into a foolish admiration on account of his Imperial MAJESTY's personal qualities. He is very tall, but the Horse-Guards are as big; very handsome, but WIDDICOMBE is as good-looking; very athletic, but can he do as much as MR. RISLEY or his little boy? He can ride very well, but we offer to back the MARQUIS OF WATERFORD against him; very slim, but he wears stays; he is very broad-chested but he pads enormously. When the Guards with their silver trumpets play the Russian National Air—beautiful as that melody is—let no man cheer. Remember the trumpets that played it when the Cuirassiers of PASKEWITCH rode into burning Warsaw.

As to the Ladies, the Ladies Patronesses of the Polish Balls, who have determined to continue their entertainment, *Punch* blesses them. Ladies, you have acted like men! Let there be several Polish Balls this year during the EMPEROR's presence. *Punch* will attend them all. Yes, we will dance the Polka with JUDY there; we will shut ourselves up with BARON NATHAN¹ and practise for the purpose.

As for the politicians—there will be probably a dinner at the Russian Company—and poor PEEL will be called upon to praise his guest—poor fellow!—he can't mean it; but remember it's his business—he'll blow out praises from those active jaws of his, just as the Guards' trumpeters blow ‘God save the Emperor’ from their silver clarions—don't hold either organ responsible for the tune it's made to play. ‘Poor PEEL, poor dear PEEL! poor BOBBY!’ let us exclaim—pitying heartily the work assigned to him.

As for the Press—there is, between ourselves, our friend J-NK-NS

¹ [A popular dancing-master, sometime Master of Ceremonies at Rosher-ville Gardens.]

—but Heaven help us! never mind what *he* says. We know the poor fellow's state of brains under that powdered sconce of his. Let JENKINS, then, have full liberty to be as complimentary as he likes.

And if his Imperial Majesty does anything handsome for RIGB. . . .

(The Printer respectfully states that Mr. Punch's MS. stops abruptly here, nor has he been heard of at the Office since he went away, it is believed to Greenwich, to dine with a party of Young England, who are thinking of making him their leader.)

STRANGE INSULT TO THE KING OF SAXONY.¹

IT is with much sorrow that we state the following fact, for which, unfortunately, there cannot be the slightest doubt, as our informants are of *the very highest Class*. LADY WILHELMINA AMELIA SKEGGS, writing to LADY CAROLINA MARIA JONES from Pimlico Palace, says:—‘My dearest love, only think! the very moment the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA arrived, he put the KING OF SAXONY'S nose out of joint!’

DR. BRIDGEMAN has been sent for.—*Morning Post*.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.,

CIRCULAR ROAD, DUBLIN.²

DEAR SILVY O'PELLICO,

One of my young chaps had got ready a caricature of you with about three hundred-weight of chains on your old legs and shoulders, and you in a prison-dress.

But when he heard that you were *really* locked up, he said he would not for the money's sake (though I pay him well for it) publish his paltry picture, or do anything just now that would give you pain.

Neither shall I crow over you because it has come to this, and because having played at bowls, you have at last got the rubbers. If you did not organise a conspiracy, and meditate a separation of

¹ [June 8, 1844.]

[The King of Saxony was in England when the Czar arrived, and was subsequently treated with comparative neglect.]

² [June 8, 1844.]

this fair empire—if you did not create rage and hatred in the bosoms of your countrymen against us English—if *you* did not do, in a word, all that the Jury found you guilty of doing—I am a Dutchman!

But if ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it: if ever a people had a cause to be angry, it is yours: if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might now: for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us?

Though we may lock you up, yet it goes against our feelings somehow to think that THE GREATEST MAN IN THE EMPIRE (for, after all, have you not done more for your nation than any man since WASHINGTON ever did?) should be put in a Penitentiary ever so comfortable, in a road ever so circular.

Though we may lock you up, yet for the life of me I don't see what good we can get out of you. As I said to *Mrs. Punch* yesterday, 'If any friend from Ceylon were to make me a present of an elephant—what should I do with it? If a fine Bengal tiger were locked up in my back parlour—what would be my wish? Out of sheer benevolence I should desire to see the royal animal in the Strand.'

Though we may lock you up, let us remember that there are seven out of five-and-twenty millions of fellow-citizens to whom your punishment is a shame and a bitter degradation; and it is ill to set so many hearts rankling against us.

Are they not bitter enough already—the fourth part of the men of our empire—and have they not cause? Does the world show a country so wretched as yours? If you were to send over the Lion of Judah to Lambeth, and the Dove of Galway to London House, wouldn't we turn their Lordships out; and shall we be too hard upon you for trying to do likewise, and failing?

No. And though your sentence is a just one in spite of all they may say, yet, please God, let it be inflicted with a gentle heart. I like the judge who burst into tears when he passed it.

Vulgar triumph over such a man as you—chuckling over such a great discomfiture as that—is the work of low-minded, sordid knaves. If ever I laugh, it shan't be because a great man falls. I wish you would come out of prison, for how can I poke fun at you through the bars?

Why did you invent stories of murder and massacres which we never committed. Why did you brag and swagger so much? Why did you tell so many untruths regarding us Saxons? The Truth was bitter enough, and hard enough to be told. We are

mighty angry with NICHOLAS about Poland ; but, until lately, has somebody else treated Ireland better ?

I tell you what is to be done. It was arranged in a Cabinet Council last night—where the Right Honourable *Mr. Punch* was called in—it was arranged that her MAJESTY should take a trip of pleasure in the summer (after a certain interesting event), and that her steps were to be directed to a kingdom called Ireland, which I have occasionally heard described as the greenest and most beautiful spot in the world.

She is to go suddenly, and without beat of drum. She will take the first car at Kingstown Pier : and LORD DE GREY will be disgusted, and the people of the city surprised, to see the Royal Standard of the Three Kingdoms floating on the tower of the seedy old Castle of Dublin.

After a collation, another car (or ‘cyar’ as you call it in Dublin—and a confounded vehicle it is) will be called ; and her MAJESTY, stepping into it, will say, ‘Car boy, drive to the Circular Road.’

He will know what it means. THE QUEEN HAS COME TO IRELAND TO TAKE DAN OUT OF PRISON.

‘Let bygones be bygones,’ Her MAJESTY will say (only more elegantly expressed) ; a fib or two more or less about the Saxons won’t do us any harm : but try now, jewel, and beaisy : don’t talk too much about killing and eating us : don’t lead poor hungry fellows on to fancy they can do it. The Irish are strong men, and won every battle that ever was fought. That is very well. From Fontenoy upwards, we give them all to you. I have no objection to think that CAESAR’S Tenth Legion came out of Tipperary ; and that it was three hundred of the O’GRADYS who kept the pass of Thermopylæ.

Nevertheless, have no more of that talk about bullying JOHN BULL. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can’t do it ; it’s no use trying : we won’t be beaten by the likes of you.

But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted ; and as sure as Justice lives, righted you shall be.

Such are the words that I wish to whisper to you in your captivity,—words of reproof, and yet of consolation ; of hope, and wisdom, and truth !

PUNCH.

PUNCH TO THE PUBLIC.¹

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

OUR terrific artist had made a representation of the HOME Secretary, which we recommend to every Postmaster, Banking-house, Merchant's Office, and private family in England; and which we present this week GRATIS. It is cheap, elegant, finely drawn, and a wonderful likeness, and a most moral and interesting allegory.

Look at him, and see how his fine eye is a-rolling between the folds of the letter; lighted up with a tender, curious, and parental expression!

Look at him Ladies and gentlemen—the Right Honourable Secretary of State for the Home Department; discharging one of the noblest duties of his high office. As LORD LYNDHURST is Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals, SIR JAMES GRAHAM is a Breaker of the same.

Look at this enlightened patron of Letters! Far from denying the soft impeachment the other night, he owned it like a man. If the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has a fancy to know the nature of any person's correspondence, SIR JAMES GRAHAM will get the little job done for him. If the POPE OF ROME, or the PRINCE OF TOUR AND TAXIS, or the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, or any other crowned gentleman, is anxious to be acquainted with the doings of his subjects in the country, a word to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and the English Home Secretary will be charmed to oblige him.

There is nothing like mutual accommodation. Let us keep well with the Governments of Europe. Politeness costs nothing. In this case you do but open a letter, read it, seal it up again cleverly, and send it on to its address. Is the text a bit altered because somebody has just glanced his eye over it? No—no more than your face is changed because a policeman looks at you in the street.

There never was a more absurd complaint than that of COUNT OYSTEROWSKI lately. He said something uncomplimentary of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, or the Imperial Trousers, for which the police seized the COUNT, his paper-knives, and the papers in his desk. If a man chooses to talk disrespectfully of an Emperor's breeches, it is a natural consequence that his papers should be

¹ [June 29, 1844].

seized. If his papers are seized, it is a natural consequence that they should be read. If they are read, and contain anything treasonable, the fault lies with him. Why did he write or receive anything improper, and what business has he to abuse the breeches of any crowned head? The only Emperor one can speak of with safety is the KAISER OF TIMBUCTOO, for he wears none—but this is not to the purpose.

The question is this—as the DUKE, SIR JAMES, and other revered Statemen put it. It is the duty of a Government to look into letters if they suspect the letters to contain anything wrong.

Now, Governments are like men, more or less suspicious according to their temperament. Hence, the more a Government is hated, the more suspicious it will naturally become, and the more it is its duty to open letters. What a happy knack at letter-burglary some folk may get at this rate, and what an enlarged sphere of agreeable ‘duties.’ It was the duty of the Council of Ten to clap any gentleman under the Plombes if they suspected him: it was the duty of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON and LOUIS XVIII. to have a Cabinet Noir, and to open everybody’s letters: it is the duty of the admirable EMPEROR NICHOLAS to have spies upon every man of mark in his dominions; to have little men to spy great men, fathers to spy sons, and *vice versa*; and what is history for, but that Statemen may profit by it; and why are our governors to neglect advantages which every other civilised state possesses? The only monarch who perhaps does not open letters is TIMBUCTOO before mentioned: and why? See the paragraph concerning the pantaloons.

As there is not the least reason why letters should not be opened, there is not the least reason why other means of espial should not be adopted: if SIR JAMES GRAHAM suspects anything wrong, directly it becomes a duty to gratify all a Minister’s suspicions, or those of any adviser of his who suspects—there is no end to the duty which will fall upon him.

For instance, because a tailor in St. James’s Street suspects that COUNT OYSTEROWSKI has intentions against Russia, the COUNT’S papers are seized: because the Austrian or Sardinian, or any other legation, suspects Mr. MAZZINI, the letters that his friends write to him are opened; it might enter into somebody’s head to suspect that Mr. ROTHSCHILD was engaged in treasonable speculations, and, of course, it would be necessary to open his letters to his broker to buy or sell; it might be suspected that Mr. O’CONNELL’S designs were suspicious, and all letters to him or to Irish members, or to the correspondents of Irish members, ought

to be looked to, out of mere duty—let the CHANCELLOR look to it: here's a fine opportunity for a commission.

In the debate in the Lords upon the subject, there was one sensible thing said by our dear old BROUGHAM. He defended the letter-opening practice of course—QUEEN CAROLINE's Attorney-General admitted that 'cases might arise, in which it might be necessary to obtain information in this way'—a man should pursue 'useful knowledge' in spite of any such paltry difficulties as a wafer or a bit of sealing-wax. But he *did* confess '*that it was a very popular thing to declaim against the opening of letters in the Post Office.*'

Yes, so popular a thing, that we hope every print in every part of the nation will declaim against it, and against Right Honourable Gentlemen who do it. It is likewise a popular thing to declaim against picking pockets—well then, don't let us be ashamed of being in the fashion.

A HINT FOR MOSES.¹

Baker Street, June 15, 1844.

MR. PUNCH,

Passing by the eminent establishment of E. Aaron and Co., the great European tailors of the city, I was naturally attracted (along with hundreds of others) to examine the beauteous objects of gent.'s attire, which are exhibited in their unrivalled plate-glass windows. 'Tis a sight indeed worthy of inspection. And not a little amusing was it to the observer of human nature, which I flatter myself I am, to mark the various passions of delight and surprise exhibited in the countenances of the myriads thronging round the establishment.

One couple especially engaged my attention: a gentleman in a green coat and mahogany coloured top-boots, evidently fresh from the country, held in his hand a little boy, who no doubt was his son. This simple pair were evidently more astonished and charmed than any persons there.

The following dialogue took place between them:—

Country Gentleman. Wawns lod, we've seen Loonun thro' a'most, but ifackins we've seen noothin loike this.

Boy. No, dear papa, this is indeed a galaxy of splendour to

¹ [July 6, 1844.]

[Messrs. E. Moses & Son were a firm of city tailors well known at this time.]

which the other magnificences of this proud metropolis bear no parallel.^s

Country Gentleman. Why them windows is as big as our turnip-field!

Boy. Ay, dear sir, and I think the coats and vests within are more lovely than any of the flowers in our favourite meadow.

Country Gentleman. What would they say in t' village to see thee in sooch a coat as that, my lod? Ai'm blest if moother would know thee.



Boy. Dearest father, 'tis hard to deceive the keen eyes of a parent, and my mamma would recognise her boy in any guise, but I think with you she would rejoice to see her child attired in one of the Aaron's fashionable suits.

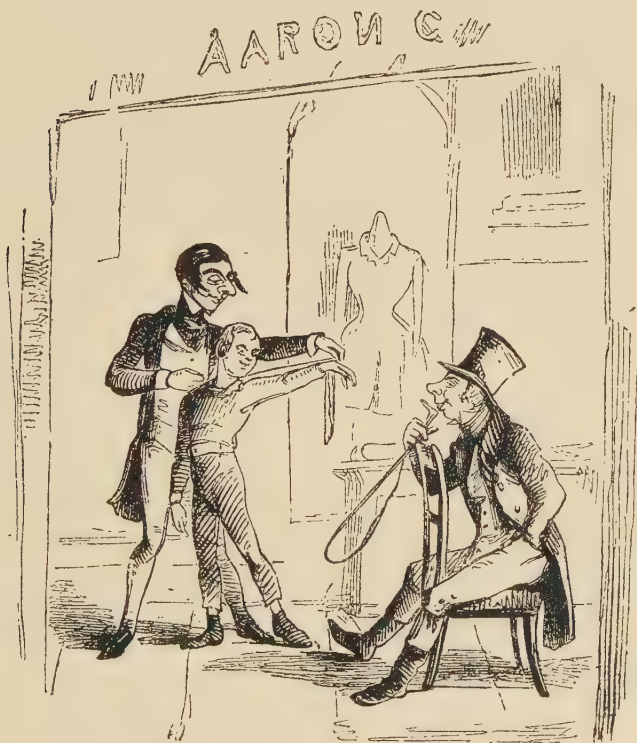
Country Gentleman. Doost think so? Well, thou art a good lad, and ecod thou shalt have un!

Boy. How, how shall I ever prove my gratitude to the best of fathers?

Mr. Aaron (who happens to be looking out of the window). Pray walk in, gentleman; I think, Sir John, I can *suit* the young gentleman to a nicety.

The celebrated tailor, the country baronet, and his interesting boy here walked into the shop, and I could not but look with pleased interest as the eminent artist took the measure of the young fellow.

Mr. Aaron's aspect was deliciously benevolent; the country



baronet (for such, I am given to understand, was his rank) looked on at the scene with all a parent's pleasure, and when the operation of measuring was concluded, Mr. Aaron bowed his customers out of the shop with infinite politeness, promising to be punctual with the clothes in Berkeley Square, next Tuesday!

Several persons had been spectators of the scene (for it took place before the shop door, so that all the world might see it),

and I have no doubt many were attracted by the exhibition, and determined to bring their own children to the Emporium.

Well, sir, 'twas my lot some days after to have a second occasion to visit the Majories (where Mr. Aaron's shop is), and at about the same hour of the day, when the busy throng crowd thickest in that commercial quarter.

I was amazed to remark gazing into Mr. Aaron's window another country gentleman and another son, and their conversation began.

Country Gentleman. Wawns lod, we've seen Loonun thro' a'most; but ifackins we've seen noothin loike this.

Boy. No, papa, this is indeed a galaxy of splendour, &c.

Gracious heavens! they were the pair I had seen on the previous day! The same dialogue was gone through—the same Aaron came to the door and welcomed the rustics, and, having measured the young one, bowed them out, and promised to be punctual in Berkeley Square as usual!!

I make no comment, but my opinions of human nature are by no means so favourable as they were before that second visit to the Majories.

Your obedient Servant,

PHILO JUSTITIÆ AMICUS.

A NUT FOR THE PARIS CHARIVARI.¹

THE PRINCE OF JOINVILLE is in great dudgeon that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA should be lauded for contributing £500 to the WELLINGTON and NELSON STATUES.

'What is it compared to what *we* did?' observed his ROYAL HIGHNESS to ADMIRAL MACKAU. 'Didn't we contribute *the Bronze*.'

INTERESTING MEETING.²

ON the opening of the Westminster Hall Exhibition, on Monday, *Punch* and the DUKE of WELLINGTON were both present, and an immense crowd followed the two noble lords round the room.

¹ [July 6, 1844.]

² [July 6, 1844.]

Both were looking remarkably well. His Grace was dressed in his usual blue frock and white trousers, while the noble *Punch* was in his *Sunday's*, and not his *Monday's* attire—viz., a claret-coloured frock coat and brass buttons, a yellow vest, with vermilion under ditto, a light green satin stock, with a splendid garnet breast-pin, a white hat, shepherd-plaid trousers, with rich worsted stripe, high-lows, and valuable brass-mounted cane.

The crowd round the two venerable noblemen was such as seriously to incommode them—the noble *Punch* especially.

When they came before the Statue of A STATESMAN, the noble Duke looked at the noble *Punch*, the noble *Punch* looked at the noble Duke, and both burst out laughing. It is needless to add, that the Statesman represented was their mutual friend LORD BROUGHAM. He appears between two sleeping nymphs, in a dressing-gown, with a fur collar (having removed the stock and shirt-collar which he usually wears), and seemingly being inclined to sleep.

‘Egad it’s the best thing he can do,’ whispered the noble Duke, to the noble *Punch*, which caused another burst of laughter from the latter good-natured nobleman.

He was observed taking notes of some of the most interesting pieces in the exhibition, and the public will, doubtless, have the benefit of those remarks. On his quitting the Exhibition, he and the Duke were greeted with cheers by the crowd outside, and the noble *Punch* purchased a MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED WOODEN SPOON, which is left at his office as a trifling token of his admiration of the author of the statue of—but no! as the poet observes, there is no use in beating the donkey that can’t go—employ the rod only upon him that can and *won’t* go. The author of the statue of —— is let off—and let him thank his stars for the escape.

RUNNING REIN MORALITY.¹

‘*Mihi quidem cogitante,*’ AS LORD BROUGHAM SAYS.

THE only moral that BARON ALDERSON elicits out of the Running Rein case is the one worthy of the plush rather than the ermine, and which would come well from the lips of BARON JENKINS.

¹ [July 13, 1844.]

[The “Running Rein” fraud is famous in the annals of sport. The two years-old Running Rein was entered for a race, but when the time came the three-year-old Maccabens ran in its stead. Suspicion was aroused, and subsequent investigation led to the discovery of the trick.]

The trial has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown noblemen and gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank, and infinitely below them in society; in so doing, they have been cheated and made the dupes of the greatest frauds. They may depend on it, it will always be so, when gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards.

This, as the poet affectingly remarks, is coming it a *little* too strong. Does the Baron mean that gentlemen never cheat? Is all that work done by us vulgar? Did he ever hear of a lord cheating? of gentlemen backing the lord because he was cheating? Did he ever hear of young men being rooked at play, and in good society too? or are blacklegs only to be found among the lower classes?

It's too bad that all the regret is to be for the gentlefolks, and all the abuse for the vulgar. Why not lament that the commoners fall into bad company with lords, and are ruined by their wicked associates?

Besides, what is a gentleman? Does a gentleman who associates with blackguards continue to be a gentleman, or degrade himself to be a blackguard? or does a blackguard become a gentleman by consorting with such, or how?—and what may a man do and still be a gentleman—let Mr. JUSTICE JENKINS decide.

If gentlemen consort with rogues and swindlers, knowing them perfectly to be such, have money transactions with them, win or lose by their successful or unsuccessful roguery, it is too bad of a judge to assume that the gentlemen are the spotless in honour, and the clodpoles the only rascals. It is paying the gentlefolks a bad compliment too. What fools they must be to go into such society, where, according to JUDGE ALDERSON, the poor artless creatures are sure of being plundered.

No! A gentleman who has an affection for the society of thieves, depend upon it, frequents them for some other motive than that of having his pockets picked. There's no pleasure in that. Our respected superiors are not so 'jolly green' as the judge describes them. Does not LORD GEORGE show in the transaction that he can pretty well take care of himself?

They go among those knaves and swindlers, those low-bred ruffians reeking of gin and the stable, *to make money of them*. They associate with boors and grooms, Jew gambling-house keepers, boxers and bullies, for money's sake to be sure. What other could bring such dandies into communication with such brutes? You can't suppose that gentlemen would associate with

such scoundrels, any more than he would willingly incur an infection, unless he had some end in view.

And the noble patrons of the Turf *have* a great end in view—that of money. So the Turf becomes our pride, and we respect it as a great English Institution, of which we have just as good reason to be proud as I have of the hump on my back.

But let young men coming out in life follow *Punch's* counsel as well as BARON ALDERSON'S. 'Avoid the Turf blackguards,' says the BARON. 'My son,' I say to you, 'avoid the Turf gentlemen too.'

PUNCH'S FINE ART EXHIBITION.¹

FEW persons will deny that the subjects of this Exhibition, of which we give unrivalled copies to the British public this day, are disgraceful in every point of view: that they are mean in execution: that they are vulgar in idea: that they are questionable in morality: and, in a word, unworthy of consideration.

We therefore propose to examine them calmly, carefully, and in an aesthetical point of view. As we have no party prejudices, we are happy to say that we despise them all equally and have spared no expense to lay them before a generous and enlightened public, for those opinions we do not care one straw.

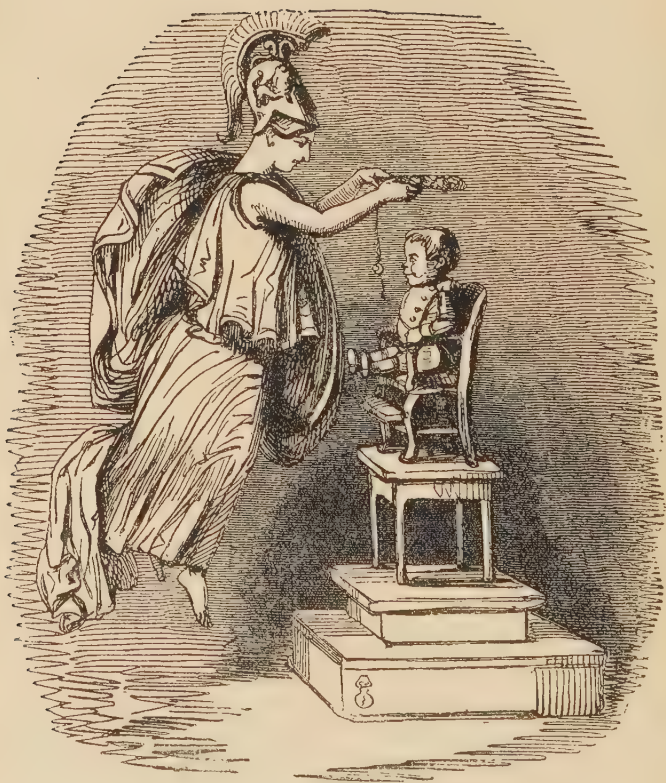
Why MR. SPOKER should have represented our Gracious Queen in the character of 'BRITANNIA patronising the Fine Arts,' we are at a loss to conceive. It is neither correct on point of history, nor complimentary to our Gracious Monarch, who does not patronize the British Fine Arts at all, liking, and with reason, French, German, and Italian artists, much better.

Nor is GENERAL TOM THUMB a Briton. He was, like GENERAL WASHINGTON, born in the town of Kentucky, in the county of Pennsylvania, U.S., and, therefore, is an American. Hence it is absurd to typify *him* as an exemplification of the Fine Arts.

That the artists of Great Britain are among the most devoted of Her Majesty's subjects is proved from the fact that they furnish the Queen with pictures at about a fifth part of the price which common publishers will give for them. So that it is lucky for them that the Sovereign does not patronise the Fine Arts *more*.

¹ [July 13, 1844.]

[The illustrations accompanying this article were drawn by John Leech.]



VICTORIA PATRONISING THE FINE ARTS.



MARS ATTIRED BY PRINCE ALBERT.

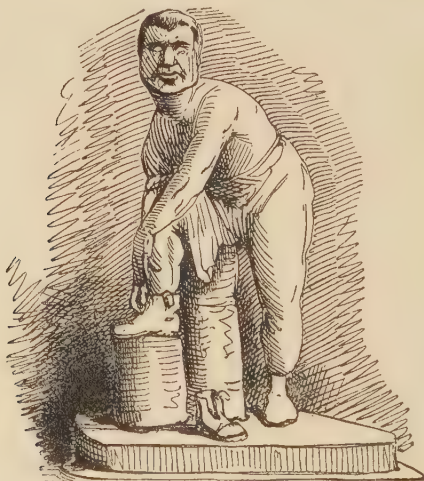
This is no doubt the royal reason, and is incontrovertible: only vulgar persons will, henceforth, raise any objection to Her Majesty's apparent coldness towards the Arts.

The other large piece by SPILLER is equally reprehensible—'Field Marshal his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT attiring MARS for battle.' Mars was the God of war—he is so no longer. He is represented with the flower-pot-Albert hat which he never wore, and which is about as fit for a God of war as a gauze turban with a bird of Paradise or a tulip to ornament it.

His Royal Highness the Prince Marshal *never* put this hat on MARS—on the contrary, he withdrew it. It is, therefore, disrespectful to the Prince, as it is disgraceful to the God of war.

Mars is represented with a *Blucher* lying beside him. Ought he not in common justice and good feeling to have had a *Wellington* on the other foot?

No. 965. 'JOSEPH HUME buttoning his caliga, or highlow.'



HUME TYING HIS HIGHLOW.

Of this statue we make the complaint that has been made relative to the effigies of his Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his late most sacred majesty GEORGE IV., &c.—viz., a total, shameful, wicked, mean, perverse, base inaccuracy of costume. How is JOSEPH represented? by a wicked perversion of fact—in pantaloons—and nothing but pantaloons. Is he not a Scotchman—and

do Scotchmen wear pantaloons?—quite the contrary. There is not a snuff establishment in the metropolis but can furnish a proud denial to the question. So much for the author of HUME;—pass we now to

1385. 'B. D'ISRAELI, Esquire, (M.P.) strangling the Whig and Tory serpents.' This is a fine idea—and the snakes we may say are magnificently *handled*. Whether, however, the Tories are snakes, or the Whigs resemble those exceedingly venomous creatures—we for our parts decline to state. To call a gent. a snake, is to *our* thinking, to say that he is no better than a



THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

reptile; and is it fair to treat the two great parties in England in this humiliating manner?

The portrait of the celebrated author of *Coningsmark*, etc., is good, but not in the least like him. In this the artist has shown his tact and skill.

10465. 'MERCURY teaching SIR JAMES GRAHAM the Use of letters.' Absurd—contrary to truth. It was CADMUS who invented letters by the aid of the God of Quicksilver. SIR JAMES GRAHAM only broke them open when written.

100000. 'JOHN BULL extracting the Income-Tax from his Foot.' Ha! ha! ha! We wish he may procure it, but not all the LEVIS or EISENBERGS in the world can remove that obstruction from him.

As for 'Sibthorp eating Thistles' (395), and 'LORD BROUGHAM in the character of a Peri mourning his being kicked out of



MERCURY GIVING GRAHAM AN INSIGHT
INTO LETTERS.



JOHN BULL PLUCKING THE INCOME
TAX OUT OF HIS FOOT.

Paradise' (No. 4967), these are *base-reliefs* indeed ;—if COLONEL S. likes thistles (and we have not heard whether he does or no,



BRITANNIA PRESENTING THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE TO SIBTHORP.

and if he does, there are some very useful animals who like them too), why should he not eat them? and why be held up to public ridicule for a harmless though singular, taste? And in regard of



THE PERI WEeping AT THE GATES
OF PARADISE.



GIBBS DEFYING THE VESTRY.

LORD BROUGHAM being turned out of the Treasury—we ask one thing—Could his Lordship help it? and is it not perfectly natural that he would like to get back again? Would not RUSSELL and PALMERSTON like to go back, too? and, as in the case of JOHN BULL (100000), we say, we heartily wish they may get it.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.¹

THE father of a numerous family is compelled to throw himself on the generosity of a British public. He is a Frenchman and has tried his own nation in vain. He therefore comes like Themistocles to place himself at the threshold of his most generous and powerful enemies.

His name is LOUIS PHILIP—he was recognised by BENJAMIN

¹ [July 13, 1844.]

D'ISRAELI, Esquire, as Ulysses—he refers to that gentleman and LORD BROUGHAM, who both knew him in better days.

He is not only a father but a grandfather ; and the poor little ones round about him are crying for bread. It is awful how great their appetites are, and his paternal old bowels yearn with pity at the notion of their want.

He has a sister who is very kind to the children, and has come down with the dust as far as her humble means permitted.—His cousin, CHARLES DIX by name, left him a pair of shoes, which he has worn ever since 1830 ; another cousin, one ANTONY CONDÉ,



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

died and left one of his sons a decent maintenance. But there are a dozen left—quite unprovided for—the unhappy father could not pay the money he promised to LÉOPOLD BELLECHIQUE, who married his eldest daughter, and who has been dunning him ever since.

The world presents no instance perhaps of a parallel misery.

And as his own people refuse to help him ; and as the English are proverbial for their generosity towards Jews, Ashantees, Quashimaboos, &c.—L. PHILIP humbly suggests that his own case be considered, and beseeches them to come down with the stumpy.

The smallest subscriptions in money or goods thankfully received ; among which we have the gratification of announcing—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.	0½
LORD BROUGHAM a pair of shepherd's plaid inexpressibles	
BENJAMIN SIDONIA, Esq.	2 old hats
— PECKSNIFF, Esq.—a warm and uncompromising admirer		
of virtue—a friend to distress—a lover of respectability		
—and a humble helper of all in need a toothpick		

Need we say that our Offices are open for the generous purpose of the subscription ?

MOORISH DESIGNS.¹

(FROM *The National*.)

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO is raising troops in Europe. Already the Brussels journals announce that several scores of Brave Belges have been enlisted, and are on their way to ABDEL-RAHMAN.

We need not French soldiers to destroy these paltry mercenaries. Let the Government hire half the number of Dutchmen.

But this is a nation of much greater importance, which is busy in the field against us—a nation always perfidious and ready to wreak against France its diabolical ill-will. We need not say we allude to England. A well-informed Correspondent from London writes—

' War will be declared next month.'

I have this intelligence from the most positive authority. All the gunmakers of London are busy preparing arms ; immense provisions of lead and powder are making daily. I myself went with SIR BOULEDOG (a young Baronet and Member of the Upper House) to inspect a store of weapons, of which he selected two formidable instruments, and when I asked for what purpose, he replied with insolent calmness :—‘ My good friend S. and a party are *off to the Moors*.’

The day is fixed *for the 12th of August*, half the young aristocrats of England have given themselves rendezvous in Morocco ; and this is our ally, this is the *entente cordiale*, this is England in a word.

We summon the Minister ; we adjure the insulted nation ; we recall the wrongs of eight centuries of hatred ; we demand, is this news true ?

¹ [July 13, 1844.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.¹

MR. O'CONNELL is devoting his leisure in prison to a new and important work—a second series of *The Epicure's Almanac: or a Dish for Every Day in the Year.*²

IRISH RAZORS.¹

PUNCH'S ORATION AND HUMBLE EXPOSTULATION AT THE BLOODTHIRSTY INDIGNATION OF THE EDITOR OF THE *NATION*, WHOM HE TREATS TO A JOBATION.

SOME genius has been presenting Mr. O'CONNELL with a pair of 'rale Irish shuperfine silver-steel rasiers,' which have been exhibited by Mr. D. O'CONNELL, at the Corn Exchange, with great applause, as beautiful specimens of Irish talent and Irish manufacture.

MR. W. J. O'CONNELL (determined to cut blocks with a razor) nobly said: 'He hoped those razors, so kindly presented to the illustrious incarcerated leading friend of Ireland, would cut bigotry and intolerance through for ever.'

But this magnificent wish is nothing compared to the graceful and ingenious plan proposed by the *Nation* newspaper, which says: 'We observe among the presents to O'CONNELL last week, a pair of razors, of Irish manufacture. When the writ of error succeeds, we will make a special request that he will bestow them to T. B. C. SMITH and ABRAHAM BREWSTER FOR OBVIOUS PURPOSES.'

Mr. Punch compliments the *Nation* upon this smart and manly joke, upon the Christian principle which it evinces, the gay and playful wit it exhibits, and the spirit of generous fair-play which distinguishes it.

Mr. Punch has published six volumes quarto of jokes, of which he is naturally a little proud—but he confesses that in all those thousands of pages there is not one epigram at all equal for sharpness to the razor-allusion of the *Nation*.

Were *Mr. Punch* disposed to be bitter, he would hint to the Joker of the *Nation*, that the razor-allusion is rather stale in Ireland, where Parties have been accustomed to cut each other's throats from time immemorial.

¹ [July 20, 1844.]

But *Mr. Punch* is averse to retort, and declines (from a regard to his fingers) to meddle with edge-tools, he would therefore only suggest to his *confrère*, the editor of the *Nation*, to try upon the amateur assassin who wrote that dastardly joke, not the razor, but the *strap*.

For shame *Nation*. For shame.—Fie—faugh.—Turn him out.

A CHANCE LOST.¹

MR. PUNCH in respectfully congratulating his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT upon the birth of his royal son, cannot but point out with a mournful satisfaction a suggestion which was offered to the Government by MR. PUNCH himself.

MR. PUNCH insinuated (as well as the delicacy of the august subject permitted), the propriety that her MAJESTY should visit Ireland, and that an Irish Prince should be born there.

Had this humble suggestion been followed, the DUKE OF YORK would have been born in Dublin on the birthday of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

And the little New-comer might have asked a holiday for the old one, and the QUEEN might have numbered ONE LOYAL IRISH SUBJECT MORE.

TO THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE.²

*Punch Office,
Wednesday, August 14, 1844.*

PEACEFUL SIR,

PRITCHARD has been cast out of Otaheite, and *Punch* has been banished from France.

Is your Majesty aware what a hornet's nest you are bringing about your ears?—Exeter Hall is up, and the black coats throughout England are marshalling. And as for *Punch*—I say, fearlessly, that *Punch*, as an enemy, is as strong as a hundred thousand men. Begin to fight, and our battle-songs shall ring from one end of England to another. Begin to fight, and behind your hundred forts of Paris we'll wound you with the intolerable shafts of our wit—raise our anger and we can lash the three

¹ [August 17, 1844.]

² [August 24, 1844.]

kingdoms in a fury against you. Pause, pause, infatuated Prince. —Do not rouse such a power as we possess—a power which we ourselves tremble at—so vast is it—an explosive machine to which WARNER'S longest range is a trifle—a power which will set twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons roaring, raging and thundering—a power which can let loose the bloody, irresistible war-dogs, who so many a time have hunted over your country.

I say we could do it. If we were not better patriots than you, we could plunge the two countries into a war. There would be no end to the profit to *us*. Our sale would go up to a million. *We* should be in no danger. Your bullets would not reach us in the Strand, and our gains would be so enormous that the smallest printer's devil might eat turtle soup all day, out of business hours, and buy thousands into the funds.

But the funds would fall. They did in former quarrels. The funds fell and the country suffered. The poor man was pinched and the horrible Income Tax invented, in order that we might have the honour of beating the French.

We would beat them again no doubt, but the play is not worthy of the candle. *We* might profit by a war, but our country would suffer. *Punch* therefore preaches peace.

Ah, Sir, do you follow the example of *Punch*. Consider there are some things which may be bought too dear, a dotation for your family is one. None of the papers have whispered the secret—but I and Palmerston knew it at once. TANGIERS HAS BEEN BOMBARDED THAT THE PRINCES MIGHT BE PENSIONED.

This is a hard price the world has to pay for the maintenance of your amiable young family, and puts one in mind of the Chinese economist, who burned a house down in order to roast a pig. It was a neighbour's house too, as I've no doubt.

It is to get this money that the wise man *par excellence* of Europe, the lauded of our Journals, the Napoleon of Peace, BEN D'ISRAELI'S Ulysses, is burning towns now, and perhaps going to incendiarise Europe to-morrow. Ah, Sir! after all your doubling and shuffling, your weeping and protesting, and weary smiling—all the labours of a life to make a character—is it not a pity to be losing it in your old age? What will Europe, what will Mr. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, say? To endow your sons, and out of other people's pockets too, is a comfortable thing; but what a chance do you run for the sake of that enjoyment! You burn down a city—you butcher, broil, and bombard whole myriads of Tangerines (poor devils! had they but known how to make the offer, they ought to have proposed to pay down the dotation-money at once—it would have been cheapest in the end for them). Nor

does the mischief end here with the benighted Turks. In a street, when No. 4 is on fire, No. 3 begins to be rather anxious—and Gibraltar is No. 3, and a pretty combustible place too.

Even though you *are* Ulysses, and the NAPOLEON of peace, No. 3 won't stand it. With every respect for your character, and the warmest wish that the amiable little JOINVILLES and NEMOURS may be provided for, No. 2 is bound to remonstrate against your peculiar mode of making your children comfortable. Only let it be known what your plan is—and it is now beginning to appear pretty clearly—not only No. 2, but the whole street,



JOINVILLE TAMING THE BRITISH LION.

will be indicting you for a nuisance, and we shall have the fire-officers of all Europe on the look-out.

In other words, if you send crack-brained officers to bully our consuls—if you patronise harum-scarum young admirals who write schemes for the destruction of our coasts, and who are rewarded for their ingenuity by instant commands, and leave to practise their favourite plans elsewhere—if you have a peaceful minister, but take care that he be powerless and kiss Her Majesty a score of times—our people will begin to doubt that you are NAPOLEON of Peace, and others will take counsel with them.

There is the poor EMPEROR OF MOROCCO, who vows that he is a NAPOLEON of Peace too, in his way; and how do you serve him? He can't practise the peace he preaches, say you; and you

send JOINVILLE to burn his cities, and BUGEAUD to lay waste his territories, seize upon his flocks, and butcher his people.

Suppose all Europe were to take up a similar opinion with regard to a certain country that is said to be at the head of civilisation. Suppose it were to say, as it has before, 'We don't trust you and your professions of peace. You are false when you are peaceful; and yet your people are perpetually brandishing their swords at the throats of all their neighbours—cursing and shrieking, and endlessly threatening war. You are peaceful; and yet you tell one friend that you will take his Rhine boundary from him—imprison the servant of another; tell him he is a liar, and favour him with the projects for butchering, firing, and ruining him. You may protest of your good intentions till you are black in your royal face; but this is not our way of understanding peace.'

If this goes on much further, with all our love of quiet we shall be forced to speak out. The Missionaries are already gone over to the war-party. Have a care, great Sir, that *Punch* don't join them too. Dire will be the day when that event occurs; and we shall be compelled to perform the sad and painful duty of

PUNCH.

FASHIONABLE REMOVALS.¹

THE papers announce that that old sinner MEHEMET ALI is about to retire from public life and devote himself to a religious retirement at Mecca, where he will repent of his sins and adore the holy Stone. Here is a subject for the accomplished author of *Palm Leaves* to exercise his poetical powers. It is vacation, and we promise the honourable member for Pomfret an insertion of his poem in the columns of *Punch*.

Another hint, too, may be advantageously addressed here to a well-known individual. There is a certain law-lord who ought to be tired of the vanity of public life by this time: let us hear of his departure to the Holy City, and of the edifying repentance and austerities of HADJEE BROUGHAM.

¹ [August 24, 1844.]

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.¹

A PIECE of news has reached us, and *appears exclusively in the columns* of this Journal. We can pity but not describe the state of the poor *Morning Post* on reading the intelligence.

There is a FEMALE REVOLUTION in Paris. All flounces are to be cut off Ladies' gowns. All gowns are to be made very short. Above all — ALL ELASTIC CRINOLINE PETTICOATS ARE TO BE ABOLISHED. Since July, 1830, a change so startling has not occurred in Europe.

THE LAST INSULT TO POOR OLD IRELAND.²

It is confidently reported that the author of *The Great Metropolis* is going to write a book about this most unfortunate country.

THE WOODEN-SHOES AND THE BUFFALO-INDIANS.³



LL. travellers agree in stating that the powerful tribe of Wooden-Shoe Indians occupies a large tract of territory on the Great Salt-Water Lake, opposite the island inhabited by the Roast-Buffalo tribe. The two tribes have been at war from time immemorial ; the Wooden-Shoes hating and cursing the Roast-Buffaloes, and the Buffalo having, in turn, the greatest contempt for his neighbour across the Lake.

The Wooden-Shoes are particularly bitter against the Buffaloes, because the latter are the only tribe in America over whom the Shoes have not obtained an advantage. The Shoes are the most

¹ [August 24, 1844.]

² [September 7, 1844.]

[The cartoon accompanying this article was drawn by John Leech.]

³ From *Walks and Wanderings in the Wilderness and Wigwams*, a forthcoming work upon the Virgin Forests of North America, by that eminent traveller, GEORGE JONES.

violent and quarrelsome people of the Continent: they live by robbery and pillage: they are little skilled in trade; hence, probably, their dislike to it, and their extreme fondness for war.

A chief, to have any authority over them, has hitherto been in a manner obliged to lead them to the war-path; for, when left to themselves, they are so quarrelsome that they are sure to be cutting each other's throats; and the Sachems wisely consider it is better that their braves should be employed against the enemy than in the ruinous practice of internecine slaughter. Many moons ago, there was an unlucky Chief of the Wooden-Shoes, the *Manchon Blanc* or *White Muff* by name, who was of rather a peaceful disposition. The Wooden-Shoes scalped him and his wife, lifted the war-hatchet, burst into the territories of the neighbouring tribes, and such was the vigour of their onset, that at first all the Continent was subdued by them, and made to pay tribute to the victorious Wooden-Shoes.

They were led, at this proud period of their conquests, by a chief who was called in their language, *Le Petit Caporal*, a warrior of undaunted courage and amazing savageness and cunning. He conquered all the Continent; and, though of a low original himself, carried off from the Great Father of the Pipe-Smoking Indians a daughter, whom he brought home to his wigwam, putting away his first wife for the purpose. But the successes of the *Petit Caporal* were of brief duration. The tribes allied themselves against him; and, headed by the Roast-Buffalo Indians, whom he had never been able to master, they overcame and utterly annihilated him.

They held a council after the victory, and determined on restoring the government of the Wooden-Shoes to a younger brother of the Sachem who had been scalped by the tribe. The Wooden-Shoes, however, indignant that foreigners should intermeddle in the concerns of their government, determined to get rid of the family so imposed upon them; and, though they allowed the first chief (he was called the *Fat Turtle*) to reign and die unmolested, they took occasion to seize upon his brother, who succeeded the *Turtle*, and turned him out of the government, and out of their territory.

We now come to the chief subject of the present memoir—the Famous old chief who has been called by his countrymen *La Vieille Poire*, and who had reigned over them for fifteen years.

La Vieille Poire was a relation of the *Fat Turtle*, and his family (a younger branch) had incessantly been quarrelling with

the elder for the chieftainship. The *Poire's* father conspired against the old chief, who was scalped in the outbreak, and had hoped to seize the government when the *Vieux Manchon* was murdered, but the people scalped the pair of them; on which the *Poire*, who was then a young warrior distinguishing himself in the trail of the enemy along with the other braves of the Wooden-Shoes, fled away from his native tribe, having no fancy to leave his top-knot to dry on the pole alongside of his father's.

Vieille Poire then rubbed off the war-paint of the Wooden-Shoes, and joined the Buffalo Indians, tatooing himself as much as possible after the manner of that tribe. He lived among the Buffaloes as well as he could, and finally came back to his own tribe with the *Fat Turtle*, when that chief was restored. In the delight of his heart, the *Turtle* forgave the *Poire* all the evil his father had done, and restored to him the paternal wigwam. The people revolted for a second time against *Fat Turtle*, when the *Poire* persuaded them that he was the very man for their purpose, and accordingly they elected him their Sachem.

Since then the *Poire* has attained a position vastly too secure to be ever ousted from it, and now governs the Wooden-Shoe tribe in spite of themselves. As they were a very rebellious, captious race, the *Poire* surrounded the principal village of the Wooden-Shoes with blockhouses, which he filled with his own braves, who are ready to fire upon the other Wooden-Shoes, if they make the least disturbance or revolt.

In the last fifteen years, the *Poire's* children have grown up, have taken squaws of their own, and the *papoosey* now begin to swarm about their lodges.

Last year the *Poire* sent one of his sons, called the *Belle Poule*, or *Fat Hen*, on a visit to the Buffaloes. They showed him their Island, and he thought it was very rich, abounding in game, firs, and wealth of every kind—the young braves who went in the canoes with the *Belle Poule*, looked upon the Virgins of the Buffaloes and panted for the day when they should set their wigwams blazing, scalp the young men of the tribe, and carry off the girls to their own lodges.

The young men of the Buffaloes—who have been thinking too much of their hunting and trapping, their fishing and trading, and who, from a long habit of beating the Wooden-Shoes, have got to despise them perhaps too much—are meanwhile beginning to awake and get angry too. 'Shall we who crushed their fathers,' they say, 'allow these little savage Wooden-Shoes to bluster and threaten? Are they to go on for ever whirling their tomahawks, singing their war-songs, firing their rifles within

an inch of our noses, and the Buffaloes never to show their horns?''

To this, there is an *Old White Bison* among the Buffaloes who replies. He is very old, very white, very wise, and very brave—perhaps the bravest chief now known in the world—for he has been more often on the trail of the Wooden-Shoes than any known warrior, and he it was who took the scalp of the Great Brave of the Wooden-Shoes, the cruel and terrible *Petit Caporal*.



'The Wooden-Shoes,' says he, 'sing and chatter like women; the Buffaloes are men. He who is silent can see and hear better than he who talks. He who is still can take better aim than he who is running. If the Wooden-Shoes dig up the hatchet, the Buffaloes will take it up; and they know how to wield it better than any brave among the Wooden-Shoes. But it is better that their young warriors should brag, than that our lodges should burn. The yelping of curs only frightens children. The Buffaloes are men. I have spoken. Hech!'

At this interesting period the document kindly furnished us by MR. JONES ceases; and we know not what was the cause of the dispute between the two tribes. He states that the accompanying savage design, depicting the war-dance of these wild men, contains pretty accurate portraits of the chief of the Wooden-Shoes (LOUIS PHILIPPE); of *Belle Poule* (JOINVILLE), his son; of the *Solemn Owl* (GUIZOT), the chief Medicine of the tribe, a grave and peaceful chief; of the little *Cock-Sparrow* (THIERS), a very savage and mischievous little Wooden-Shoe, who has never been on the war-path himself, but has a great skill in inflaming his comrades; and of the *Old Bald Eagle* (SOULT), a great warrior of the tribe, who has often engaged with the *Old White Bison* of the Buffaloes. The *Old Bison* has had the better of him in all their battles, and has taken his top-feathers several times—hence the barrenness of his poll at present. But the two old Braves respect each other very much nevertheless, and know too much about war to plunge into it hastily, like some of the young braves of either side.

SHAMEFUL CASE OF LETTER OPENING.¹

A TALE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

WE have received from a member of that absurd place of meeting the two following letters, which we print at his request:—

August 16, 1844.

SIR,

You will see by the stamp on the paper, that I am a member of a club which shall be nameless, but spose its in GEORGE Street, Anover Square.

I ave friends, lovers of litterytüre and members of that club. HALDERMAN CODSHEAD is a lover of litterture and member of that clubb; Mr. X-SHERIFF SPETTIGUE is a ditto ditto — and hah! what tremulous ixitement and dalicious hinflux of joy I ave ad, when SELINA SPETTIGEW, in her kinary bonnit and pink muzzlin dress, attended our president's last lecture on Jericho! I was introdewst to her by the Sheriff that day. It was but the fommation of a *wild inheffable tremendous* passion on my part.

¹ [September 7, 1844.]

I'm not the honly member of our club of the name of JONES, has you well know. I'm not only not the only JONES, but I'm not the only SAMUEL JONES—there's another S. J. (ang him, or if you will allow the stronger word, pray don't bawk yourself), there's another SAMUEL, the capting, late of the Oxillary Legium, a great feller of near six foot high, with emence beard and mistaches, who always smoax his filthy sigars, and *swells and swaggers* hup and down the club-room as hif it was his own. Heven when BUCKINHAM comes in, this great beast don't stir hisself or take hof his at. You may then fansy what a *rood monster* he is. They say he killed two gents in jewels in Spain; and though he's *perpetuly hectaring* over me, of course I ain't a going to run the risk of gitten myself angled for the pleasure of shootin' him. Besides I never fired a pistol hof in my life—but to my porpoise.

You must know this *beest* is always opening my letters. He's at the Hinstitute from morning till night, and has I can only stepp in of an evening when my estabblishment (SWAN and EDGAR'S) is closed—of coarse he as *the pick and chevs* of the letters that come in. And I have *my* letters directed there as well as he has. It's more fashnable.

In this way the blaggerd has red many scoars of my letters—those from my Ma and sisters—those from AUNT COWDY in Liverpool—from all my friends in fact; for his curiosity is perfectly *insashable*. But once when I opened one of his letters by mistake, the great *broot* snapt his fingers close to my nose, and swoar he'd pull it if ever he found me meddling with his corspondance again! The consquance now is, that I am halways ableeged to wait now untill he has opened *both* our sets of letters, before I venter to look at mine. So that I hof't'n say (in bitterness of sperrit) 'there's two on 'em at my letters, SAM JONES and SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Well! When I say I made a favorable impression on the art of SELINA SPETTIGEW, on the night of that Lectur on Jericho—I bleave I may say so without fear of going wrong.

Old SPETTIGEW, who had been asleep during the lecturer with his bandanner over his face, woak up where BUCKINHAM came to a stop, and said to me:

'You've taken care of my SELINA, MR. JONES.'

'Sir,' says I, 'I ave,' and SELINA'S i's and mine met; and we blushed, *my* how we did blush!

'I'll tell you what, JONES, my boy,' says he (he knows my fammaly), 'I'm blest if I don't ask you to dinner.' My art beat an hunderd a minute; I went and called a cab, and put the dear

ladies in for Hunter Street, their fammaly manshan and SPETTY and I ad some supper at the Hinstatute, which I stood—the appiest of human beings!

Days roaled on—SPETTY never asked me to dinner—I pined and pined as I thought of SELINA. I didn't call in Unter Street. Pride pravented me; and bisness hours isn't over till eight. I saw SPETTY at the lectur on the tomb of Cheops' grandmother (dalivered by Mr. B), but he evoided me. I was too proud to notice him—I am not poor—I am not an adventurer seaking for faviours. My father is an aberdasher in the west of Hengland, I am in London honly for my heducation.

Fansy then my disgust one day at hearing that other SAM JONES—confound him—a stanin' among a score of other chaps roaring with lafter, and making no end of fun—and imagin my luxury at overearing him say—

'You know that little beast my namesake who comes to this infernal hole. He's a haberdasher's apprentice. I open all his letters by mistake—and have read every word about his mama, and his sisters, and his aunt COWDY. Well sir, six weeks ago, old SPETTIGUE was here with his daughter at Buck's lecture. The gal's a monstrous fine gal. I heard SPET say he would ask the little brute to dinner. I got his invitation; answered it, and by Jove, sir, *I went*. Real turtle—and plenty of port after dinner.'

Hearing this I was halmost busting with indignation. So I goes up to the other SAMUEL JONES and I says, 'Sir,' says I, '*your umble servant*.'

At this sarchasm the *beest* bust out laughing again—and all the other fellers as well—and has for me—I, sir, can bear it no longer.

Ham I to be robbed, my letters opened, to be bullied, laughed at, in this dastardly way? No, sir, as you have taken the affares of the Hinstitute in hand—I imploar you pint out the shameful impyndice practised upon

Your constant reader,

SAMUEL JONES.

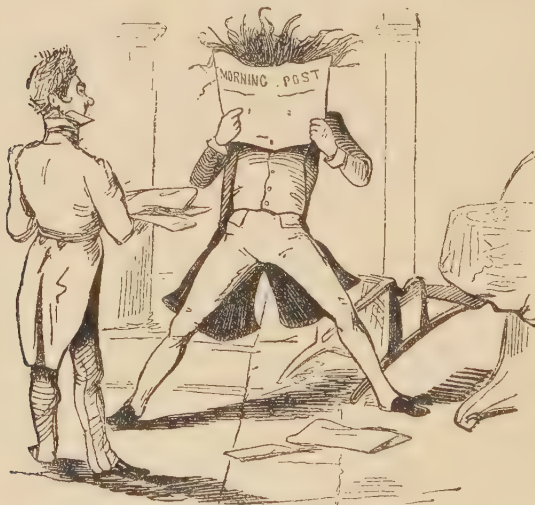
B. and F. I. August 18, 1844.

SIR,

It's too late now. You needn't put in that fust letter I wrote. It's no good: no ballsem to a broken art. Send me a

straight waste-coat, for I'm dizzystracted. I've jest read in the *Morning Post* the following:—

Married at St. Pancras, by the Rev. Dr. GOLIGHTLY, SAMUEL JONES, Esq., K.S.F., K.S.T., M.B. and F.I., late a Lieutenant in the service



of her Most Catholic Majesty, to SELINA SCRAMJAW, only daughter of MORTIMER SPETTIGUE, Esq., of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

It's his reading my letters that has done it. *This* is the consequence of the spy system.

No more from your unappy



SAMUEL JONES.

